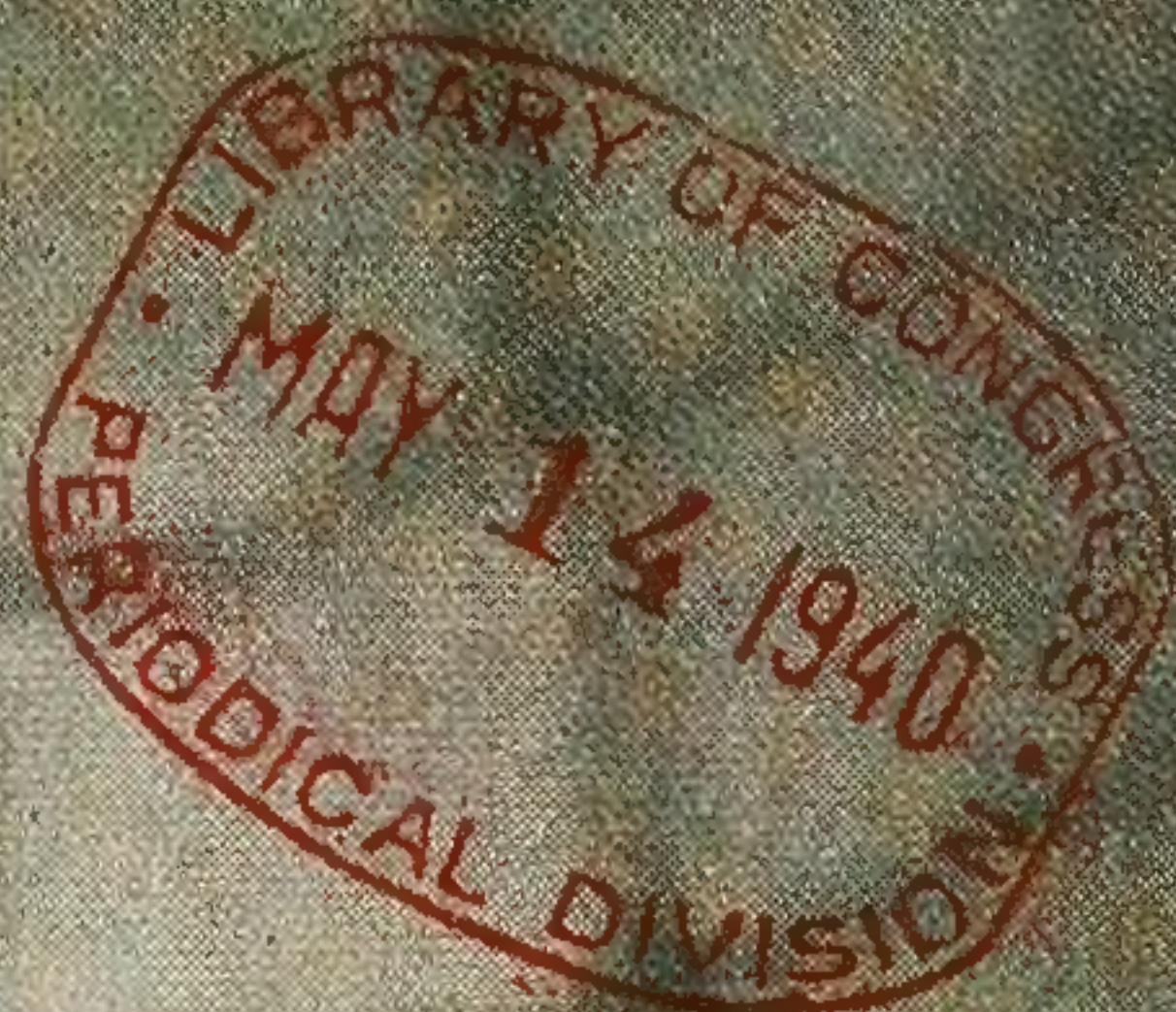


The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

June

Dorothy Lamour
and
Robert Preston



LOW
10¢
in England



**SATISFY
YOUR SUPPRESSED
DESIRES AT THE
MOVIES!**

See Page 24

**G DATE with JEFFREY LYNN! FUN FEST with KAY KYSER
LAUDETTE COLBERT IN SMART NEW CLOTHES—Exclusive**

THE
Greatest
THRILLS ON
EARTH

The World at the Dawn
of Time... Savage Cave
Men and Weird Monsters
that Stun the Senses...
The Heroic Struggle of a
Boy and Girl for Life and
Primitive Love... SIGHTS
... WONDERS... THRILLS
... Never Before Beheld
by Man!

So Amazing
You won't believe your eyes!
Hal Roach presents
ONE MILLION B.C.

with
Victor MATURE • Carole LANDIS
Lon CHANEY, Jr.

Directed by HAL ROACH and HAL ROACH, Jr.
Released thru United Artists

See Real Pre-historic Beasts of Bygone Ages...
Re-created and Filmed by a new secret process!



• New Frock Coat of shepherd check, trim little waistline, flaring skirt, huge saddle pockets.

Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look But Her Smile invaded His Heart!



Your smile is a priceless charm—it's You!
Help guard its loveliness with Ipana and Massage!

YES, a chic and charming costume can catch a man's attention...but it takes the spell of a lovely smile to *hold* him.

For interest quickly fades to indifference if a girl lets her smile—her priceless, precious smile—become dull and lifeless...if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

What "Pink Tooth Brush" Means

If your tooth brush "shows pink," heed the warning it gives and *see your dentist immediately*. He may find nothing serious. But often he will say that your gums are lazy, that the soft, creamy foods we moderns eat have denied gums the vigorous chewing, the exercise they need for health. He may

suggest, as so many other dentists do, "More work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums... helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start now with the modern dental routine of Ipana with massage to help make your smile as lovely and attractive as it can be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

with **LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH**

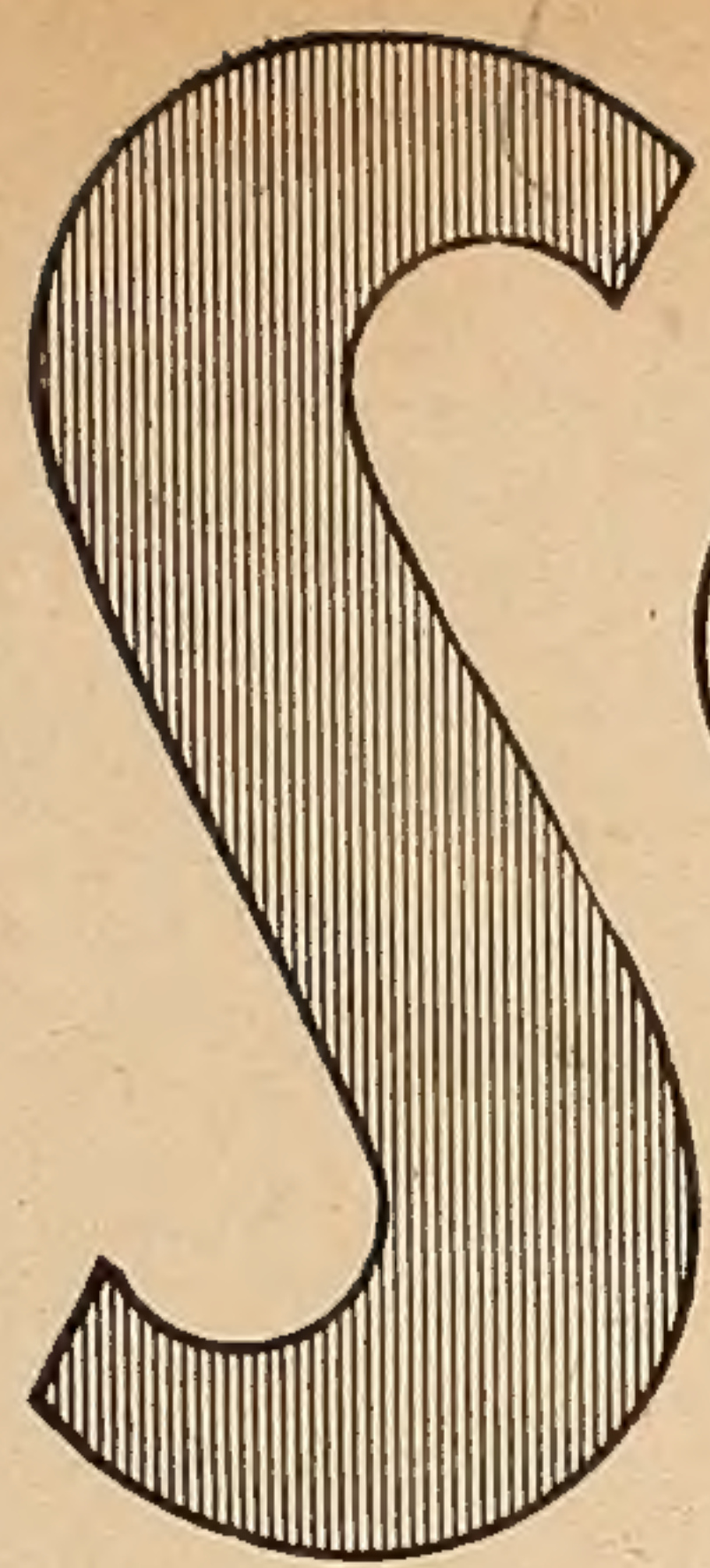
A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel

Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN





The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

June, 1940

Vol. XLI, No. 2

"ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE"



AND YOU'LL MEET HER, TOO—
IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!
FULL-LENGTH
FICTION STORY OF
MICKEY ROONEY'S
BIG NEW FILM

We're looking forward to this feature and we know you will join us, especially when you hear that it is not only the best of all the immensely popular HARDY FAMILY series, but that featured with Mickey will be none other than Judy Garland and—surprise—Diana Lewis, the new Mrs. William Powell in private life, playing the dashing debutante who captures the fickle Rooney heart—for a while. Amusing "inside" slant is that Mickey was sorta "sweet on" Diana when they were a couple of kids, long before she ever met Mr. Powell and HE ever met Judy.

See them in our grand illustrations for this fictionization. Watch for our "Double" cover of Mickey and Judy. And don't forget we will also be giving you many other features, all exclusive, all colorful!

GET JULY SCREENLAND
—ON SALE JUNE 5

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

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COVER PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY LAMOUR AND ROBERT
PRESTON IN "TYPHOON," BY GEOFFREY MORRIS.

V. G. Heimbucher, President

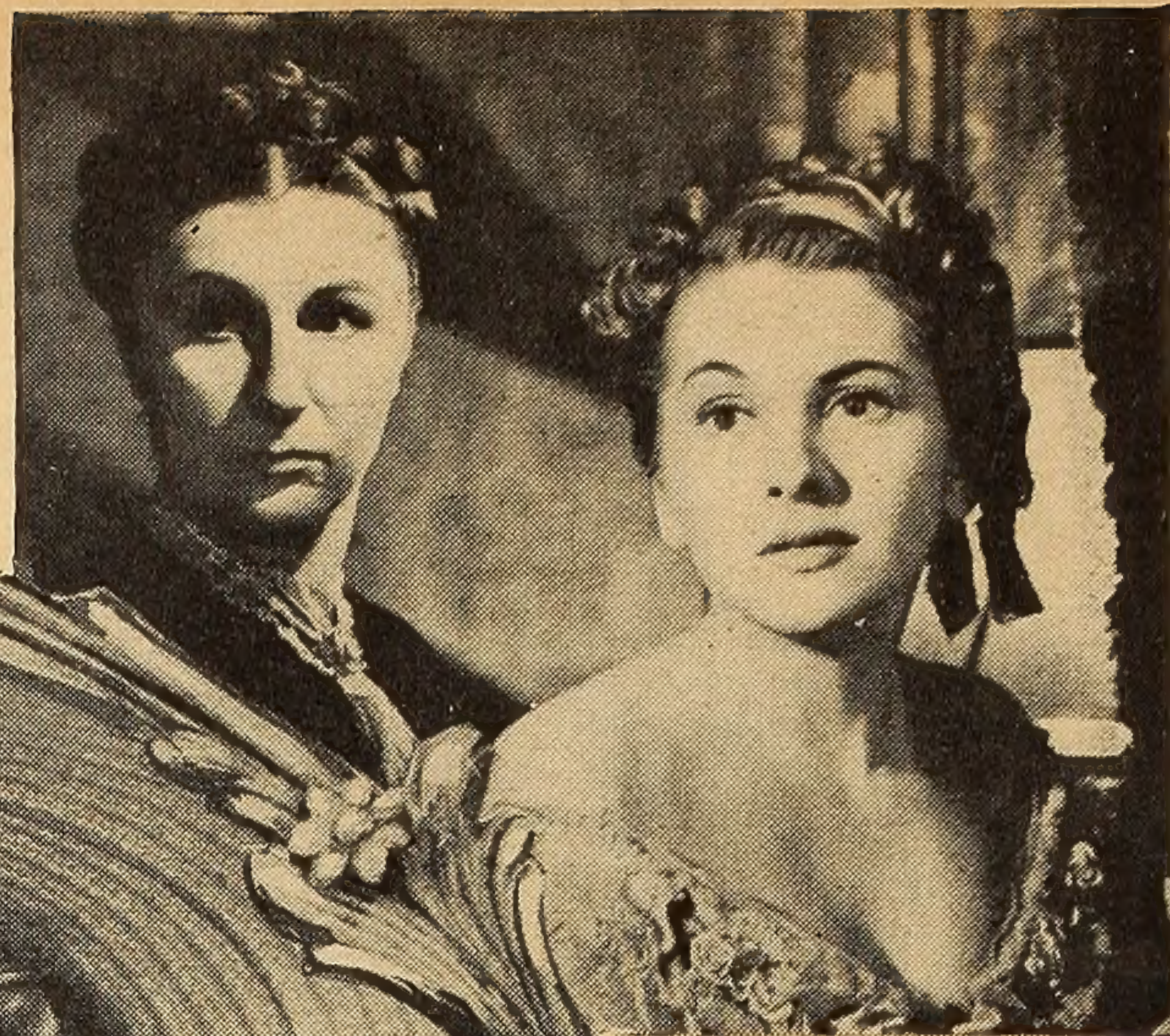
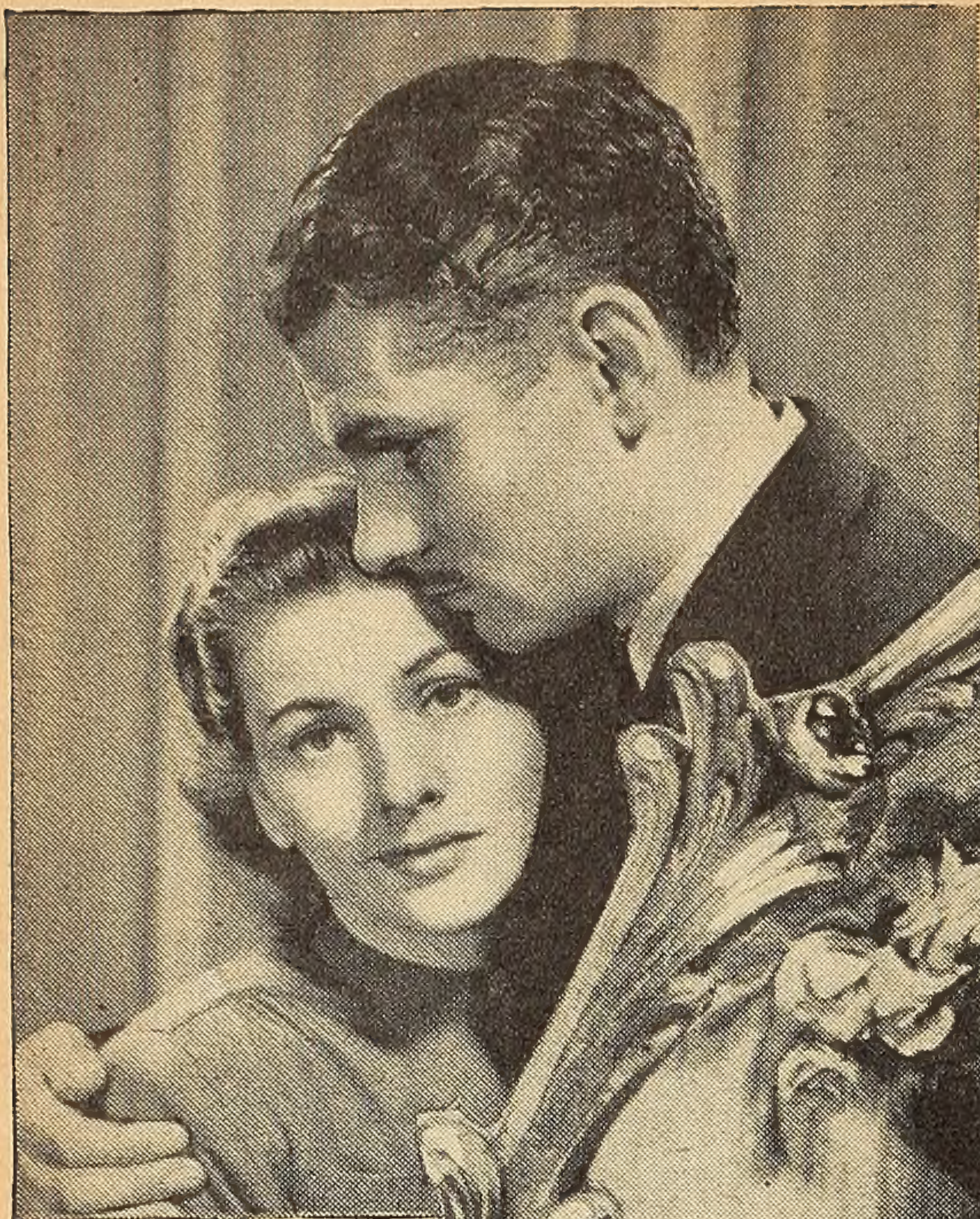
Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Printed in the U. S. A.

The cast of "Rebecca" is quite what you'd expect in a David Selznick production—topflight. But above the sombre performance of Olivier as MAX, of Judith Anderson as the menacing Mrs. DANVERS, rises the exquisite artistry of little-known Joan Fontaine as the shy and worshipping wife.



Finest portrayal by a young actress in many movie moons is Joan Fontaine's as the sensitive, idealistic second wife in Alfred Hitchcock's sympathetic screen translation of the Daphne du Maurier novel, "Rebecca"

If you've been classifying Miss Fontaine as "just another ingénue" or "Olivia de Havilland's little sister," you're in for a big surprise! For—charmingly, skilfully—she steals first acting honors from Laurence Olivier

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-

stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!



Included in the notable supporting cast are
JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.

ARE HONORED TO OFFER

**'ALL THIS AND
HEAVEN TOO'**

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY

Rachel Field

EX-LAX MOVIES

Dad saves the Day for Junior!



MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!



MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!



LATER

MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good for you!

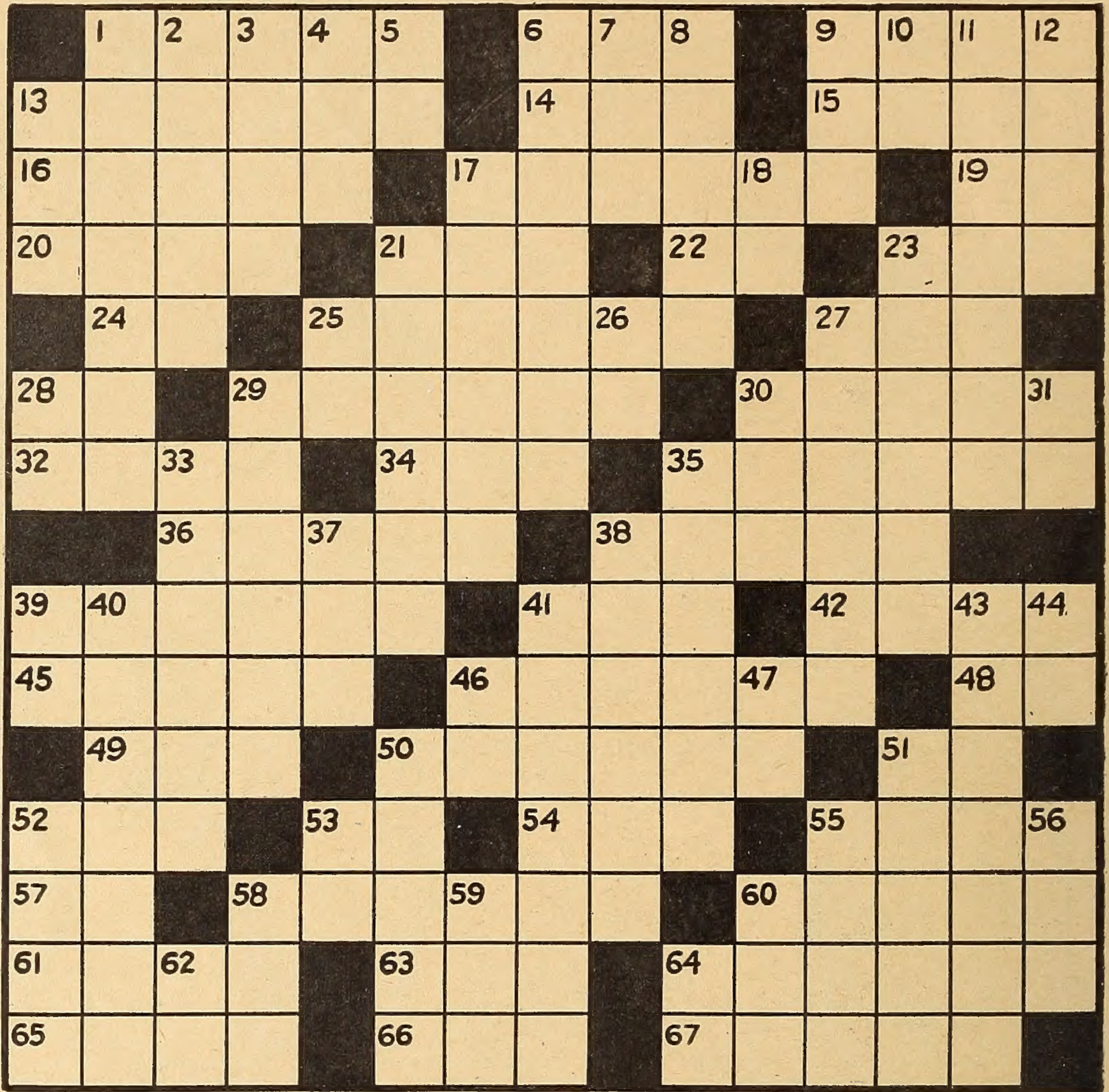
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. He plays the title rôle in "Viva Cisco Kid"
6. She returns to the screen in "My Little Chickadee"
9. One of the "Four Daughters," "Four Wives," etc.
13. Conditional release of convict
14. Printed notices (abbrev.)
15. Smell
16. Co-star of "Virginia City"
17. He croons in "The Road to Singapore"
19. Sun-god
20. A horse's gait
21. Chum (slang)
22. A vote in favor of something
23. His last name is Alexander
24. Either
25. Seldom
27. To place
28. Ruby Keeler's ex-husband
29. He's married to Annabella
30. A rule of conduct
32. A wild plum
34. A beverage
35. Character actress in "Our Town"
36. "The ----- Wore Red," an old film of Joan Crawford's
38. Her new one is "All This, and Heaven Too"
39. He married Joan Fontaine
41. Ocean
42. Pertaining to an era
45. Person of sub-normal mentality
46. She's Mrs. Artie Shaw
48. True
49. Neither

50. Co-star of "The Primrose Path"

51. Near
52. Co-star of "Lillian Russell"
53. Pa's wife
54. His last name is Sparks
55. Level
57. European measure of area
58. A work horse
60. Proportion
61. To look slyly
63. Corrosive substance
64. The glamorous Mrs. Gene Markey
65. Co-star of "New Moon"
66. Ever (contraction)
67. Yonder

DOWN

1. Her new film is "My Son, My Son"
2. Mistake
3. Grime
4. "It --- Came True," with Ann Sheridan
5. Note of the scale
6. Co-star of "Destry Rides Again"
7. Fuss
8. Short literary work
9. She's Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr.
10. Supernatural force
11. Her new one is "The Doctor Takes a Wife"
12. Group of islands off the Irish Coast
13. Caress
17. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
18. Beside

21. March
23. Gable's most talked-of rôle
25. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
26. French article
27. Kind of pigeon
28. Like
29. Fright
30. Encountered
31. Exclamation
33. Star of "Till We Meet Again"
35. Hit on the head (slang)
37. "Jamaica ---," with Charles Laughton
38. Charlie McCarthy's voice
39. Part of to be
40. Respected
41. Less shady
43. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
44. Behold
46. Note of the scale
47. Syllable of hesitation
50. Co-star of "Strange Cargo"
51. Part of a church
52. She's featured in "Buck Benny Rides Again"
53. Mid-Western state (abbrev.)
55. What every extra hopes for
56. Jutting rock
58. Lacking moisture
59. Incidental
60. College yell
62. Short for Robinson's name
64. Army officer (abbrev.)

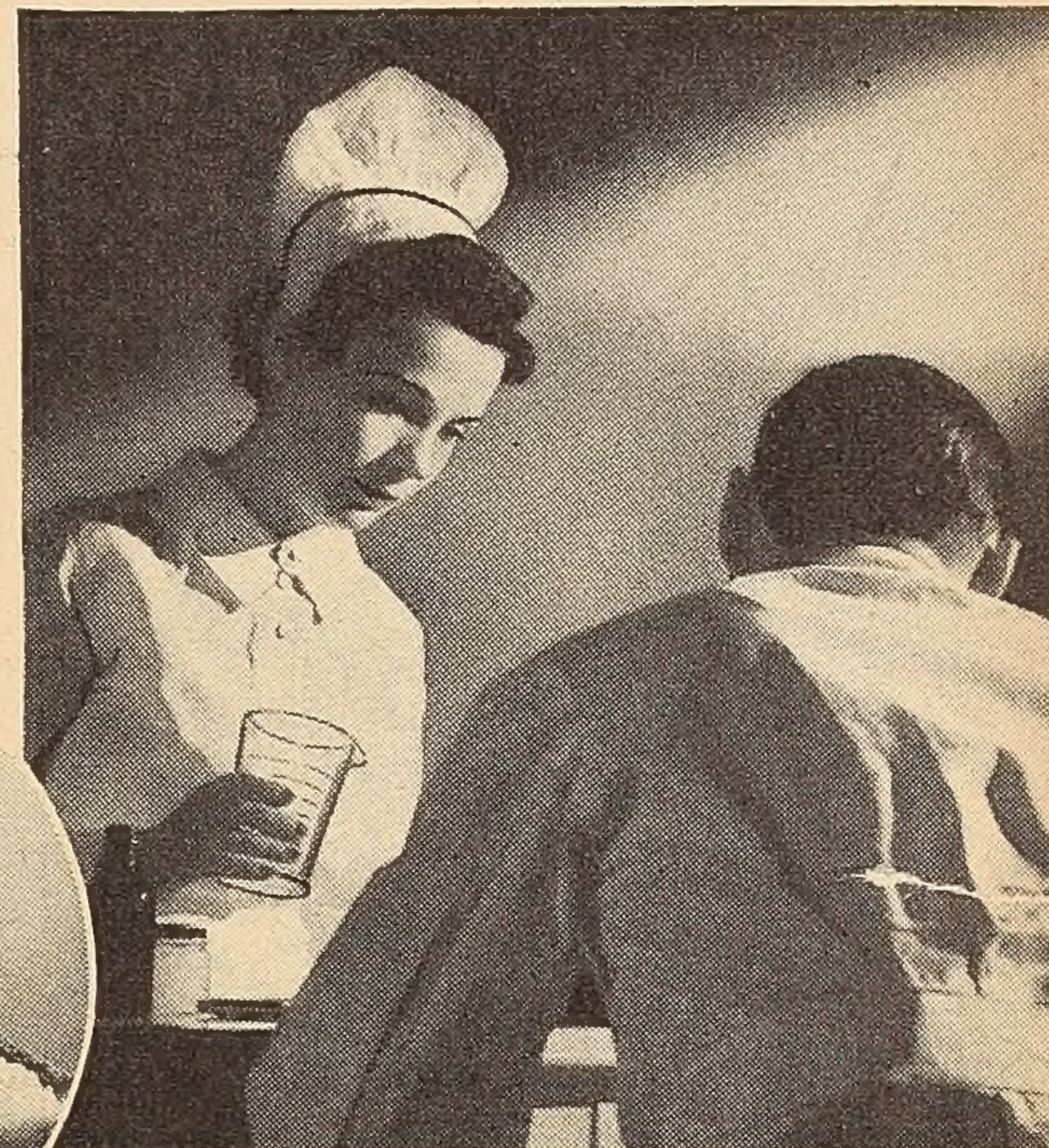
(Solution Next Month)

"I'M FROM MISSOURI— and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.

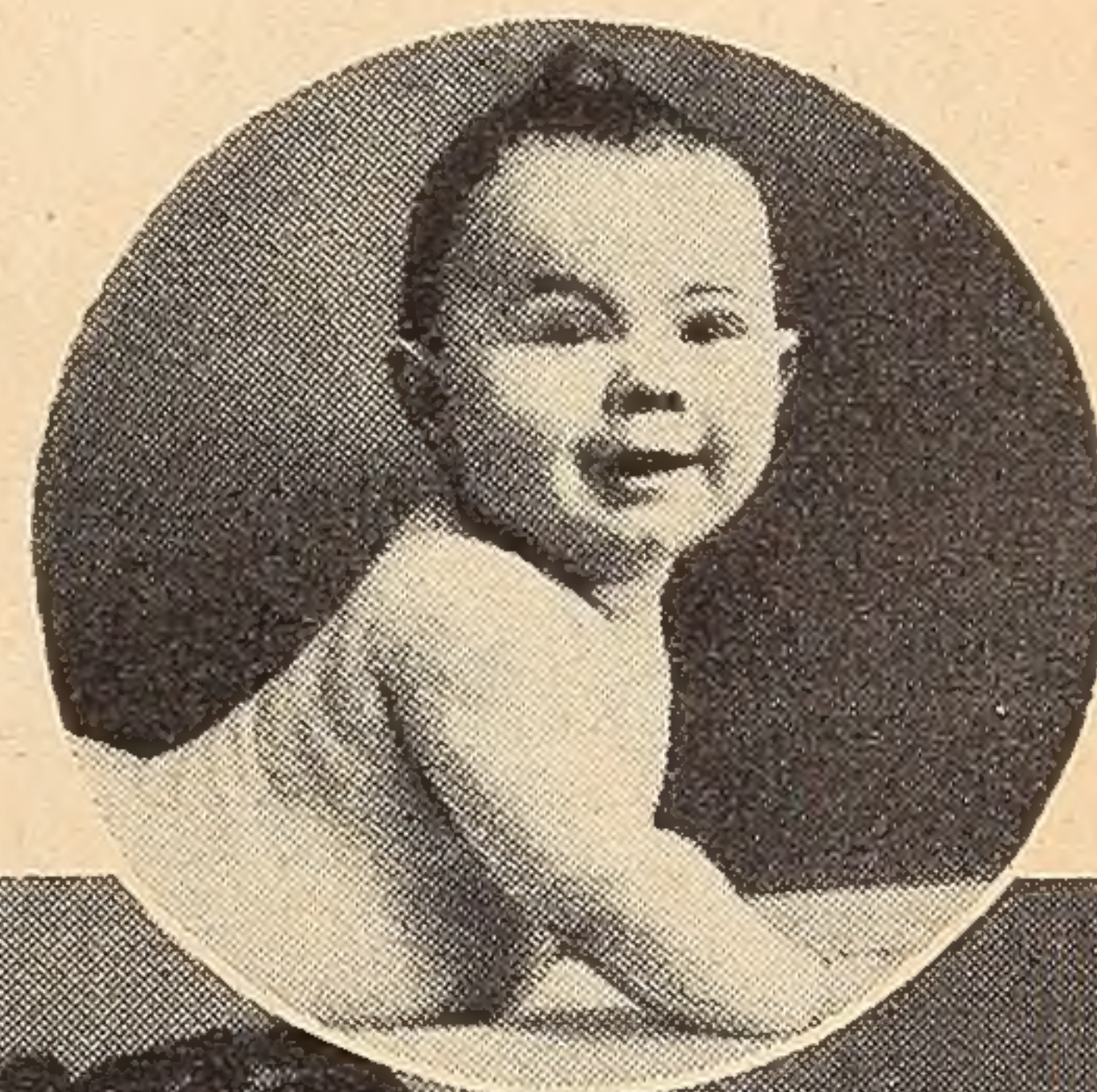
"I've been Co-ed, Trained Nurse, Mother . . .
I know how Listerine fights infectious dandruff."

1 At the University of Missouri, many of us co-eds used Listerine and massage regularly. We couldn't afford to neglect distressing dandruff flakes! . . . not with hundreds of glamorous co-eds in the swim for fraternity dance bids! What chance would a girl with dandruff have?



2 As a trained nurse, doing post-graduate work at a famous New York hospital, I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, *Pityrosporum Ovale*—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this and other organisms under control.

3 As a school nurse in New Jersey, I had the care of hundreds of children in rural districts. Scalp examinations were part of my regular routine. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.



Listerine, in Actual Clinical Tests, Beneficial in 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs . . . if, in spite of everything you've tried, those distressing flakes and scales are still in evidence . . . *don't waste any more time*—start today with the famous Listerine Treatment. It is so simple . . . so easy . . . you can treat yourself right in your own home!

Simple, Delightful Home Treatment

Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think of it! . . . this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in clinical tests!

Start Your Treatments Now

So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't give up hope. Above all, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



4 When I got married and my baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp clean and healthy. I have shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved. He's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.

I'm "Choosey"
...and here's why I choose

**FIBS* THE KOTEX*
TAMPON**



The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!



Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



Accepted for Advertising by The Journal
of the American Medical Association

SAMPLE OFFER

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIBS—Room 1419A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name _____

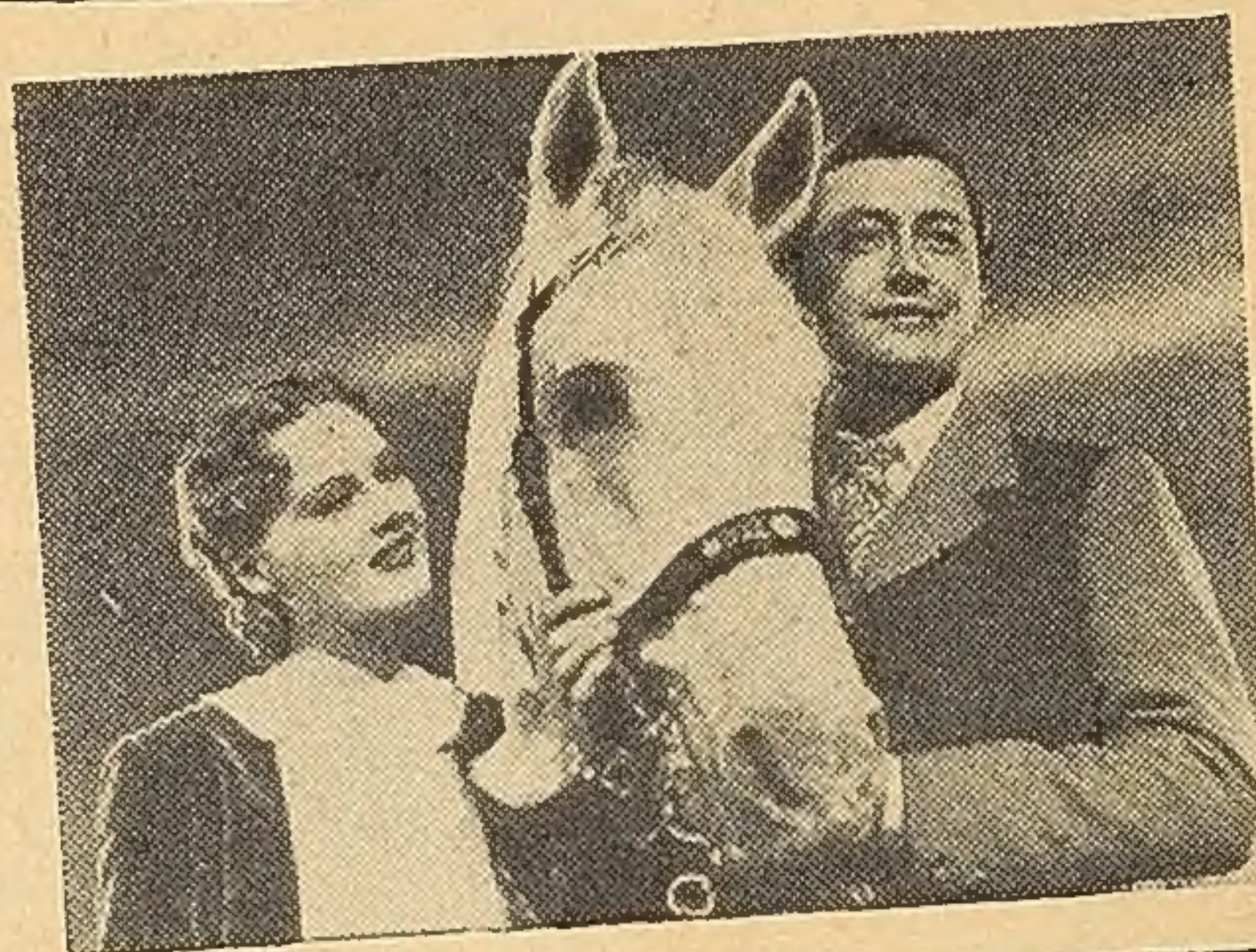
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Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Florian—M-G-M
There's a tender love story woven through this film—the love of a commoner for a member of the royal family—but primarily it's the story of a horse, *Florian*, descendant of the imperial line of Lippizan stallions bred in pre-World War Austria. It's a delightfully told tale, with Robert Young excellently portraying the horse's trainer, and Helen Gilbert as the Duchess. You'll want to stay to see the scenes in which the horse performs again and again.



French Without Tears—Paramount
Here's a romantic farce which has an endless number of amusing lines and hilarious situations. The fun takes place in a men's college in France when a flirtatious miss visits the school and disrupts the French studies by turning her charm on the students—all of them. Ray Milland is the one in whom she seems less interested, but he turns out to be the one she loves. Ellen Drew good in flighty rôle, and Milland gives his customary fine performance.



The Biscuit Eater—Paramount
A dog is the hero of this deeply touching, emotional story. A boy and his Negro pal are given the runt of a litter born on an estate where bluebloods are bred. The kids have their troubles with the dog who turns out to be a "biscuit eater"—that's what dogs who do nothing except hunt their own food are called—but the boys' patience and love make him a champion. Filmed in Georgia's bird dog country, it shows dogs being trained in the fields.



The Earl of Chicago—M-G-M
If you want to see Robert Montgomery in the best rôle he's ever played, here's your picture. It's even better than "Night Must Fall." Montgomery portrays *Silky*, illiterate beer baron with a love for luxury and a fear of guns who falls heir to a title through British ancestors. Edward Arnold also gives a smooth performance as the manager who double-crosses *Silky*. It has no romantic plot, but it's a fascinating tale and expertly done.



Beyond Tomorrow—RKO-Radio
This is a strange picture, as you might have guessed, since it deals with life after death. Charles Winninger, C. Aubrey Smith, Harry Carey are cast as three bachelors whose spirits linger on earth after they're killed in a plane crash. They tarry to help their friends—Jean Parker, Richard Carlson—get the right start in life. Fine photographic effects are achieved in giving it a hazy spiritual touch. Maria Ouspenskaya and Helen Vinson in cast.



The Courageous Dr. Christian—
RKO-Radio

The second of the "Dr. Christian" series tells the story of a small town doctor's tireless efforts to help the under-privileged of a shanty town. Jean Hersholt fits the rôle of the kindly, lovable old physician to a T. Although the film deals mainly with social problems, it has a good share of comedy—supplied by Maude Eburne and Vera Lewis—and Tom Neal, Robert Baldwin and Dorothy Lovett make up the romantic trio of the film.



Rancho Grande—Republic

This modern western has Gene Autry as a ranch foreman and guardian of its youthful heirs. Unless an irrigation system is completed the ranch will be foreclosed, and Autry makes two of its scatter-brained owners realize its importance before the villain gets in his dirty work. The picture has everything to make Autry fans happy—plenty of Gene's songs and plenty of riding and, of course, Smiley Burnett's standard brand of comedy. *Rancho Grande* is film's theme song.



The Human Monster—Monogram

In this horror film, Bela Lugosi, screen's bogeyman, plays the dual rôle of a diabolical doctor who murders to collect on insurance policies of his victims and head of a blind man's home, conducted as a "blind" for his crimes. The gruesome chores are not performed by Lugosi, but by a blind giant who strangles victims and drowns them in a tank before throwing the bodies in the river. It's not the best horror film, but it's good for some chills and thrills. *Don't* bring the kiddies.

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



**No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day
prevents underarm odor—guards charm!**

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more*

use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle...thousands use it this way!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Heading for a Wedding?
— here's your smartest choice

a Keepsake
GENUINE-REGISTERED
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



CLASSIC Set \$99.75
Engagement ring \$75.00



MELROSE Set \$129.95
Engagement ring \$87.50



STANDISH Set \$264.75
Engagement ring \$225.00

You'll love the glorious color . . . distinguished styling . . . and time-honored quality of your genuine registered Keepsake. The Certificate of Quality and Registration protects you against an unwise choice. There's a Keepsake for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged. Ask your jeweler today to show you the new matched sets.

Write for Book
for coming brides
and grooms.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

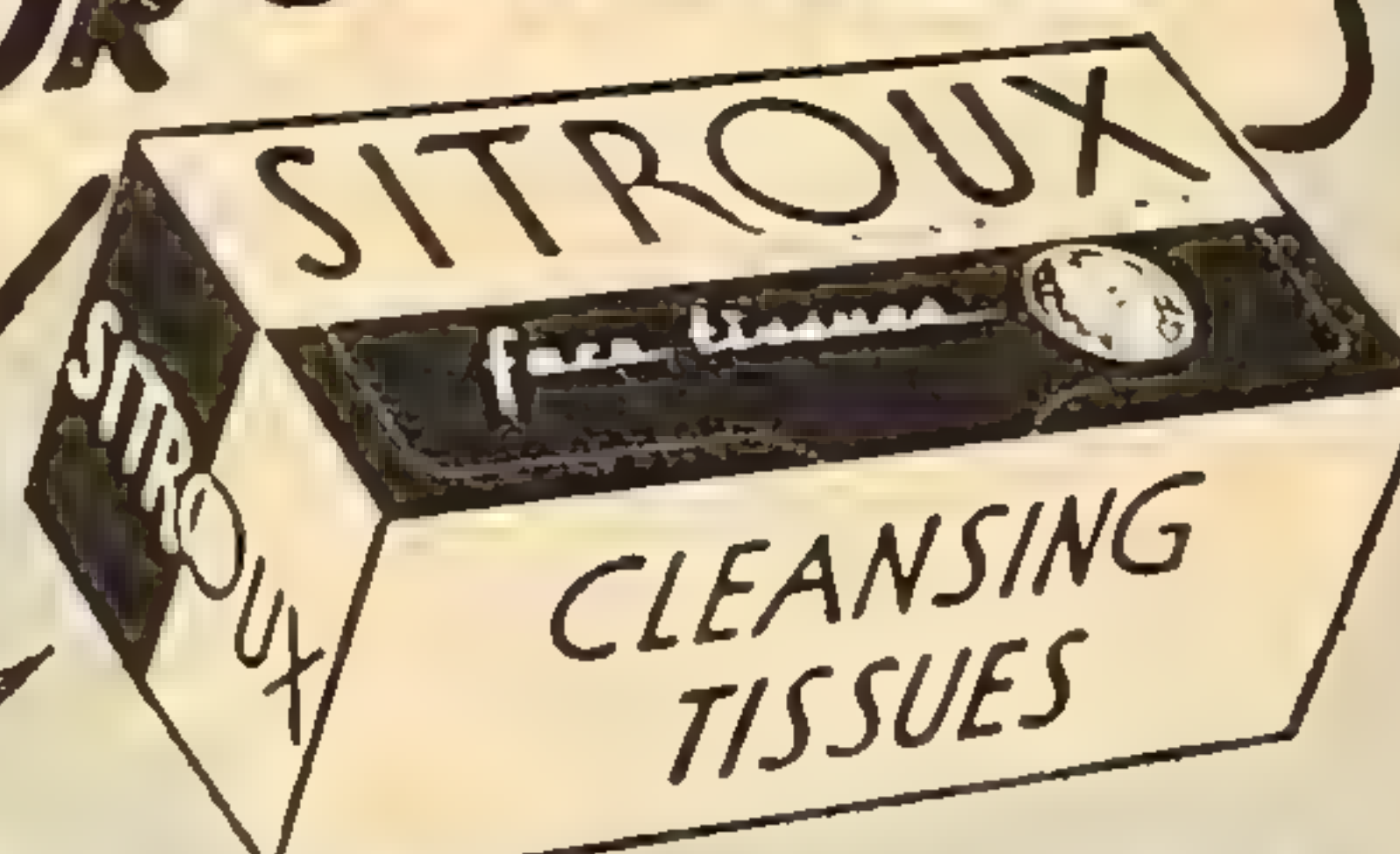
Please send me the valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding." I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense.

Name

Street and No.

City SL-6-40

CALL FOR SIT-TRUE



STRONGER. MORE ABSORBENT



TRY OUR NEW
SITROUX
BEAUTY CREAMS

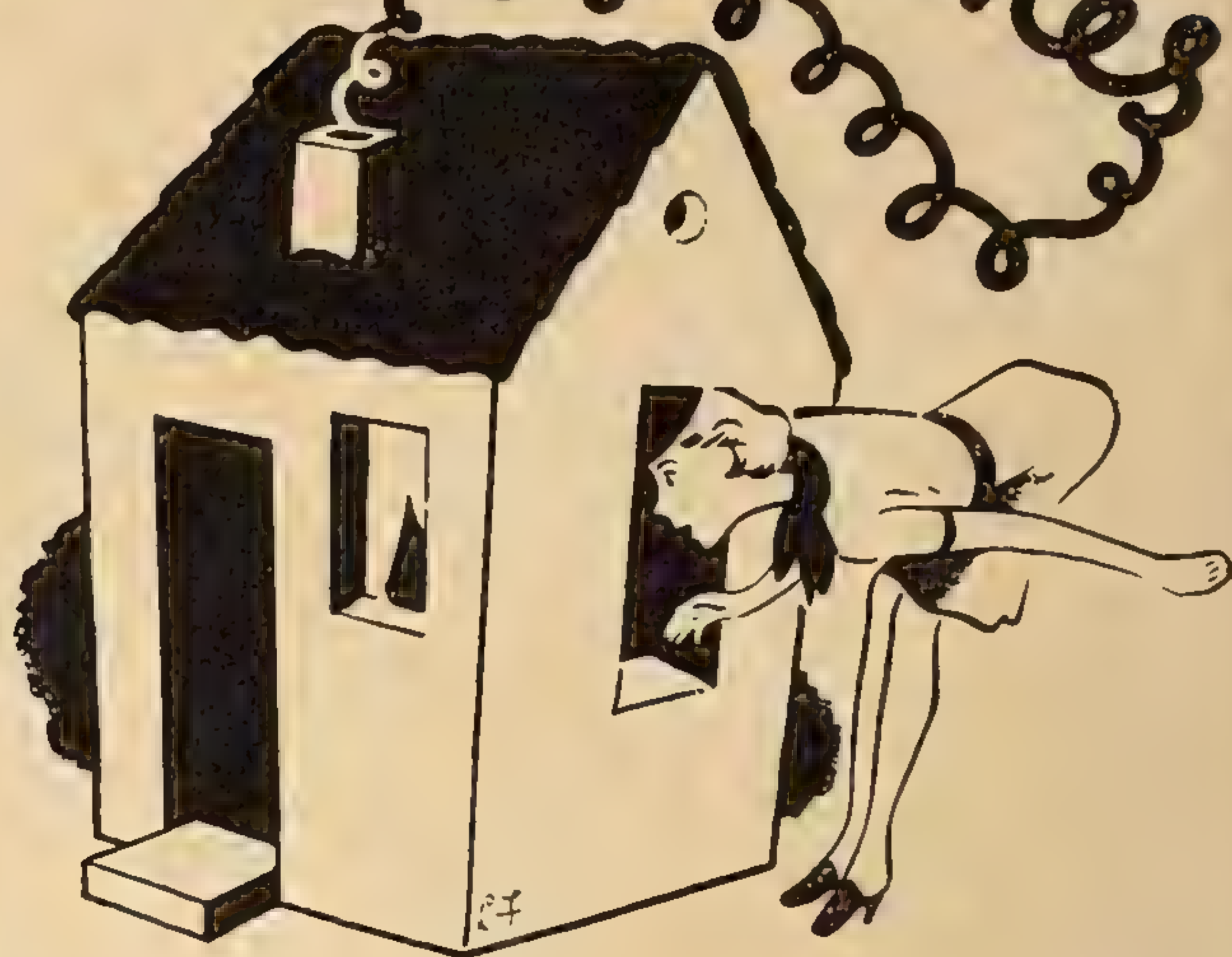
COLD CREAM for thorough, pleasant cleansing.

FOUNDATION CREAM for smoother, long-lasting make-up.

**BUY SITROUX CREAMS WHERE
YOU BUY SITROUX TISSUES**

Join "the kids"
at Ann Rutherford's for good
food and fun

Inside the Stars' Homes



By Betty Boone



ANN RUTHERFORD shares a smart "Wilshire district" apartment with her mother and sister. Unlike some apartments I've visited, this one is a real home, overflowing with laughter and affection, not to mention more tangible objects: Ann's friendly fans simply shower her with gifts.

"We're going to be crowded out of the place soon," smiled Ann's mother. "It's lucky that most of the things are tiny cabinet pieces," and is Ann thrilled with them! She has a collection of little angels in her bedroom, and more frogs, ducks, and

Scotties than you would believe existed."

"But look—just look—at my Farway Farms horses!" cried Ann, an animated whirlwind in blue-and-white summer print. Along the white mantel ranged a line of adorable little horses done in bronze. "They're from the famous Farway Farms near Lexington, Kentucky," said Ann. "Our family was born in Lexington and grew up there. Last year we went back to visit and spent a day at the Farms."

"Ann romped with Man O' War," related her mother, gaily "but when she began talking baby-talk to him he got so



When she isn't busy appearing in the "Hardy Family" films, gay little Ann loves to entertain Hollywood's young crowd. Facing page, she prepares her favorite salad. Above, right, she really plays those drums. Above, with her collection of tiny horses from a famous Kentucky farm.



embarrassed! He hung his head and acted just like a *person*."

"That horse has his own office" declared Ann, brown eyes wide. "Yes, *sir*! A grand fireplace in it and everything. All the thoroughbreds live in beautiful places and

are treated almost like royalty, maybe better. Man O' War was a pet—he adored romping and I had a marvelous time. It was after I left that they sent me these precious bronze replicas of all the horses at Farway Farms. Aren't they perfect?"

According to her mother, Ann has a natural talent for design; she makes nearly all her own hats and most of her clothes. "Last week she came home with yards and yards of material," Mrs. Rutherford con-

(Continued on page 76)

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

*It invites Romance...
that modern natural look!*

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Follow the *modern* trend in makeup! Achieve the engaging *natural* look of gay, young "collegiennes." It's *easy* with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the wonderful new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes*!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own coloring . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you in Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes*!

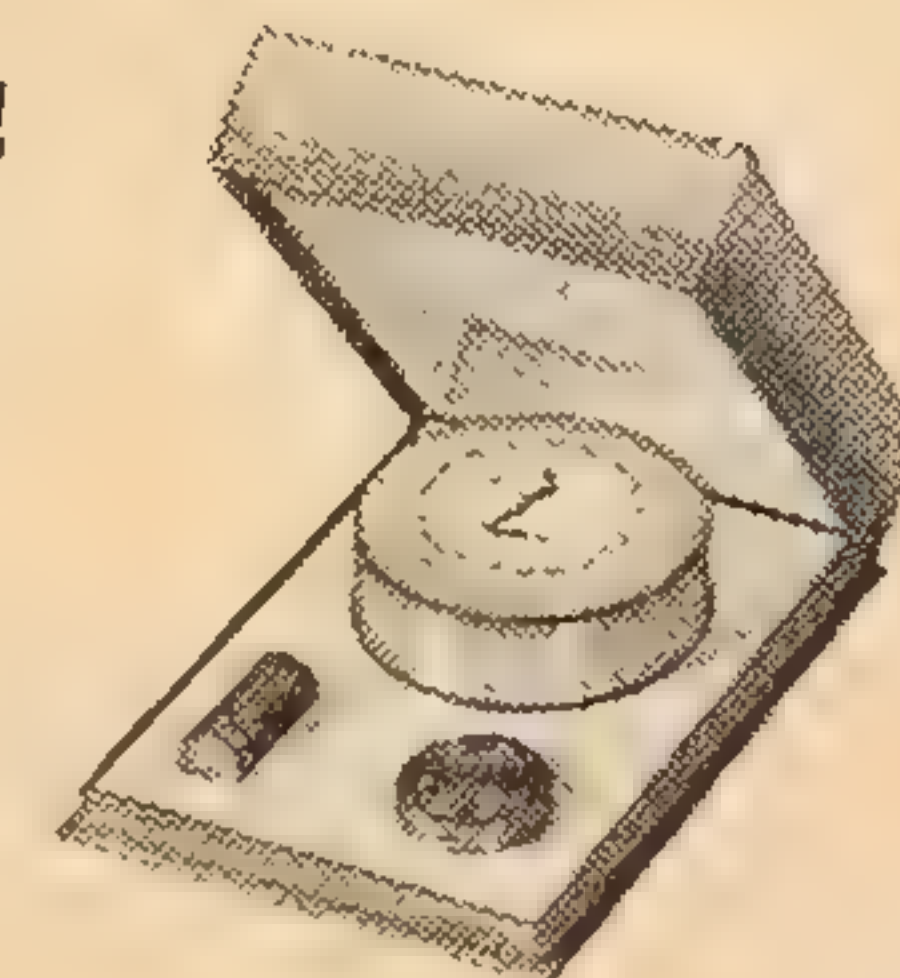
See how *smoothly* *Marvelous* Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching *Marvelous* Rouge and Lipstick, too.

*Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.*

**HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER**
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick . . . packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.

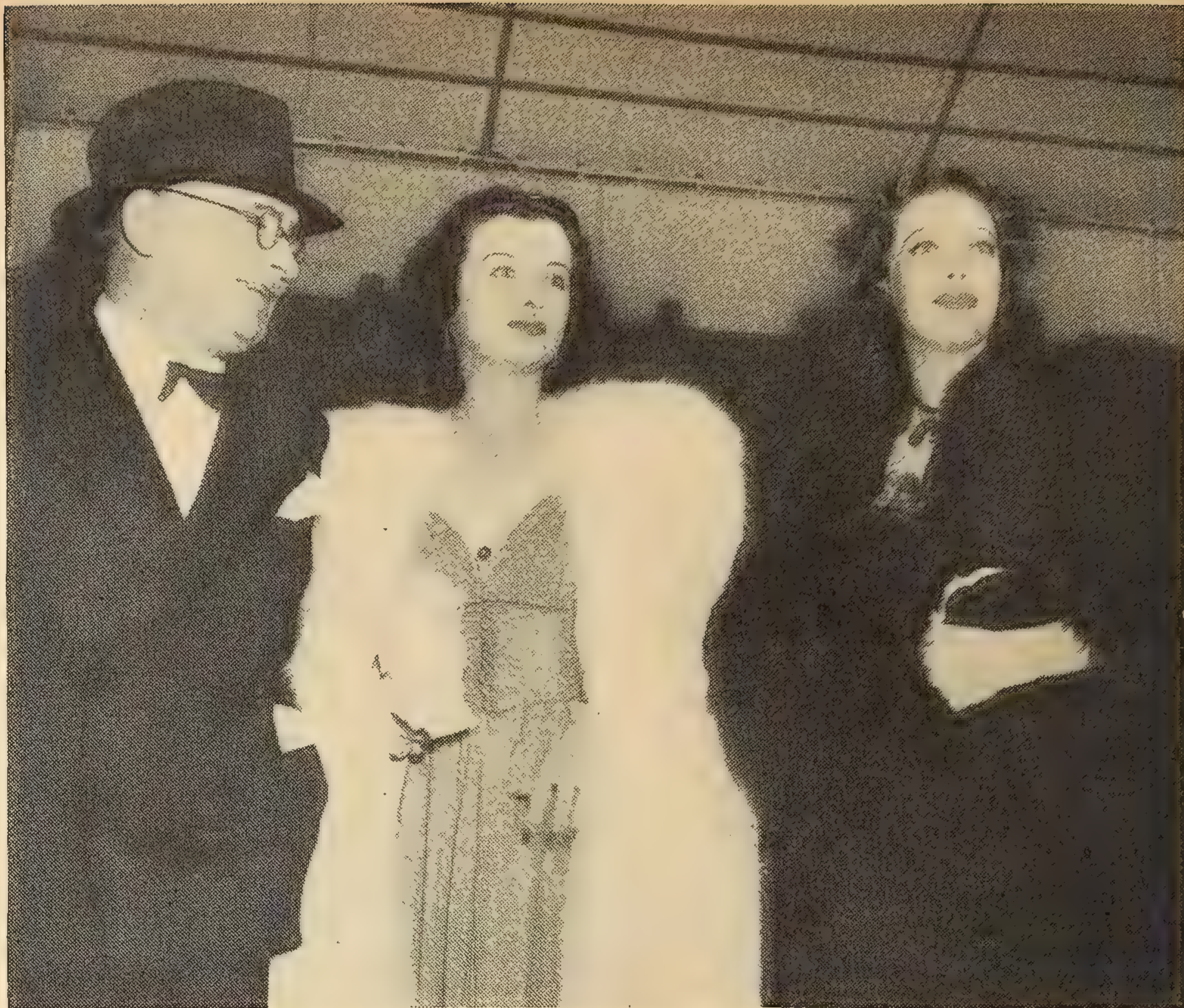


Specially priced for a limited time only
55¢
At drug and department stores

In Canada, 65¢

THIS happened not long ago at the Fox Studio. It wasn't perpetrated as a gag, but just as an instance to show how indescribably irregular and obtuse the motion picture industry can be. A very famous, highly touted director on the lot accidentally came across a very old picture of Tyrone Power. Ty was very young-looking and the photograph suggested an immature country bumpkin. The director sent the picture to the casting department with the following note. "Can we do anything for this young fellow? I've seen him act and I think he's very good. To me, he shows promise!" This director's recommendation is not without great weight at his studio. Nevertheless, there was very little delay in the answer from the casting office. Their reply read, "Dear Mr. ———: From our experience we find that this young man has the kind of face that is impossible to photograph. It is our belief that he would not be found satisfactory."

ANDREA LEEDS found a very becoming hat in a small shop for \$2.95. The studio had to reproduce the bonnet so her stand-in would have a duplicate for "Earthbound." They did—at the cost of \$35. . . . Young Bill Holden was all for accepting one, and only one, answer to the ad he ran in the paper for a secretary, but his agent talked him out of it. The answer came from an entire graduating class of a girls' business school.



Len Weissman

To Myron Selznick, actor's agent and brother of David O. Selznick, went the privilege of escorting two of the screen's famous beauties—Joan Bennett, wearing white wrap, and Loretta Young—to a recent première. Some fellows get all the breaks!

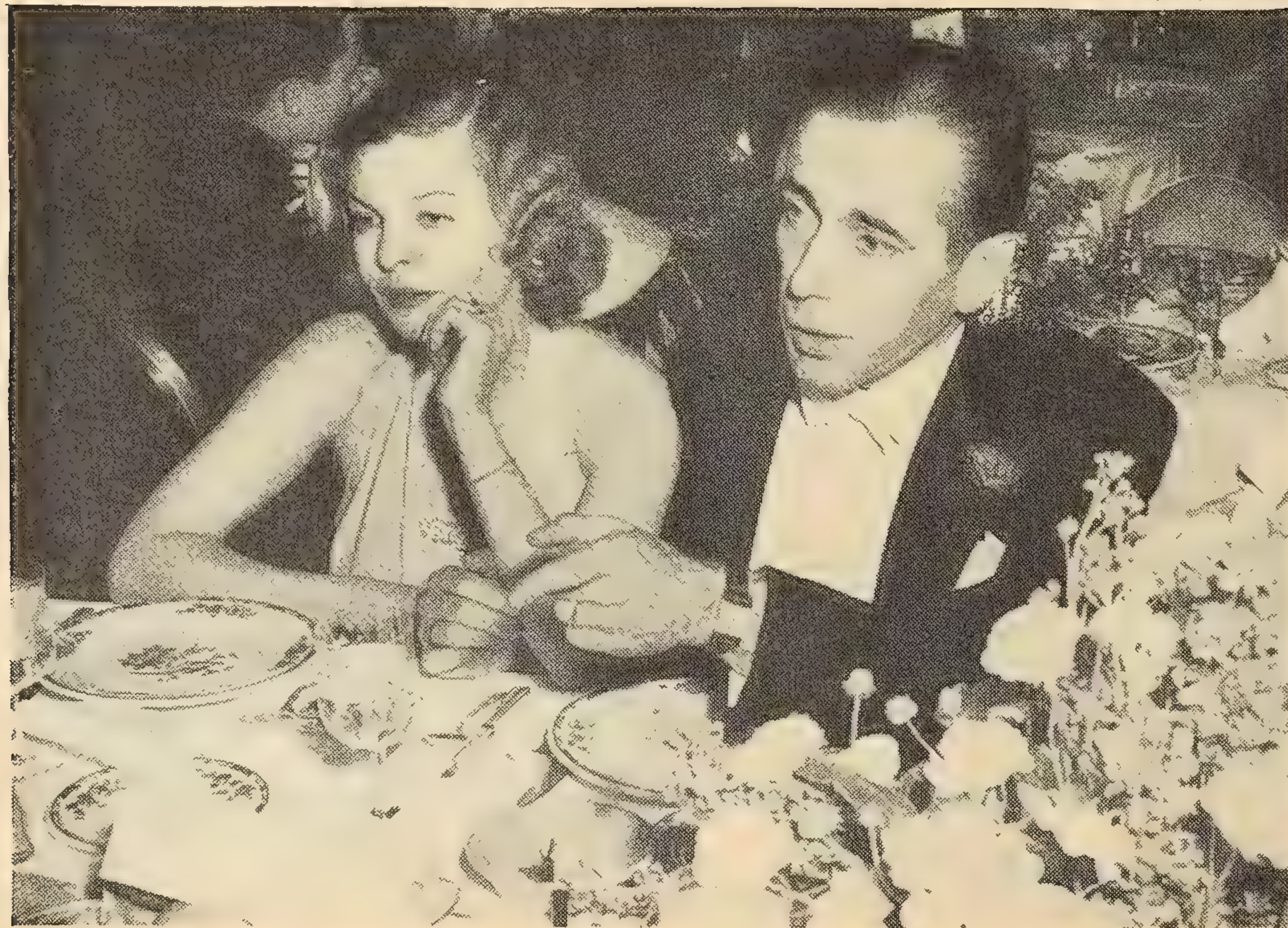
Hot

from Hollywood

JOHN PAYNE recently received a many times forwarded letter which took him back more than five years in his struggle for a career. The context of the terse business note was in the form of a stern reprimand to him. It was from an employ-

ment bureau where he was once registered. It said, "Dear Mr. Payne: It has been called to our attention that you have not availed yourself of the privileges of our organization for some time. You have been most uninterested in our efforts to secure employment for you. Our notices of available jobs have been consistently ignored. We are therefore eliminating your name from our lists of ambitious young men. If you should care to still keep your registration with us please inform us to that effect within the next ten days."

Len Weissman



AND now they are accusing Hattie McDaniel of going Hollywood! Who has a better right? Hattie has lately been criticized because she suddenly blossomed out with a whopping limousine, a liveried chauffeur and what seems to be an insatiable taste for orchids. However, in spite of that, her grinning face in her spacious limousine is, somehow, more thrilling than all the other glamor girls, put together. Hattie was once an attendant in a powder room in a Milwaukee night club. She worked as a cook in Denver. She is so genuine that at the Academy Award banquet she brought all of bored Hollywood to its feet with rousing praise and with not a few eyes blurred with real tears. Hattie was deeply impressed by being honored in the Cocoanut Grove by all of the industry's big shots, but no one knew better than she that a week or a month hence the Cocoanut Grove would be as remote as Mars to one of her color. I say, if Hattie wants to glitter in her new-found fame, let her glitter. To Hattie McDaniel all the orchids she could ever wear!

THEY'RE calling Eddie Albert Hollywood's Technicolor Orson Welles. His attempt to grow a beard sprouted out a fiery red. . . . Brenda Joyce, well on her way to stardom, fights any show of pretense. She has even refused to buy a new car. She drives a very modest 1936 model coupé and hopes for a few more years' use out of it. (Please turn to page 95)

Humphrey Bogart may be a bad man on the screen, but to his wife, Mayo Methot, he's an attentive husband. Left, they're at the Cocoanut Grove for an evening of fun.

Two Brides With But a Single Thought:

"I WON'T SHARE CARY WITH ANY WOMAN"

"I WON'T SHARE CARY WITH ANY WOMAN"



His first wife left him on a tidal wave and came back like a cyclone—smack in the middle of his second honeymoon! That's the signal to commence firing... and the laugh bombardment never stops until Irene and Cary have scored more direct hits than in "The Awful Truth"..... It's "THE YEAR'S FIRST GREAT COMEDY HIT," SAYS LOOK MAGAZINE..... And it's coming soon!

IRENE DUNNE
CARY GRANT
In Their First Hit Together Since "The Awful Truth"

"My Favorite Wife"
With RANDOLPH SCOTT • GAIL PATRICK
A LEO MCCAREY PRODUCTION
Directed by GARSON KANIN • RKO RADIO PICTURE
Written for the Screen by Bella & Samuel Spewack

\$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below... and start immediately!

EASY TO WIN!



- 1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America." True ☐ False ☐
- 2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels. True ☐ False ☐
- 3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor. True ☐ False ☐
- 4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck. True ☐ False ☐
- 5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing. True ☐ False ☐
- 6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies. True ☐ False ☐
- 7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States. True ☐ False ☐
- 8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell. True ☐ False ☐
- 9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox. True ☐ False ☐
- 10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings. True ☐ False ☐

YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON
"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS
AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

**133
PRIZES!**

FIRST PRIZE \$1,000.00
2nd PRIZE ... \$500.00
3rd PRIZE ... \$250.00
5 PRIZES of \$100.00 each
25 PRIZES of \$10.00 each
100 PRIZES of \$5.00 each

EASY RULES!

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S No. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



The Editor's Page

Remember Ginger
in "Gold Diggers
of 1933?" (Right).



Ginger, today,
great actress in
"Primrose Path."



An Open Letter to Ginger Rogers

DEAR GINGER:

How you've changed!

In all the history of American entertainment, there is no actress who has worked more of a miracle than you. Just a few short years ago, you were prancing around the screen all decked out in sequins, singing a little something in a throaty voice about gold-digging. Anyone seeing and hearing you then would have thought, just another pretty blonde cutie, and gone his way forgetting. Well, he might have been right, at that. For the cutie *has* vanished; there is no trace of her in the girl called Ginger Rogers today. She's a completely new and different person. And a very, very fine actress.

Aren't you proud of her? You should be! You have, after "The Primrose Path" every right to pat yourself on the back and say, "Good girl! It was a tough fight, but we won." For you have won. Despite the skepticism of critics and public who said, when the dancing team of Astaire and Rogers split up, well, goodbye Ginger, it was nice watching you—through sheer grit and iron determination and, not incidentally at all, a great deal of talent, you have turned yourself out one of the two or three best actresses on the screen. And I *mean* actresses: not personalities or glamor girls. I think we must all take you seriously as an artiste, with the *e*, mind you, from now on. It was a bold thing you did, forsaking first the sequins, and later the trail-

ing chiffons that always seemed about to trip up Fred Astaire but never did, of course—for *acting*. And such fine acting as I've seldom seem. Why you don't win an Academy Award for it is one of Hollywood's major mysteries. Can it be that, in your courageous climb to artistic success, you have lost the common touch? It's there, in your work—that compassionate quality, that sensitive understanding of the other fellow's problems. But in the almost Garbo-esque aloofness of your private life, has it disappeared? I'm wondering, along with the readers who berate me for not printing more good, human Ginger Rogers interviews. How can I, when you won't give 'em? Or else blue-pencil 'em so that there's very little left of the grand, warm, intensely human girl we know you must be, really? Why not take a tip from Bette Davis, who has permitted vivid publicity to become an important part of her brilliant career; who, bored or tired or not, somehow always finds time to tell us, through the interviewers, what we want to know about her? Let down the bars, Ginger, and shake hands with your public.

Delight Evans



HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Arrival of Hollywood's most speculatively romantic couple, Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart, at the Guild party in the Coconut Grove. Below, at their table: the girl-friend listens as Jimmy tells a story, with gestures, to screen-pal Maggie Sullavan and her husband, agent Leland Hayward.

Miss Sullavan turns an amused profile and a pretty back as John Swope and Stewart listen, this time, to Miss de Havilland. By the way, how'd you like our Livvy's new pompadour coiffure?



Maybe it's taking a mean advantage, but don't you prefer sneaking up on your picture pets and catching them off-guard, like this, to carefully retouched studio photographs? Here are the best candid close-ups of the cinema month

All Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman, exclusive to SCREENLAND



Three of the film colony's grandest actors, below, share a joke with one another though not with our Weissman, who is still hoping to hear it. Basil Rathbone, Joe E. Brown, Frank Morgan.



Regal arrival of a fascinatin' filmland foursome: Norma Shearer and George Raft, who are at the public-handholding stage, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, nice "old" married folks, at the Grove. Left, at their reserved table later on, Norma's still having fun—but how about the cool Coopers?





Still honeymooning! William Powell and his young wife, the former Diana Lewis, dancing blissfully at Cocoanut Grove. Where did you get that hat, Missus Powell?



The girl who converted Jackie Cooper to the simple life is dancing with him, above. She's "Jimmie" Rogers, who helped teach Jackie to ride 'n rope, in Palm Springs.



The opening of the baseball season is the same everywhere in America. The celebrities toss out the first ball, as George Raft, Gail Patrick and her husband, Bob "Brown Derby" Cobb (left), and Gracie Allen and George Burns are doing here. Scene is the Hollywood Ball Park, where you'll always see a dozen or so screen favorites rooting at the national game.



Remember when Ronald Colman wouldn't face a candid camera? That was before his marriage to the gracious Benita Hume, who now persuades Ronnie to smile into the lens and like it.



Ann "Maisie" Sothern, in her best bib 'n tucker, and her best beau who also happens to be friend husband, Roger Pryor, table-hopping at the Guild party. Top of sleek head, and hand, are Liz Whitney's.

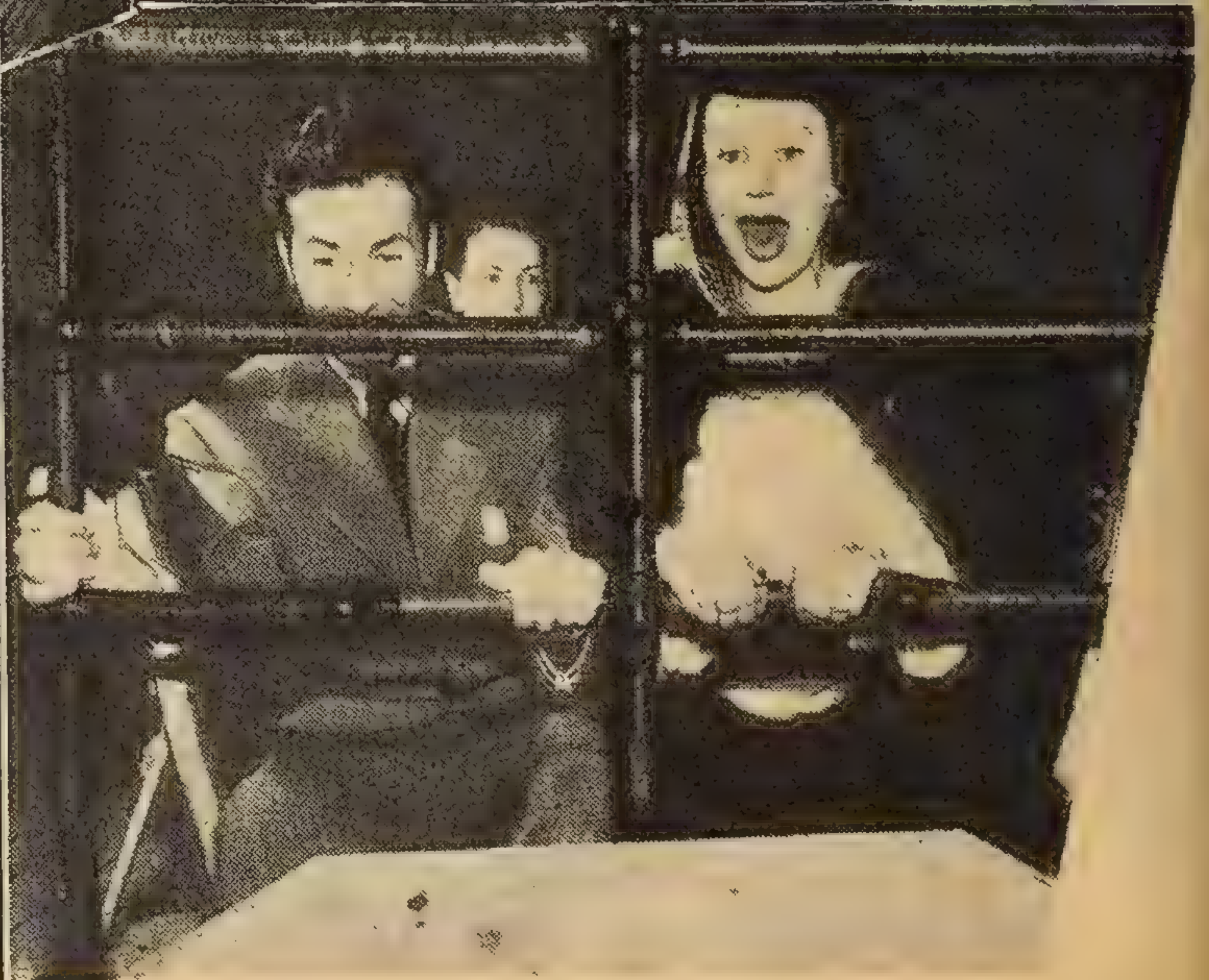
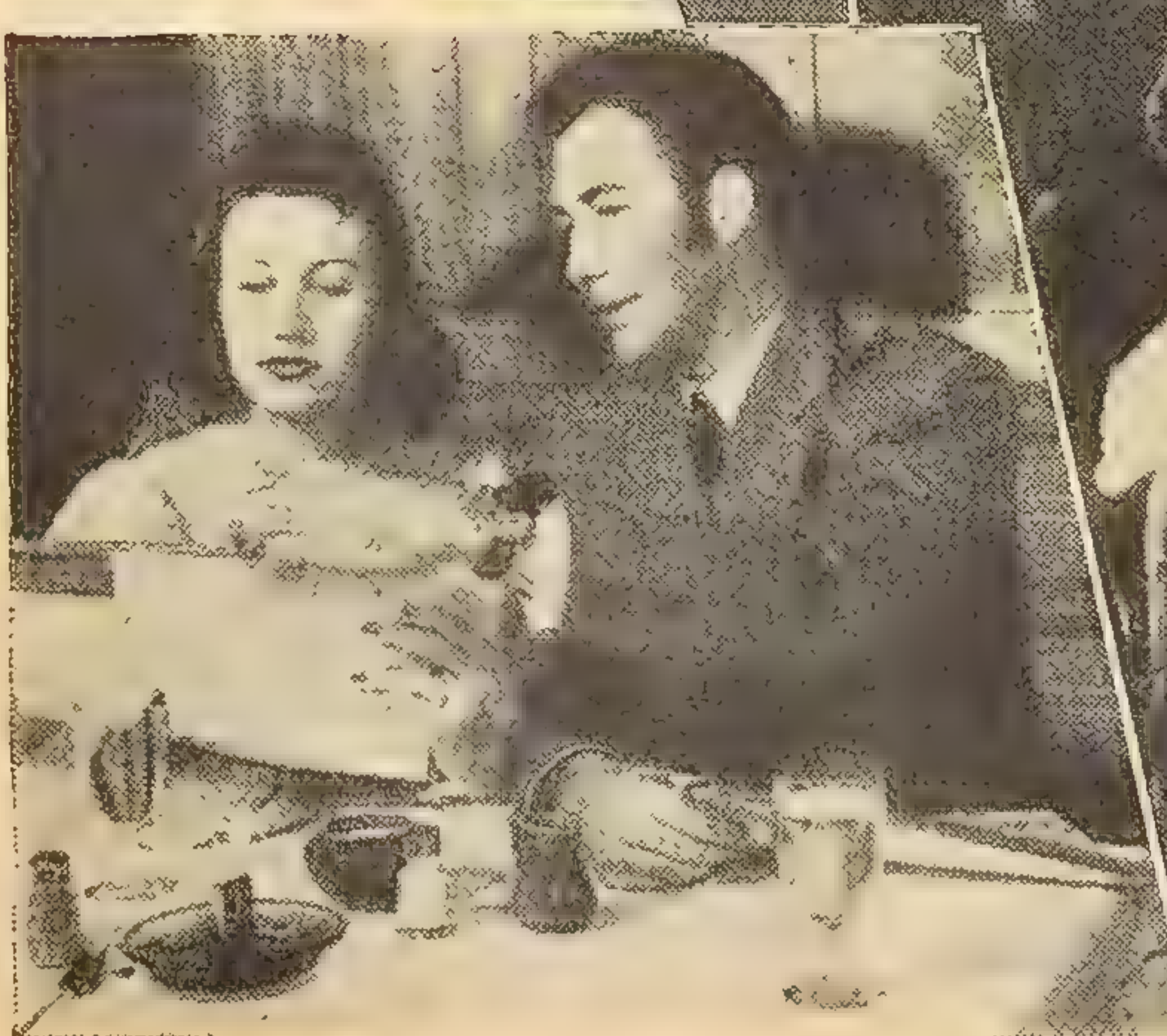
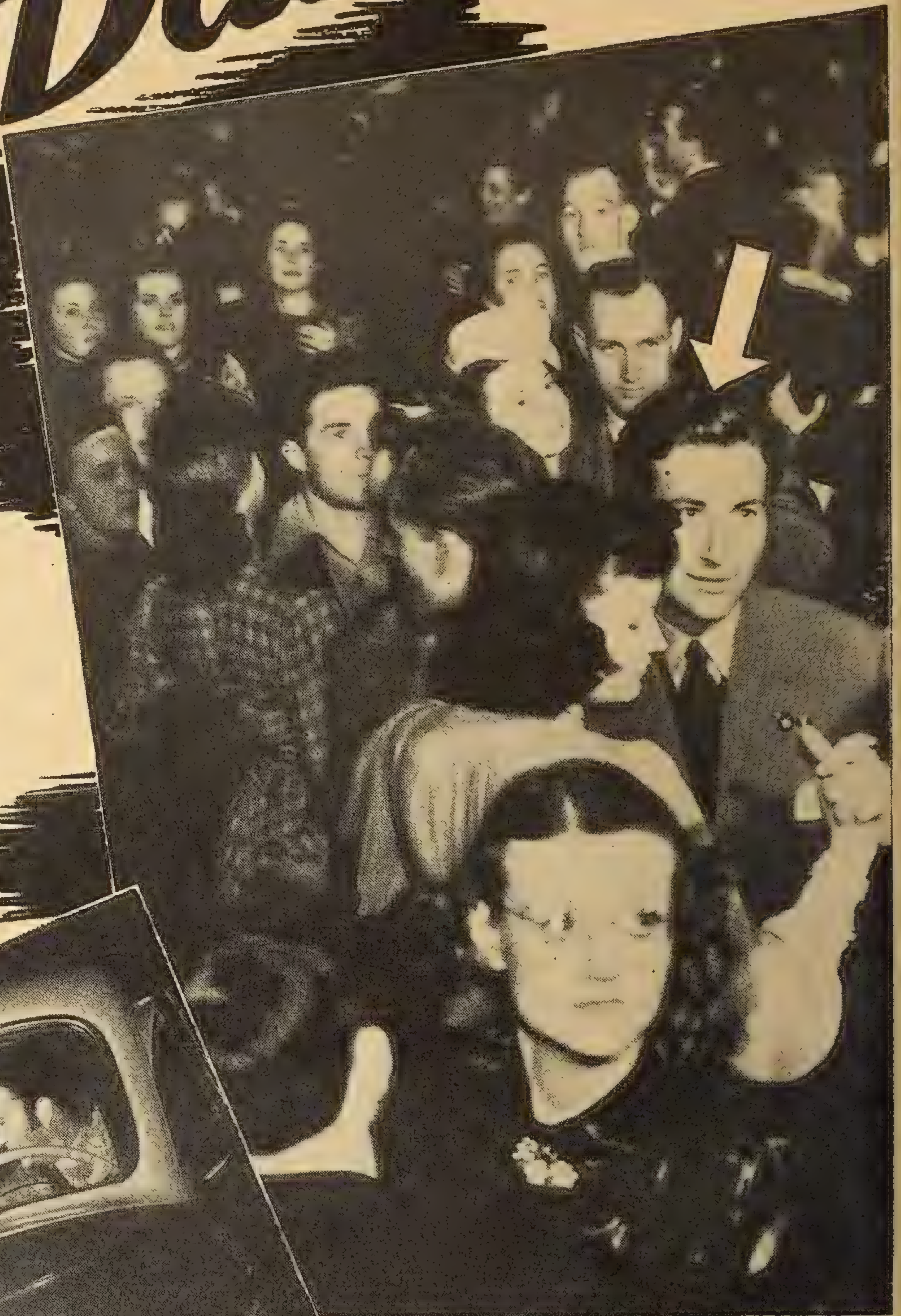
The picture at right, we believe, is a reassuring sight. Surely the top box office boy, Mickey Rooney, might be excused from any more boyish hero-worship, now that he's so famous; but he's still a fan himself, especially when his idol, Benny Goodman, comes to town. Mickey tells the maestro of swing how good he is, at band's opening night at Grove.



A Date Big

And girls—
it's
Leap Year!

with
**JEFFREY
LYNN**



By May Mann

ALL This, And Heaven Too—(strictly the title of Jeffrey Lynn's next picture)—might never have happened if a movie glamor girl hadn't said she was "simply dying to meet that Lynn!" "Jeffrey's the most interesting boy in pictures, that strong New England type," she murmured with a Priscilla Lane look in her eyes. "And so eligible," she'd continued. "He's shy, I think, for there haven't been any romance rumors about him. It seems he's been so intent over his career since he's been in Hollywood, he's simply neglected the girls. If I could just meet him—"

"Then why don't you?" I said in my own naïve way—thinking that of course for an Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Wendy Barrie, or Dorothy Lamour, that should be easy.

"But how?" she wailed. "He works at a different studio—and I haven't the slightest excuse for an introduction. Now if I were only you," she sighed. (Imagine a movie queen with her Beverly Hills mansion and swimming pool and her three automobiles and mink coat and diamonds and her three-pictures-a-year-contract with a salary check at four (*Please turn to page 86*))



All photographs of Jeffrey Lynn's Big Date by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bros. Exclusive to SCREENLAND

Follow Jeffrey Lynn and May Mann on their big Leap Year date! Large picture above shows them dancing, and not with tears in their eyes, either. Follow other pictures for their progress from dinner through an evening of fun—and autograph fiends, above. Mr. Lynn is still a bachelor—as we go to press.



WE ARE bound to the movies by a power which roots far back beyond the beginning of civilization into the primitive world when the race was young and lawless, and men roved the earth like animals, intent only on following out the instincts of their own natures without interference!

The two great primal necessities of the human being which are accountable for all his actions—the demand for food and the demand for reproduction which results in what we call “love” or “sex”—were not disguised and subverted as they are today under a thousand differing pretexes and sublimated causes. Our primordial ancestors went straight for their goal—fought, slew or were slain, indulged in cunning or stealth, plundered and dragged each other’s women off by the hair of their heads. Nothing but death could come between them and what they wanted. They knew no restraint.

Then one day, thousands of years ago, some of our stone age ancestors laid the foundation for the astounding hold our movies have today on the twentieth century, with their fabulous previews, glamor, autographs, “Gone With the Wind,” and all the rest. They got together and decided that it could not hurt anything and might make life a lot pleasanter, if they gave up some of their fierce determination to have their own way and agree to a few rules for the common good. They laid out a sort of five-year plan obstructing the rugged individuality of the caveman for the first time.

That was the beginning of the “repressed desires” we have heard so much about ever since Dr. Sigmund Freud began to delve down into the unconscious mind to see if he could discover how to help men overcome their mental kinks and difficulties. The consciousness, or ego of these primitive men, gradually hardened into something like a conscience. And the brute passions, the aggression and disregard of others had to be thwarted, rudely submerged and crowded out of sight.

“All of us have been forced to repress many of our primitive emotions, such as hates, fears, secret forbidden longings, grievances, schemes for revenge hidden within us,” says Dr. A. A. Brill, the noted authority on human behavior, who is more familiar with the works on “Psychoanalysis” of Dr. Freud, perhaps, than any other modern psychologist since he translated them into Eng-

lish from the German and introduced Freud’s methods into America. “All of us have things we’re mortified and ashamed about. (It sometimes does us good just to *know* that.) Most of them are forgotten by our conscious mind; or they are distorted, so that we cannot recognize them.

“The movies by showing us human beings in action—in every sort of action, in every sort of character and situation—often reach down into this submerged unconscious mass of taboos, and repressed desires, and enable us to get an outlet for restless and starved emotions. By stirring up this lower mind to unsuspected depths, they purge the individual of many sources of trouble. Aristotle ascribed the same effect to the Greek drama.

“One of the reasons that the motion pictures do us so much good,” said Dr. Brill in this exclusive interview, “is that they give us the means to identify ourselves with situations or characters that appeal to us or that we feel are like us in some way. They allow us to ‘empathize’ or read ourselves into the player and the character which he represents. Thus, a girl who never went out with a boy in her life may become the best beloved of Clark Gable. A telegraph operator in a way-station in Kansas may become the handsome, swashbuckling Errol Flynn. And it is safe to say that every boy, everywhere, will choose to be Robert Preston as he woos Dorothy Lamour in the new wild, primitive ‘Typhoon,’ which I understand is now in the making.”

And here it might not be amiss to point out that Dr. Brill agrees with the box office that the “native” or exciting adventure picture if well done, with winds shrieking, palm trees flinging their fronds in the air, with towering seas, foundering boats, and human nature in a battle with the elements, makes excellent material on which to give the contents of the mind a thrilling work-out.

“Movie stars are our ‘scapegoats!’” says Dr. Brill.

“Motion picture actors and actresses earn every penny we pay them, and all the adulation we give them, for the great service they render their audiences in this difficult world,” he stated in a speech at a recent luncheon. “Like the goat called ‘the scapegoat’ that was sent by the ancients loaded with the sins of the people out into the wilderness once a year, our movie players take our sins upon themselves. They commit adultery for us,” he added with Freudian frankness, “do crimes for us; kill, lie. They do all the mean and malicious and unscrupulous things for us that we would (*Please turn to page 78*)

SATISFY YOUR SUPPRESSED

By
Betty Shannon



Make the most of your movie-going! Learn to "empathize"! This exclusive interview with Dr. A. A. Brill, world famous authority on human behavior who introduced Freud's methods of psychoanalysis into America, opens your eyes

DRAWINGS BY LEONARD FRANK



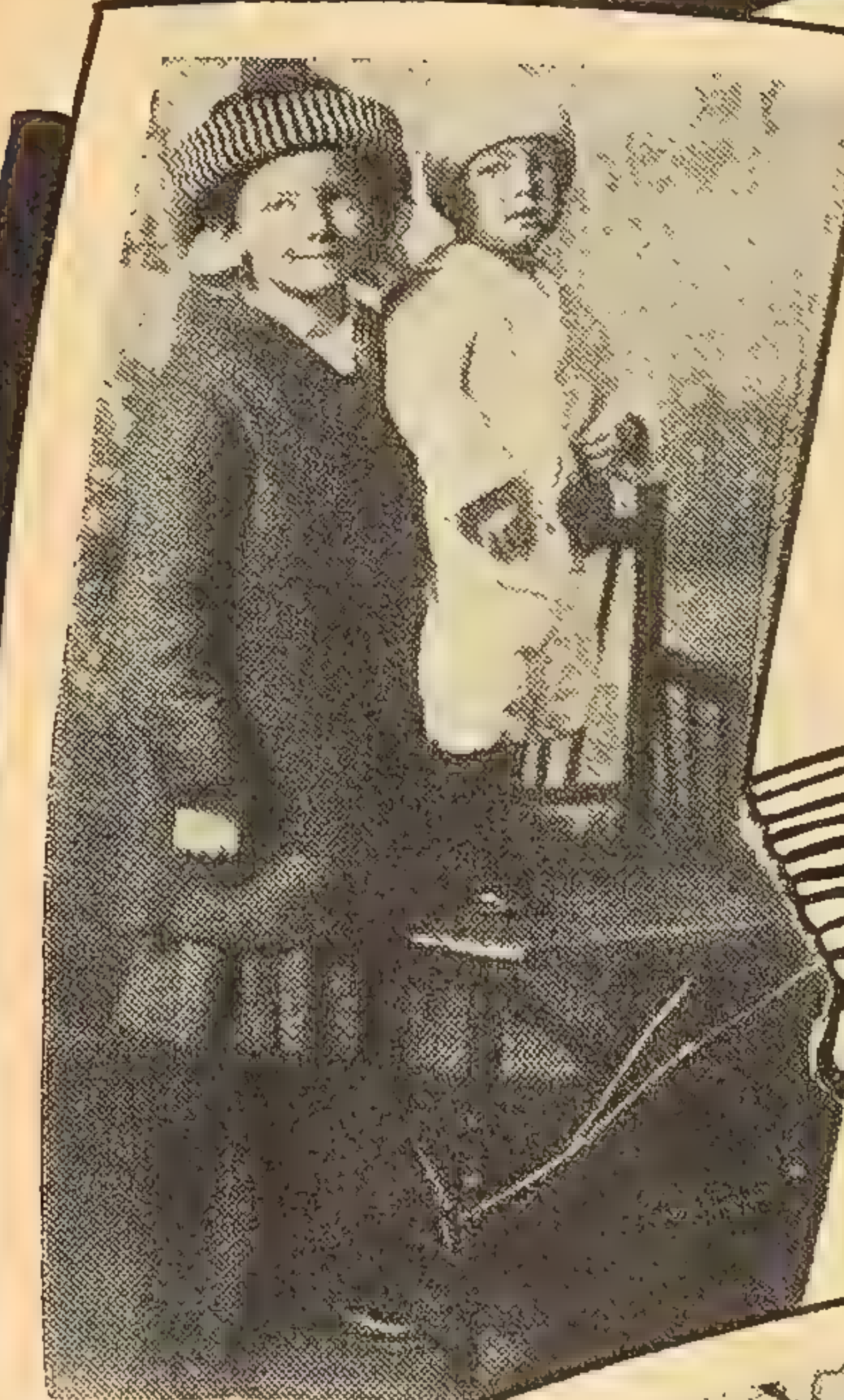
DESIRES

AT THE
MOVIES!

Did you know: that a girl who never went out with a boy in her life may become the best beloved of Clark Gable? That every boy, everywhere, will "empathize" himself into the character of Robert Preston as he woos Dorothy Lamour in a wild, primitive new film? Read our article to learn just why the movies may do you more good than you realize. They give us the means to identify ourselves with the characters played by Gable, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor and Bette Davis.

Myrna VISITS

FAMILY



Famous screen star returns to the scene of her childhood! Myrna, top, re-visits the loghouse her grandfather built when he pioneered in Montana, and opens the family album to pictures of herself as a baby, as a devoted sister to her little brother,

as a freckled-faced grammar-school girl. Left, family farmhouse where she lived as a child. Right, actual library card showing overdues of .50, unpaid until Myrna Williams, now Loy, made her first visit to Montana since she achieved Hollywood fame.

Williams Myrna
No. 20746
Dr. to Helena (Montana) Public Library
Book Peter Pan
Picture Book
Loan 9 Oct Return 18 JAN
Overtime 10 Days 50
Injury
Loss
Letter
Messenger
Paid Total 50

THE OLD HOME TOWN

ALBUM

What really happens when a movie star makes a sentimental journey to her birthplace? We tell you in this scoop story!

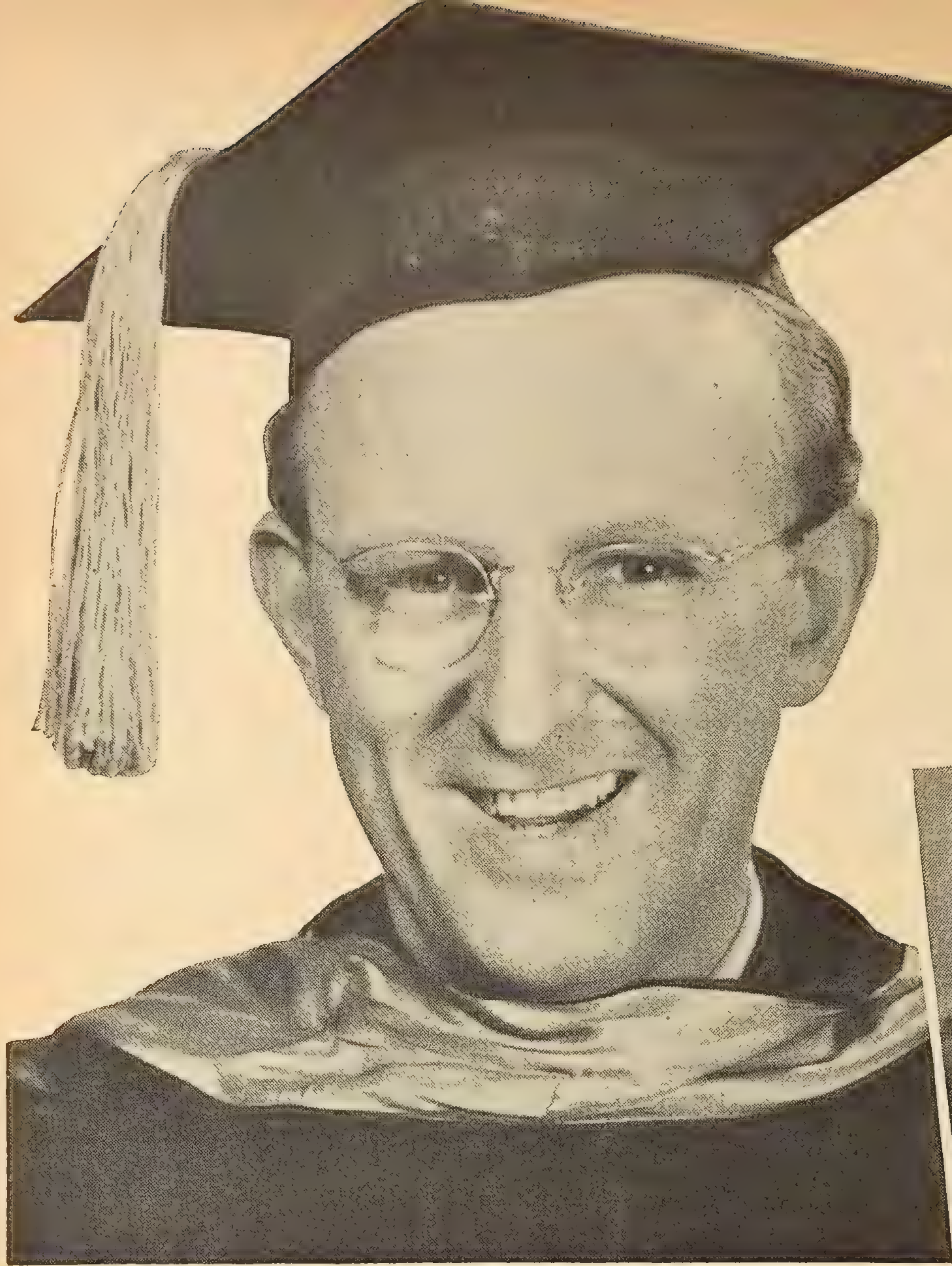
By
Liza



FOR a long time now, Myrna Loy has planned to visit the folks back home. And the folks back home in Helena, Montana, have been planning great big gala receptions for Della Williams' girl who made good in Hollywood.

It was rumored around town at least twice a year that Myrna was coming home to appear at some charity ball, benefit, or bazaar, and all the townsfolk and kinsfolk—Myrna has more aunts and uncles and first and second cousins in Montana than *Scarlett O'Hara* had in Georgia—would get the brass band and the red carpet out and polish up their welcome home speeches. But Myrna never showed. In the first place, up until the last two years when Myrna discovered that she could say "No" and get away with it, she has been one of the hardest working stars on Mr. Mayer's lot, with little more than breathing space between pictures. Her pictures bring in millions at the box office, so naturally her bosses aren't going to let her go gallivanting around the countryside enjoying herself if they can help it. Then too, Myrna married Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Paramount producer, a few years ago, and ever since then the only vacations they have been able to snatch from their busy lives have been spent in Mexico (Myrna is *Please turn to page 92*)

Top, Myrna in local theatre; next, with mother, aunt, brother, and husband; above, with mother and aunt.



Fun

By
Hoyt McAfee



IT IS rarely that a band leader, no matter how famous, popular, or successful he may be in radio, scores a smash hit in a motion picture. Ably supported by talented casts, Artie Shaw, Rudy Vallee, Harry Owens, Benny Goodman, Fred Waring, and other nationally-known maestros have done well in their respective movie assignments; but their appeal has been essentially to their radio following.

Kay Kyser, on the other hand, has chalked up a more individual and distinctive achievement. His case is outstanding in that he was able to sell himself to the movie-going public as well as command support at the box-office from his loyal radio admirers. For his initial film effort, "That's Right—You're Wrong," was received far more generously by the movie audiences of America than he or the movie producers ever dreamed it would be. Its pronounced success has, therefore, prompted RKO to line Kyser up for a second starring screen venture late this spring. This new vehicle will again involve Kay and his band in a series of amusing adventures in Hollywood. Kyser's only insistence is that no attempt be made to turn him into an actor, Hollywood style; he's determined, wisely enough, to remain his natural, ebullient self.

Autumn of 1939 saw Kyser and his troupe portraying themselves in "That's Right—You're Wrong." In the early stages of that production Kay learned the necessity of strict discipline while he was working before the cameras. He relates: "It made no difference that I was supposed to be sharing star honors with Adolphe Menjou—I was just one of the cast, so far as rules and regulations

were concerned. If I thought I could prance around like I do on the stage, I was speedily disillusioned. The cameraman let out bellows you could have heard in a storm. I was jumping in and out of focus and out of the lens altogether."

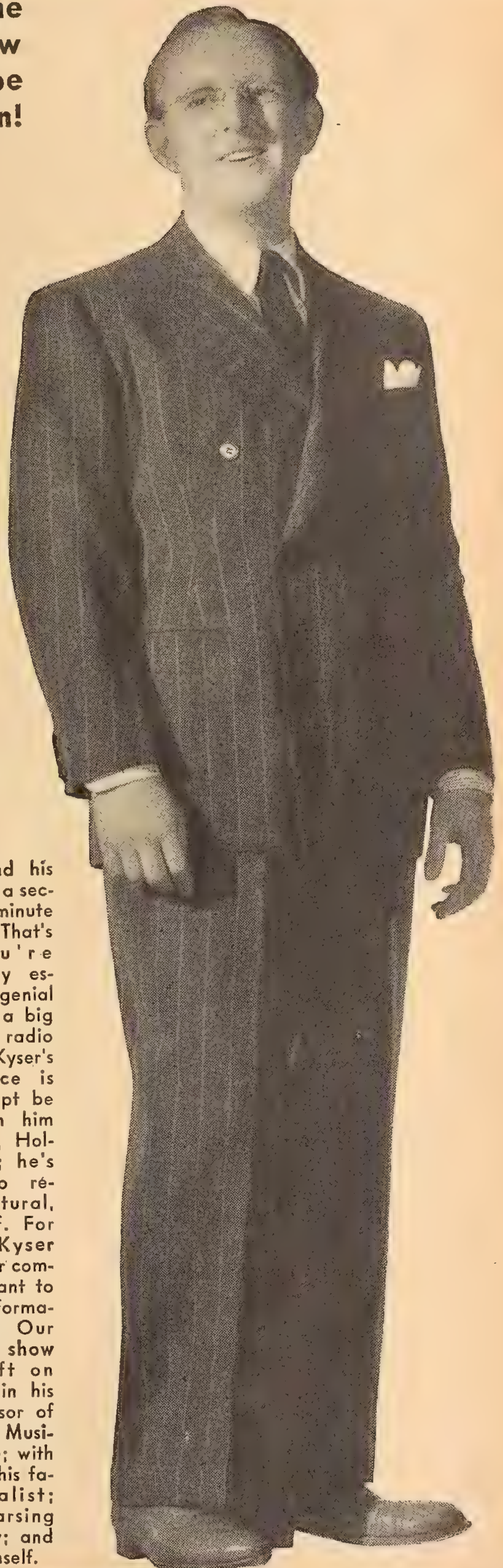
Director David Butler told Kay that he couldn't "play tag with the camera." Then, says Kay, "they marked definite limits in which I could move around. I felt like I was in a straight jacket with chains and balls on my feet. I couldn't move my head more than an inch or two each way, or I'd be out of focus. And still, I had to be natural—not act stiff or frozen. My first few days were torture, and then I began to get the idea. Movies," he submits, "are just like the band business: each has its own set of rules."

For the College of Musical Knowledge scene in "That's Right—You're Wrong," Kyser was granted a rare privilege—that being permission to ad lib for 1,500 feet of film. This took up fifteen minutes of the playing time on the screen. Kay insisted that a clause in his contract contain the provision extending him freedom of action for this one sequence. His explanation was: "I ad lib my shows, never script them. That's the way I get spontaneity. It's the only way I can operate."

When he first plunged into the College of Musical Knowledge episode, Kyser lacked his customary zip. Then it occurred to him what was wrong. There was no audience in the rows of seats in front of him. He realized that he must have one; so a group of extras were brought in to fill up the vacant space. Thereupon Kay

Fest with Kay Kyser

"Evenin', folks! How you-all? That's good!" Meet the Old Professor of radio in this exclusive interview by a writer who knows him well. Kay will soon be seen in a new movie comedy so read up, chillun!



struck his usual lusty stride. Not even Director Butler knew what would happen or would be said next. In the remaining scenes of the picture Kay had to follow the script. It caused him to wonder whether he could avoid memorizing his part. Maybe he was thinking of how John Barrymore's lines are written on a board, out of camera range, just in case he might forget them. At any rate, he inquired of Adolphe Menjou: "Don't you fellows have some easy way to learn all this stuff?" Menjou wasn't exactly helpful. "If you find an easy way, tell me," he said. Kyser gazed into space, a sad expression in his eyes. "Why didn't I make that ad lib clause include the whole show?" he lamented.

Kyser plucked immense enjoyment from his initial movie chore. He was his natural, entertaining self at all times. His co-workers applauded his homespun ways, his joviality, and gay good humor. He incited their laughter more than once by fighting the Civil War all over. Kyser's level-headedness came to the fore when press agents gave indication that they would like to dub his performance in "That's Right—You're Wrong" as "terrific" and "sensational," in advance of its release. Then and there he requested them to leave off the adjectives and let the public decide for itself the merit of his film effort.

Kyser was born to Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Kyser at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on June 18, 1906. His father died about two years ago. His mother lives at Rocky Mount today. Her famous son is never too busy to remember her with cheery messages and presents. He is today, notwithstanding his *(Please turn to page 90)*

Kay Kyser and his band will make a second movie any minute now. His first, "That's Right—You're Wrong," firmly established the genial Southerner as a big film as well as radio personality. Kyser's only insistence is that no attempt be made to turn him into an actor, Hollywood style; he's determined to remain his natural, ebullient self. For facts about Kyser and his popular company, you'll want to read this informative article. Our photographs show him, top left on facing page, in his rôle as Professor of the College of Musical Knowledge; with Ginny Simms, his favorite vocalist; above, rehearsing his radio show; and right, as himself.

Most *Hated* Girl in Hollywood!



She won the acting plum of the year: SCARLETT O'HARA in "Gone With the Wind." Then she won the Academy Award for her artistry in playing the part. So rival stars resent her. They even say: "Leigh will meet her Waterloo"—as she appears on screen with Robert Taylor—see facing page close-up—in "Waterloo Bridge."

Through it all, Vivien Leigh goes about her business of being a grand actress and her personal life of being engaged to Laurence Olivier, with whom she is co-starring on the stage in "Romeo and Juliet" between films. Center above, with her adored "Larry." Left, one of few gay scenes in new Leigh-Taylor movie.

CIVILIZATION advances by leaps and bounds. Don Ameche discovers the telephone, Richard Greene the steamboat, Edward G. Robinson 606. Yes, indeed, we *are* getting places. But when it comes to good old-fashioned envy, human nature hasn't changed one iota since Lot's wife looked back, and it was a long time ago that she took that backward gander.

Just let somebody get something that we want and right away we are consumed—no, not with joy and gladness—but with a deep-dyed envy. When we shout congratulations we've got our fingers crossed. But that's the way we are, that's the way we've always been, and it's too late to do anything about it now. You can change the map of Europe overnight, but you can't change human nature in a million years. Isn't it depressing? Aren't we human beings just terrible? But isn't it more fun?

When a dictator envies somebody something he simply goes out and grabs it, but in Hollywood we don't do it that way. Imagine walking up to Vivien Leigh, snatching "Oscar" right out of her hot little hands, with a casual, "Thanks, Toots, I'll just take that." No, in Hollywood we have more finesse. We just hate the person who has something we want, and let it go at that. The most thor-

oughly hated person in Hollywood right now is Vivien Leigh of London, England. And really, one of the nicest people who ever came to Hollywood. You can take it that Vivien has something that the other stars want. She has indeed.

Now don't think that the Glamor Girls are a vicious lot who wouldn't be a bit averse to dropping a little arsenic into Miss Leigh's tea (which would be the last place she'd find it as she doesn't drink tea, and she is an English gal), or batting out her brains with a ping-pong paddle when she wasn't looking. Good heavens, no. (Certainly nothing untidy.) Honestly, the Glamor Girls are an all right bunch, but they just happen to be human like the rest of us. So don't be too hard on them. You and I resent the new girl who gets ahead in our profession, they resent the new girl who gets ahead in theirs.

When Vivien Leigh first arrived in Hollywood, less than two years ago, not a single soul in the entire village disliked her. Her boy friend, Laurence Olivier, and mighty attractive too, was busy being menacing as *Heathcliff* in "Wuthering Heights" and Vivien, who had never been to Hollywood, thought it would be a good time to drop in for a visit and a little (Please turn to page 74)

Read why all
the other Gla-
mor Girls have
their daggers
drawn on love-
ly Vivien Leigh

By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**



You'll Enjoy Reading our Fictionization of this Gay Film Featuring Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis, John Hubbard, and other Prominent Players. "Turnabout" is from the novel by Thorne Smith. Adaptation by John McClain. It's a Hal Roach Production, Released by United Artists. Complete Cast on Page 96.

AFTER it was over, it seemed like a dream, too fantastic, too cock-eyed ever to have happened. But then, Tim and Sally Willows were used to a fantastic, cock-eyed existence, gay young moderns that they were.

Sally always insisted it began five years ago when Tim's Uncle Remus sent them the sacred Ram's head from India as a wedding present. But Tim had his own ideas about it. He wondered if anything out of the way would have happened if little Miss Gale hadn't left her sunny southland behind and wandered north and so into the Advertising Agency of Willows, Manning and Clare.

"Good mornin', ah'm Miss Gale," she said that morning going up to the receptionist. She had that honey-chile sweetness in her voice, that look of magnolias and candle-light and mint juleps in her eyes. Miss Edwards looked beyond her expecting to see a plantation trailing her right into the office.

"The agency sent me," she went on, fishing out a card from her bag. "Ah'm to see Miss Edwards."

"Oh," the girl at the desk raised her eyebrows. "So you're to be Mr. Clare's new secretary, huh?"

"Oh, yes, and ah'm so thrilled," Gale almost went into a tap dance in her exuberance.

"Oh, now isn't that exciting!" Edwards said dryly. "You're pretty young, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm real fast, awful fast," she said quickly. "Wouldn't Mr. Clare like that?"

"I'm not sure that Mrs. Clare would," Edwards said grimly. "Listen, honey, you look like a nice kid. Why don't you just go home and take an aspirin and a hot bath and forget the whole thing?"

There's no doubt at all that things would have been better for all concerned, particularly for Tim and Sally, if Gale had taken that sage advice. Instead, she stayed to see Tim come into the office like a tornado.

He was the human dynamo, the one man beehive, the chief spark plug that fired the mighty engines of Willows, Manning and Clare. His were the mighty dreams that blazoned their sponsor's wares on the advertising pages



Elizabeth B. Petersen

Complete Fiction Story of the Most Hilarious Movie of the Month!

of every magazine in the country, and on the side he found time to go in for the daily dozen, jiu-jitsu, wrestling and every other type of athletic torture known to man.

He was living up to all of them as he came in, eyes clear, step brisk, head up, giving his all for home and country and business as he approached Edwards and gave her his customary greeting.

"H'ye, Butch, how's your love life?"

And with an ease born of daily practice as impersonally as anyone else would have said "good morning," he tilted her head back and planted a kiss on her bored lips. He saw Gale then and bestowed his bounty on her too. "We play no favorites here," he explained jauntily.

Gale's eyes widened and she smiled as he went on to his office. "My, he's powerful friendly, isn't he?" she said staring after him expectantly. "Well, I suppose that's one way of putting it," Edwards agreed crisply.

Things began humming in Tim's office the minute the door closed behind him. There was copy to be okayed, the photographs for the bathing suit layouts to be gone over, and his weekly refusal to see Allen Pingboom, whose manner was as sweet as his money.

"He's willing to spend \$30,000 a year with us," Manning complained as he came into Tim's office. "And all you've got to do is to see him."

"If I see him I'll punch him in the nose, the big petunia," Tim said grimly. "I don't care *what* he spends. The guy swishes and I don't like swishers."

Manning couldn't do anything about it when Tim was like that. He knew better than to tackle him again when the three partners met in the gym for their daily pre-luncheon going over. Tim went through his routine like a colt let out to his first pasture, snorting as he heard Clare telling his troubles to the masseur.

"My back needs a bit of going over," he was explaining patiently. "It's my wife, I guess, her feet, that is. It's—er—at night. She puts her feet right there on my back and well, they're awful cold feet. I guess I caught cold."

"Cold feet!" Manning snapped. "Is that all you're worried about? Why, my wife goes to bed with a hot water bottle every night of her life. Not only that, but it leaks! And a mask on her face. I wake up in the night



The mad and merry highlights of the picture are shown here, with lovely Carole Landis in the leading rôle of a spoiled wife, who experiences a change of personality with amazing results. You'll find here such favorite stars as Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Bill Gargan, Joyce Compton, Mary Astor, Donald Meek.



and think the Ku Klux Klan is after me."

Tim felt he hadn't done so badly in the matrimonial game after all. Sally didn't wear a mask and never yet had warmed her cute little feet on his back. Of course they had arguments. But that only happened twice a day, mornings and evenings. And there was Dopey. Dopey was the dog, the sort of a dog for a he-man like Tim. A great Dane with floppy ears and a heart as big as himself. Sally didn't like him.

She was on the phone to tell him so the minute he came back to the office. "That mutt of yours is going out of here voluntarily or he's going out between two pieces of bread," her voice came through the instrument with every bit of sweetness shrilled out of it. "He's too big for a house dog and he's too small for a saddle. He goes to a kennel tomorrow or I go."

Tim was mad enough to think that was exactly the place for her but he managed to bite back his words. He raged out to the studio where they were photographing a bit of the tropics with palm trees and pretty models for Marlowe's fruit juice. It was their biggest account and Tim cherished it like a baby. And right now he was planning like any other doting parent just how to make

What happens when the ladies wear the pants? Well, judging from the horrified expressions of Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, and Berton Churchill, above, as they gaze at Mary Astor and Joyce Compton—practically anything can happen!

the youngster grow and grow and grow.

He'd like to double the account that year and he thought he knew how to do it. Marlowe liked pretty girls, and he liked

the flattery pretty girls knew how to give. Throwing compliments at Marlowe was like casting bread upon the waters and having it come back, not only buttered but covered with caviar.

It would be so simple to get a couple of girls, the pretty model in the fruit picture, for instance, and maybe that cute little southern number who'd blown in that morning, and introduce them to him as Sally's sisters. That would give the glamor-plus the family stuff all bachelors like when it isn't their own. And then the girls could whoop up a couple of phrases and when Marlowe was still staggering he'd clinch the deal. Gosh, if things went right Sally wouldn't have to struggle along in last year's mink after all, but could strut her stuff in sable.

Gale was an apt pupil. She was so good in the rehearsal of the meeting with Marlowe there wasn't a doubt she'd carry it off the next day with flying colors. Tim was sure he had everything under control by cocktail time. Everything but one. There was that little matter of Dopey, and Sally usually—(Please turn to page 96)

*Claudette Colbert in Exclusive
New
Fashions*



Posed for SCREENLAND in the star's own beautiful home

Description of the evening gown worn by Miss Colbert on preceding page: of white slipper satin, the skirt sweeps out in a billowing line; the décolletage is heart-shaped; at the high waistline black and white sea horses are embroidered with highlights of silver thread. Designed for Claudette Colbert by Irene, at Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles.



Favorite Spring top coat of Hollywood's Best Dressed Lady is navy and white broadcloth, designed by Howard Greer to be worn over a slim dress of navy silk jersey. An interesting new type of "high hat" is introduced in Robert Gailer's black, rolling brimmed toyo, designed especially for the star, with a touch of black silk fringe in the shallow crown. Miss Colbert's gloves are particularly smart—short white fabric gauntlets.

Exclusive photographs by Eugene Robert Richee. Miss Colbert's next picture for Paramount will be "Arise, My Love."

STRIPES VS.

Chic!



Pink and black polka dots in a variety of sizes riot over this silk crepe Summer frock from Claudette's personal wardrobe. An original Howard Greer model, the dress stresses a flattering surplice bodice and short, full sleeves—a perfect foil for black shoes and a black straw hat which can be worn or carried as the mood demands. Above: pert dressmaker suit created by Irene, with clever buttons of dull gold in snail motif, an entirely new note in fastenings. Her hat is a high crowned black French felt, with a wide and novel band of brown yarn. The gauntlet gloves are the same shade of brown.

POLKA DOTS

A vintage fashion photograph of Claudette Colbert. She is standing outdoors, leaning against the trunk of a large tree. She is wearing a long, flowing golden yellow dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt. She is also wearing a black turban, black gloves, and a wide black bracelet. Her right hand is on her hip, and her left hand is raised to her head. She is smiling at the camera. The background is a soft-focus view of a garden with trees and foliage.

GOLDEN YELLOW AND BLACK!

Charm for Spring, posed by Claudette Colbert in her own elegant back yard in Bel-Air! The dress: golden yellow crepe with unusual drapery in the bodice and the skirt. Designed by Irene, with a pert turban of the same material with provocative black veil. A clip of rubies set in gold matches the wide bracelet worn by Claudette over her black glove.

GOWN FOR A GRACIOUS LADY!

Beneath an oil portrait, by Anna Wilson, of her beautiful mother, Madame Colbert, Claudette poses in her favorite hostess gown of cerise red, with piquant shoulder bows. Clip, bracelet, and ring from Claudette's fine collection of jewels add rich accents.



Charles Boyer



Bert Sio

CHARLES BOYER,
BETTE DAVIS:

DRAMATIC
DYNAMITE!



Bette Davis



Irrell

"All This, And Heaven Too" brings together, for the first time, the acting genius of Davis and Boyer. Watch for fireworks when you see this screen version of the powerful novel which is based on a tragedy of real life with Bette as the governess, M. Boyer as the Duke





SWEET ALICE AS THE FAIR LILLIAN RUSSELL

That blonde bombshell of movie box offices, Alice Faye, has a rich new rôle, that of the fabulous Lillian Russell, box office stage beauty of the gay '90's, in the spectacular new film



Those were the days of ribbons and ruffles, confining corsets and unconfined humor. As the star of "Lillian Russell," Alice has two leading men: Henry Fonda, left; Don Ameche, right—with Edward Arnold and Warren William, and a bevy of corseted beauties, top right, also in the cast.



Perhaps no other part Alice Faye has played, or ever will play, equals in dramatic opportunities the rôle of the legendary Lillian Russell. Alice will be coy and kittenish as the youthful actress; she will mature to wifehood and motherhood; she will have a chance to wear the costumes most becoming to her fullblown beauty.

Pat, or Priscilla? Her nickname seems sometimes to suit her more trimly than her prim monicker. She can go screenically gay, as in "Three Cheers for the Irish"—but she can be dignified and dramatic, too, as small picture proves. Which shall she be?

Scotty
Welbourne



Princess Pat of PICTURES



Man of "Destiny"

After taunting John Howard with one mediocre rôle after another, Fate finally gives him a good, strong part worthy of his talents—in the new film, "A Date with Destiny," opposite Ellen Drew.



SUN GODDESS!

Rita Hayworth, on her way to the swimming pool, pauses long enough to give the cameraman a gorgeous grin. Rita is wearing a smart and new Catalina Swim Suit.



SUMMER & IRENS
SWIMMING & WAINS

Pooling their smiles and swim technique are the Hollywood players on this page. Below, newcomer Wanda McKay suns herself; above, group of Paramount starlets have fun. Upper left, Joseph Allen wants to join in; upper right, John Payne is really in the swim. BVD suits worn by the girls and Mr. Allen.



"OUR TOWN and YOURS

New picture, adapted from Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning stage play, will appeal to everyone with precious memories and even a scrap of sentiment. Directed by Sam Wood who made "Goodbye Mr. Chips," uniting the talents of two fine young artists, Martha Scott from Broadway and William Holden of Hollywood, featuring also such seasoned actors as Guy Kibbee and Thomas Mitchell—"Our Town" should be one of the season's truly distinguished screenplays

At left and below, Martha Scott as Emily, William Holden as George, Thomas Mitchell, below center, plays Dr. Gibbs, with Guy Kibbee, far left, as Editor Webb.





OUR DISCOVERY of the MONTH

Her name? Virginia Dale. She has flaxen hair, big blue eyes, a sense of humor, and a swell swingy voice. Look at and listen to her in "Buck Benny Rides Again" and we think you'll agree with us she's a bet!

LOOK ANGELIC IN WHITE



Yes, you'll look divinely lovely in these new white shoes by ENNA JETTICK. Fresh as a white cloud in the summer sky. And almost as cool, with their breezy open toes and showers of perforations. Clever little models that actually seem to perform miracles for your feet—making them look smarter, slimmer and sizes smaller. You'll bless ENNA JETTICKS also, for their perfect fit—sizes 1 to 12, widths AAAA to EEE. All this and heavenly comfort too, for just \$5 to \$6 a pair!

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NEW WHITE

Enna Jetticks
America's Smartest Walking Shoes

\$5 to \$6



Monogram

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Marcia Mae Jones in "Tomboy"

IF YOU'RE a conscientious movie fan, you've met her—as the high school kid in "What a Life," as the baby-talk charmer of "Seventeen" and—to your probable astonishment—as *Curly's* wife in "Of Mice and Men." Despite visual evidence, it still seems slightly incredible that one and the same Betty Field should have played the gawky little calf of the first picture and the sex-conscious woman who taunted her husband with such expert venom in the Steinbeck film. She took the hurdle by virtue of being an actress in more than name only. She herself didn't believe it could happen. Not that she doubted her capacity. "I'm not an outstanding personality," she says, "and I'm certainly no beauty. Acting ability is all I've got to trade on."

For the past seven years all her waking hours have been geared to a single end—learning to act. It wasn't a question of sacrificing other interests. They didn't exist. She knew she could play *Mae*, but was much too wise in the ways of casting to expect anyone else to share that conviction. "They want you to look the part, they don't care if you can act it. I get so tired of being told, 'You're too young, you haven't the face for it.'"

She'd pleaded in vain at Paramount for a chance at

something other than an ingénue. It never occurred to her that her prayers would be answered on another lot. It happened this way. Sam and Bella Spewack, authors of "Boy Meets Girl," were friends of Lewis Milestone, directing "Of Mice and Men" for Hal Roach. Betty had toured the country with the Spewack play. Ah, but there's nothing in the rôle of simple *Susie*, you'll be quick to point out, that would indicate Betty's fitness for the part of *Mae*. Ah, but the Spewacks had also watched her performance of a bad little nymphomaniac in a floperoo called "Angel Island." It was the deftness of that performance which prompted them to commend her to Milestone's attention.

He knew what he wanted—not an out-and-out hussy like the stage *Mae*, but an ignorant girl who craved kindness from men as much as anything else and, to get it, abused the only art she possessed, that of flaunting her body. The director explained his conception to Betty, and asked her to make a test. She did the scene with *Lennie*, which ends in death. Fired by Milestone's ideas and her own yearning for the part, she worked so hard that when the test was finished and they said, "We'll phone you and let you know," reaction set in. (Please turn to page 70)

Meet AN ACTRESS!

By
Ida
Zeitlin

Says Betty Field: "I'm not an outstanding personality, I'm certainly no beauty. Acting ability is all I've got to trade on." It seems enough

You've applauded 22-year-old Betty for her amazing versatility in portraying with equal brilliance the baby-talk charmer in "Seventeen," with Jackie Cooper, below; and the sex-conscious wife in "Of Mice and Men," left below. Now meet her here in this revelatory interview.





Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

Best of All:

"REBECCA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Fascinating!

APPEAL: To sophisticates and sentimentalists alike.

PLOT: From Daphne du Maurier's famous novel of the dead wife who dominates her husband's life even after he marries again.

PRODUCTION: Perfection—by maker of "Gone With the Wind." Direction—superb, by Englishman Alfred Hitchcock of "39 Steps," "Lady Vanishes," etc.—his first Hollywood film. Settings, lavish. Photography, topflight. In fact, flawless in every respect.

ACTING: Joan Fontaine sensationally good as girl wife—she's our next big star—see Honor Page. Laurence Olivier in difficult, sombre rôle of husband falls short of his Heathcliffe of "Wuthering Heights." Others, all fine.

OBJECTIONS: Definitely not for children, but just try to keep them at home!

"Rebecca" is a Selznick-International picture released by United Artists



You'll Enjoy:

"IT'S A DATE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Gay!

APPEAL: To the young in heart from six to sixty.

PLOT: Amusingly tender complications when maturing stage star finds a rival in love and work in her own daughter.

PRODUCTION: By Pasternak, wizard who guides Deanna Durbin's screen career so sympathetically and astutely. Direction by Seiter, expert. Settings, slick. Photography, fine. Girls will exclaim over Deanna's wardrobe, women over Kay Francis'.

ACTING: Deanna Durbin, now a lovely, slim young lady, emerges as charming comedienne and is vocally better than ever before. Kay Francis stunning as her youthful mother, Walter Pidgeon a handsome heart-throb as the family suitor. Others: Cissie Loftus, Eugene Pallette, splendid.

OBJECTIONS: Absolutely none—it's the ideal family show.

"It's A Date" is a Universal picture



Down-to-Earth:

"PRIMROSE PATH"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Gripping!

APPEAL: Strong stuff, for those who can take it.

PLOT: Picturesquely poverty-stricken family pulled back to decency—more or less—by devoted daughter.

PRODUCTION: Convincingly sordid, concerning as it does private life of the underprivileged. Direction, the best—by Gregory LaCava who made "Stage Door." Photography excellent, giving glimpses of real beauty among the ashes.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers a revelation in artistry as pathetic, proud daughter of problem family who fights her way to better things—her finest performance. Marjorie Rambeau heartbreakingly real as her mother; Joel McCrea, Miles Mander, fine. Queenie Vassar, terrifyingly good as grandma.

OBJECTIONS: Artistic triumph, but children and squeamish, beware!

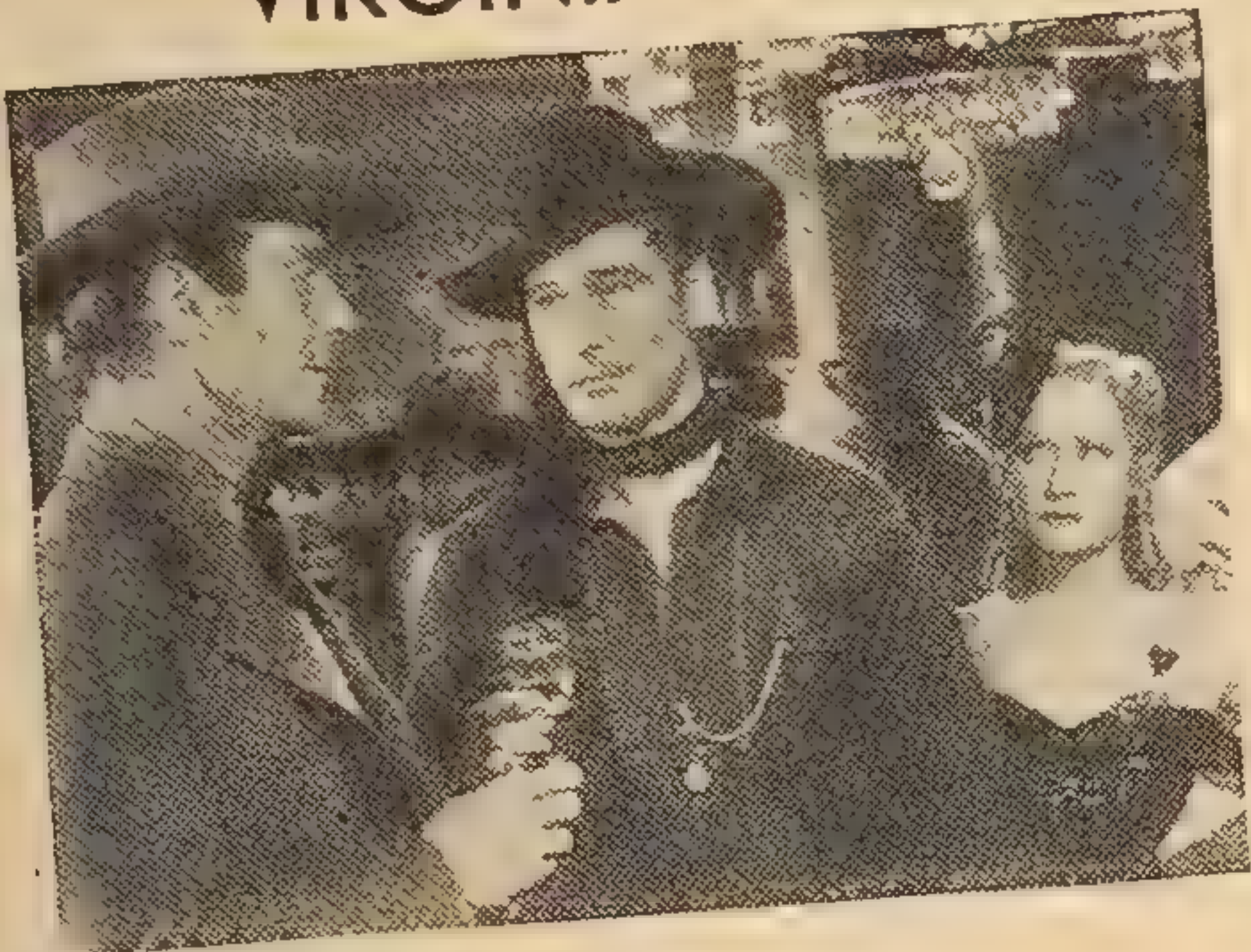
"Primrose Path" is a Gregory LaCava production released by RKO



to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

Go Slow To:
"VIRGINIA CITY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Stale!

APPEAL: To not-too-fussy fans of frontier melodrama.

PLOT: Perhaps too much—all the stock situations dusted off to dress up laborious efforts of Southern-belle spy to aid lost cause.

PRODUCTION: Everything demanded of a Western in the technical departments—elaborate sets, scenic grandeur, fine photography—but little imagination in the creative, with scenario and direction uninspired.

ACTING: Errol Flynn swaggers through hero's rôle without offering any new slants on standard character—but how handsome! Randolph Scott is earnest but uninteresting as his rival. Miriam Hopkins is incredibly colorless when she could, with more verve, have scored vividly.

OBJECTIONS: You may think you have seen it all before.

"Virginia City" is a Warner Bros. picture



For Benny Fans:
"BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Fun!

APPEAL: To addicts of Jack Benny's Sunday programs.

PLOT: None to speak of, and why worry?

PRODUCTION: Rich and gaudy, especially scenes in the wild (?) West where Benny sojourns at palatial "dude ranch" complete with night club and pretty girls. Photography, positively magical, with Jack looking like a bouncing boy in the closeups.

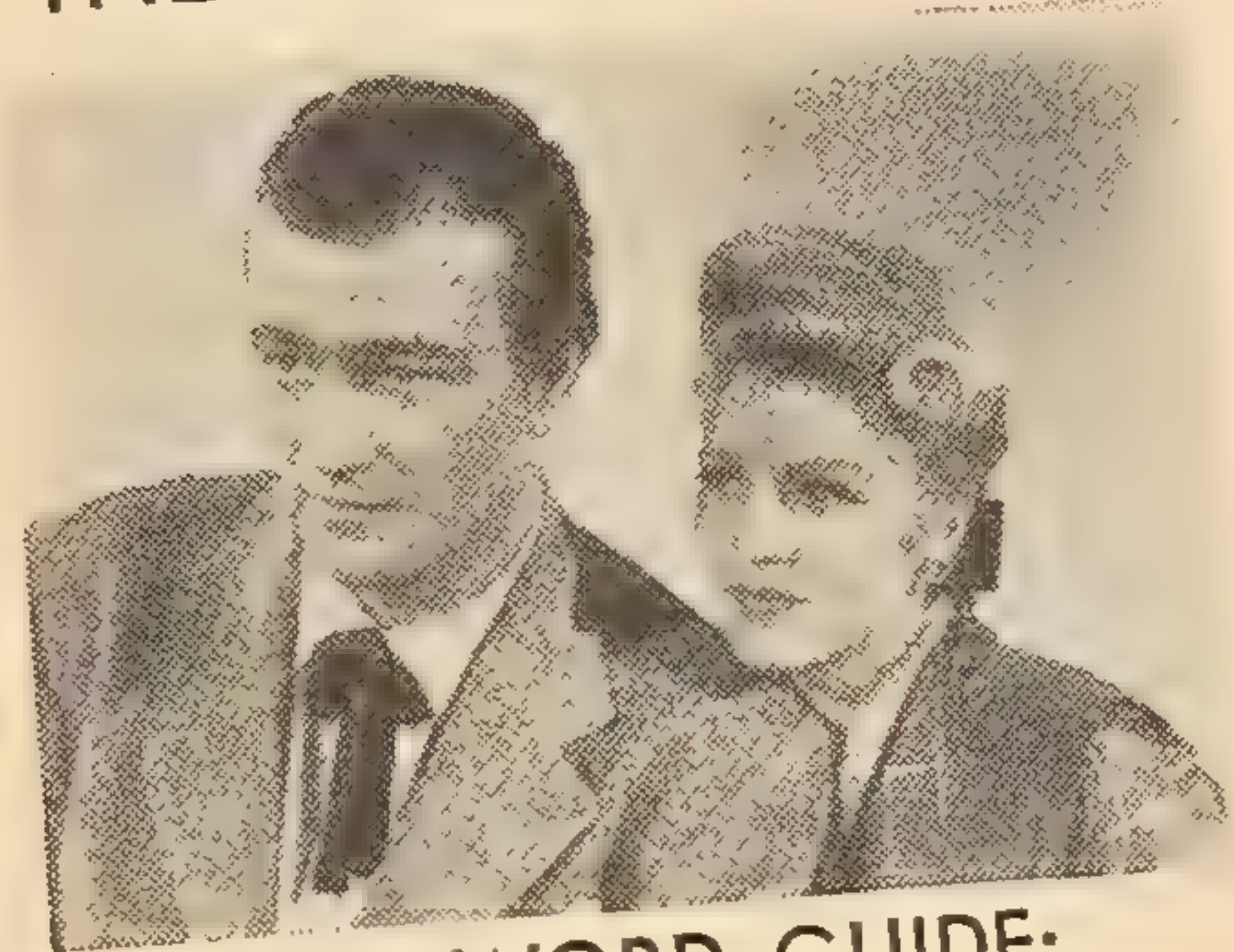
ACTING: Star is suave, sly, as you like him; Andy Devine, orchestra leader Phil Harris as usual. Rochester is all over the place clowning and clogging, more sophisticated but less engaging than in "Man About Town." Added attractions: heroine Ellen Drew, cute discovery Virginia Dale.

OBJECTIONS: None if you dote on Benny and Co. Otherwise not for you.

"Buck Benny Rides Again" is a Paramount picture



Big As All Outdoors:
"THE DARK COMMAND"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Yippee!

APPEAL: To small boys and girls of all ages.

PLOT: Texas cowboy cleans up guerilla hordes infesting Kansas in Civil War times; also cleans up villain and wins gal.

PRODUCTION: Just right for this lusty, riproaring outdoor drama. Director Raoul Walsh, who shoots first and worries about "effects" afterwards, is concerned chiefly with action, and gets it. Striking photography, gorgeous outdoor shots.

ACTING: John Wayne, tall, unassuming cowboy actor, is genuinely likeable as hard-ridin', fast-hittin' hero whose bluff ways prove more potent than Walter Pidgeon's more subtle machinations. Claire Trevor makes a vital person of routine heroine. George Hayes grand as Doc.

OBJECTIONS: None, unless you're too snooty to enjoy a good, wholesome Western.

"The Dark Command" is a Republic picture



Edited by

Deanna Durbin

Deanna leads the Spring Dress Parade! Here, modeled for you by the star herself, are favorites from her own clothes collection



Cotton pickings! Above, Deanna wears a smartly styled chambray frock of cocoa brown striped with white, with full flared skirt with inserted squares simulating pockets suspended from the waistband. The stripes of the bodice run straight, to contrast with the diagonal lines of the skirt. At right, a crisp red and white piqué frock that's a delight to Deanna with its slim lines and its rick-rack embroidery edging the front and neckline. Her shoes are the ever-popular pumps.

Screenland Glamor



The indispensable two-piece outfit in two versions, worn by Deanna on this page. Left: two-piece dress of pastel blue sheer wool with slightly flared skirt and smooth-fitting hip-length jacket. Amusing little wooden hats with navy yarn bands fasten the front to the high round neckline. Deanna's hat of white angora is banded in navy; her gloves and shoes are white suede, her bag white kidskin. Below: two-piece suit of imported linen in colorful plaid with short sleeves, collar, and unusual pockets trimmed with natural. This comes in natural with green and brown, pink and navy, red and yellow, all crisp and very wearable.



All Glamor School photographs by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures, exclusively posed for SCREENLAND.

School

What will NORVELL Predict for YOU?



PAULETTE GODDARD flashed across the screen in a "different" type of rôle in "The Women." Her portrayal of the wise-cracking woman of the world, which critics believe was her best piece of film work, may have surprised movie-goers, but to an astrologer, Paulette was living up to the dual nature of her ruling sign. She was born on June 3, in the air Sign of Gemini. This sign rules every one born between May 21 and June 20 of any year, so if this happens to be YOUR birth sign, listen to the strange-patterned destiny the stars reveal for you and your future.

When I first set up Paulette Goddard's horoscope it was at the sumptuous Charlie Chaplin estate in Beverly Hills. Great mystery had attached itself as to whether Paulette was really Mrs. Chaplin. When I examined her chart the mystery was instantly dispelled. "Your chart definitely shows that you are married to Charlie Chaplin," I said, "and what's more, the only reason this romance and marriage have been shrouded in such secrecy is because of your love of privacy in your personal affairs."

Paulette breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank heavens!" she exclaimed, "that someone really understands how I

feel about my private life. An actress belongs to the public, naturally, but I believe there should be a small part of every person's soul that is reserved for one's personal affairs. That's about the only way a Hollywood marriage can be kept safe from gossips and scandal-mongers." And a very sensible idea, Miss Goddard!

This is so typical of those born in Gemini—they resent people prying into their private lives and being publicly dissected. Although I must in all truth report that Paulette and Charlie Chaplin are born in signs that are incompatible, I still maintain that she is a very wonderful girl and sincerely hope that the Hollywood busybodies and columnists give her a chance to make her marriage a happy one. As I told Paulette, "Our stars never dominate us—we dominate our stars." As to her career, I predict it will be one of Hollywood's brightest when producers once discover the type of part she should play. I predict further that her rôle in Chaplin's picture, "The Dictator," will prove Paulette Goddard to be one of the screen's truly great actresses.

Another Gemini star who startled audiences throughout the country with her rôle in "The Women," was Rosalind Russell. The vastly amusing rôle of the mischievous, querulous, and talkative gossip she portrayed was truly a revelation. Rosalind was also living up to the dual nature of her ruling sign. Roz's birthday is June 4, just one day later than Paulette's.

It is only natural that Gemini-born are dual in personality. This sign is symbolized by the twins and those born in Gemini are changeable, versatile, complex and inclined to vacillate in their fortunes as well as their affections. You never really know a Gemini person; one moment they are easy going, genial, and sentimental—the next, some whimsical mood may catch them up and cause them to suddenly become aloof, reserved and unemotional. In Rosalind Russell's case, her phenomenal change of character and new lease on life was to be expected. The Sign of Gemini came into popular favor in 1939 and promises to remain so during the next two years. It brought Roz a new cycle of success and prolonged her screen career indefinitely.

This new transit of your ruling star also brings into your life strange personality changes, new business opportunities, and recognition in whatever field you happen to express your talents. And, speaking of talents, you

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Norvell is recognized as Hollywood's favorite astrologer. His advice and guidance have helped many movie stars on the road to fame and fortune. Now Norvell offers YOU his years of experience and sage wisdom FREE. See what he predicts for you. Find out what your destiny will be. Send for your horoscope now. Fill out the coupon and send it with your stamped, self-addressed envelope to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. K, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

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CITY.....

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

Check ✓

his Predictions for these STARS

aren't limited to acting and the creative arts by any means. If Gemini is your birth sign, you have been endowed with special mental gifts by your ruling star, Mercury. This planet rules teachers, nurses, secretaries, reporters, designers, interior decorators, artists, beauticians, dancers, musicians, and actors. There is one consolation about being born in this sign, you are so endowed mentally that you have the ability to follow more than one profession in a lifetime and sometimes, two at the same time. So—if you are chafing at the restraint imposed upon you by Fate, make up your mind to seek a change and presto—your stars will produce it!

Robert Cummings, the coming Universal star, is one Gemini who was caught up by this changing era. Cummings, born on June 9, is no mere flash in the pan. His unusual versatility, and love of adventure attracted him to acting as a profession. He also has a love of aviation deeply ingrained in his character. Bob is one of the best licensed pilots in Hollywood, and if he hadn't met with success in acting there's no doubt but that he would have gone far in aviation.

A strange story lies behind Bob Cummings' career which I don't believe has been revealed before. When I recently visited Bob, he told me that he and his mother had both studied astrology for several years. His mother made up Bob's chart when he was still in school and predicted accurately that Robert Cummings would become a big star. "I had only toyed with the idea of astrology," Bob told me, "until I actually saw that prediction coming true. Strangely enough, mother also read in my chart a love of aviation." That is another natural thing for Gemini—after all, this is an air sign and gives a love of aviation, radio and all things connected with the air. As to Bob's future, I predict that he will be one of Hollywood's biggest stars in the next two years.

One of the most romantic figures to come to the screen in the past year was Laurence Olivier. Strangely enough, he had been viewed by Hollywood with only casual interest in his previous screen attempts. Then suddenly came "Wuthering Heights," and Olivier was the talk of the town. When we realize that he was born on May 22, in the air Sign of Gemini, we can readily understand just why he should be caught up by public fancy at that particular point in his career. Laurence Olivier's stars were with him—Fate beckoned, and (*Please turn to page 82*)



Left, Norvell predicts that Bob Hope, shown with him, will celebrate his fiftieth anniversary with the present Mrs. Hope.



Paulette Goddard, right, resents people prying into her private life. Norvell says that is typical of those born in Gemini.



Norvell says that John Payne, at left with wife Anne Shirley, has found the romantic happiness all Gemini-born persons seek.



For Jeanette MacDonald, with whom he's pictured at right, Norvell predicts greater success on screen and in concert tours.

Hilarious account of a certain festive occasion in Hollywood, with Dick and Joan Blondell Powell in their zaniest mood



**By
Liza**

JOAN and Dick Powell, who should have known better, decided to give a party the other night, a party that was "different." When Dick returned recently from his personal appearance tour Joan gave him a welcome home party at swanky Ciro's, and it was all very la-de-da with caviar and champagne and Mary Livingstone in a new bracelet and Barbara Stanwyck in a new hair-do. But Joan didn't have any fun. And Joan is the kind of hostess, thank heavens, who sees no reason why she shouldn't enjoy her own parties.

"I think," said Joan dreamily over a glass of skimmed milk, "I'll whip up some of my spaghetti and meat balls, and invite some people in who aren't on a diet—do we know anybody who isn't dieting?—and we'll simply eat ourselves into a coma. I'll call it a stuff party."

You can easily tell from this that our Miss Blondell has been counting calories again, and is darned tired of it. "Spaghetti," said sister Gloria, "is just what you and Dick need now that you are reducing for your new picture. But don't let me stop you. My mouth is watering at the thought of it." Dick said nothing. He merely grabbed

THE POWELLS THROW A PARTY, OR



If you like Dick and Joan Powell; if you like spaghetti; or even if you just like a good party—you won't want to miss this gay story straight from Hollywood at its wackiest. The Powells, fed up with formality, found a wonderful old recipe for spaghetti and tried it out. Result: a grand time; also, a later disillusioning session with the scales. But it was worth it. In the exclusive pictures, besides Joan and Dick, are Joan's father, sister Gloria and her best beau, Cubby Broccoli.



A PARTY THROWS THE POWELLS

his racquet and dashed out to the tennis court in the backyard to play six sets with Cubby Broccoli, Gloria's heart throb.

As a matter of fact Joan's famous spaghetti sauce and meat ball recipes weren't found tucked away in that old theatrical trunk that the Blondells traveled around in for years, though Joan might lead you to believe that. The recipes really belong to Cubby, who is fine old Italian family from way back, and Joan just sort of lifted them, in a nice way of course. You know how movie stars are. But no matter whose recipes they are, I am here to state, several pounds heavier to be sure, that I never ate such delicious food in all my life. And being a nice generous girl, when it doesn't cost me anything, I shall now pass on to you the famous Blondell (?) spaghetti recipes, and heaven help you if you're reducing.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

A good spaghetti sauce cooks slowly for at least three hours in order to have flavor. The sauce is cooked with three different kinds of meat: fresh Italian pork sausage, young spring hens, and meat balls made from sirloin. The meats are cooked separately in individual saucepans in the tomato sauce. Then the sauces from the three pots are put into a larger

Decorations
by
Leonard
Frank



pot together. After the meat is removed it is again placed in individual pots with lids and placed on the stove where it will keep warm without cooking. (The meat takes about an hour of cooking in the sauce; otherwise it will fall apart and disappear into the sauce.)

In order to make the sauce for six people you would use three cans of solid-pack tomatoes and three cans of tomato paste. (One can of tomatoes and one can of tomato paste to each pot of meat.)

In order to cook the meat, pour about a quarter of an inch of olive oil in the pot and brown three or four kernels of garlic with the meat, and then throw the tomatoes and paste in on top of the meat when it is browned. Then add salt and pepper to taste, sprinkle a little origano (Italian thyme) and a little basilico (sweet basil), chop up one large onion and a green pepper in the now cooking sauce and meat, and also a can of little button mushrooms. Stir the contents of the pot gently in order to keep the sauce from burning and not break the meat. After cooking for about an hour, remove the meat as explained before and pour into one pot and simmer slowly for remaining two hours.

A large kettle of water should be kept on the stove so that when the sauce is finished you can boil the spaghetti. Throw a small handful of salt in the boiling water and cook the spaghetti for about ten minutes or until it is done. Do not cook spaghetti (*Please turn to page 72*)

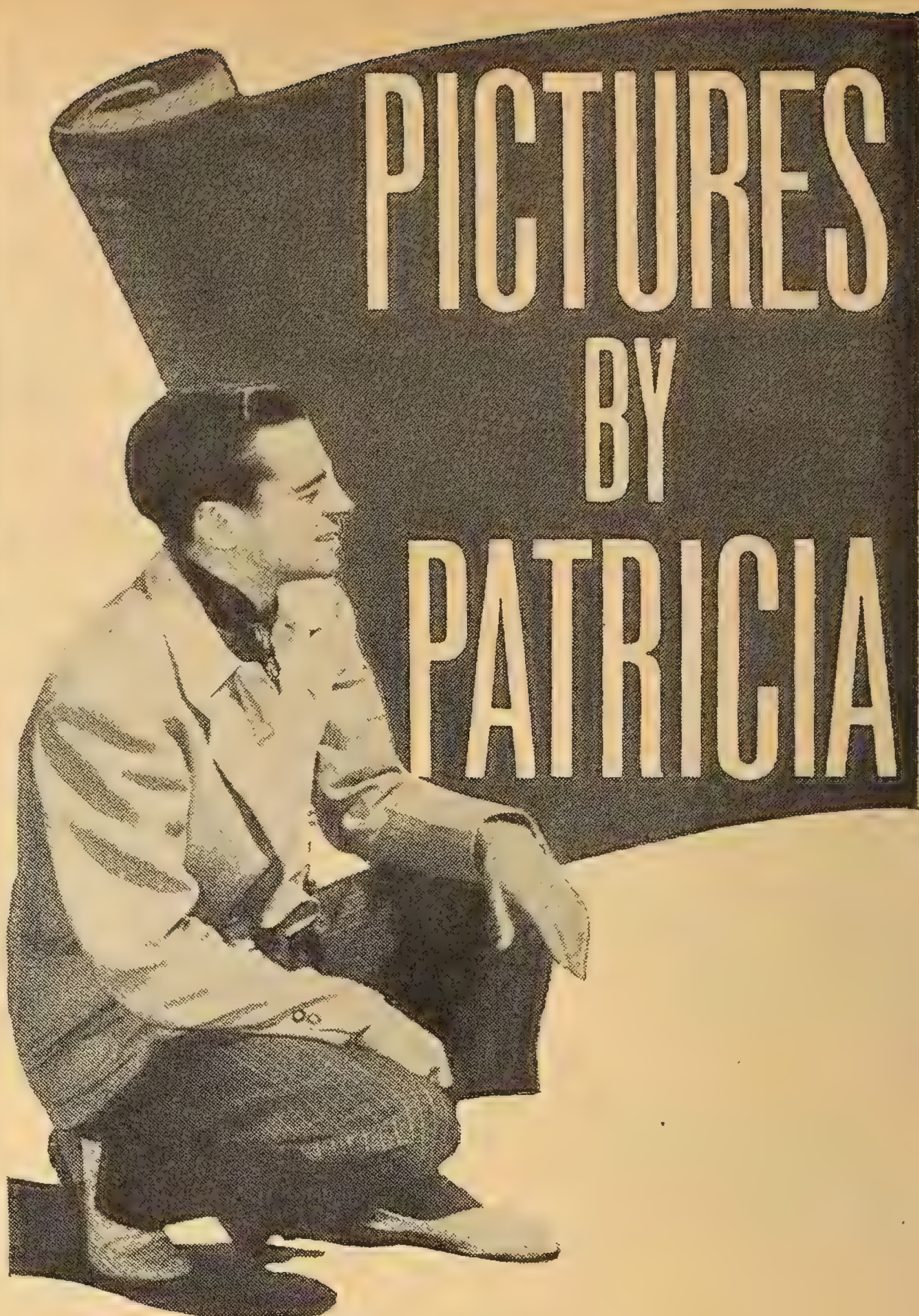




PATRICIA MORISON is Mexico-conscious. "I'm mad about the place!" she exclaimed. "My pet ambition now is to follow Tyrone Power's example and buy myself a slice of land down there. I'd go back tomorrow, if I could, and I'm only just home from my repeat visit."

She is tall and slim and delightfully animated, with a very fair skin and dark hair, which was partly concealed beneath a scarlet snood that made her skin the fairer. "I took my camera with me this last time," she continued, "and I seemed to be shooting pictures all the time, but unfortunately, I made all the mistakes possible and the best pictures were like the finest fish—they got away! The trouble with Mexico is that it's so full of color, it cries out to be painted—and I'd get enchanted with color."

At the age of sixteen, Patricia was awarded high



honors by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for her paintings. She still works with brush and canvas but a screen career leaves small margin for the sort of art that is long.

"The first camera I had was an Argus," she said, making a colorful silhouette of herself before the wide white mantel. She sat on a low crimson footstool, her bountiful black-and-white skirt spreading around her, a curling pile of prints in her lap. "I suppose I got the Argus because everyone in Hollywood has a camera and I was curious about the fad. But after I'd worked with it a while, I got the fever, too, and decided I must have a swifter lens. Actually, I think it was the bullfight I saw the first time I was in Mexico. I sat behind two little girls of eight and nine and when I tried to snap the matador and the bull, all I got was a cloud of dust rising from the children's hats!"

"Yes, I thought I'd never go near a bullfight, or if I had to go I'd sit through it with my eyes tight shut. The bullfight season was beginning just as my brother and I arrived in Mexico City, and all our Mexican friends talked of was what sort of bull should be used and who was the finest matador, what method was best, what fight most exciting. So I went to the fight out of curiosity, and I found it interesting. I took it as a sort of spectacle and scientific adventure; but no matter how you take it, it's bound to be thrilling.

"I don't know why we chose Mexico in the first place," she went on, thoughtfully. "I had some time off from the studio and had my mind half made up to go to New York, when suddenly Alex, my brother, talked about Mexico. Between daylight and dawn, we made up our minds and off we went in a little car—Dad wouldn't trust us with the big one.

"We traveled through State after State and crossed into Mexico from Texas. Then we had seven hundred

Travel is more fun
when you take your
camera along, as
pictures from Patricia Morison's Mexican album prove

By
Ruth Tildesley

Picture-making is the Morison family hobby. Here's Patricia shooting brother Alex, who accompanied her on the visit to Mexico where she snapped the fascinating pictures on these pages. Top left, convent at San Angel. On this page, from top right: Patricia ringing the 500-year-old convent bell; Carman Convent; page from old hymnal; candy stand in street in front of cathedral of Guadalupe; and, close-up below, Alex, co-worker Akim Tamiroff, and Mr. Morison, father of the family.

miles of Mexico! It's a wonderful road but it's all ups and downs and sharp curves and grades. Alex had to go back those seven hundred miles a little later on a rush trip to get a permit to remain; he was born in England though he was five years old when he came to America and Father is an American citizen, but the law's the law. Alex had an offer to sing in a popular night club, you see, and got a six months' contract. He is as thrilled with Mexico as I am."

Among her early attempts with the Argus, Patricia tried her hand at portraits. "We were making, 'Untamed,' and had to work in an ice house during some furiously hot weather," she explained. "Because of the extremes in temperature we had to go into a sort of defrosting chamber when we entered or left the set so that we'd become better adjusted and not catch pneumonia. While I sat there, I amused myself with my camera. There were no movable lights there and no chance for anything artistic, so I attempted to get an angle shot of the director, without great success. This portrait of Dad is better. He was out on the terrace and the sun was coming through the vines, so I had him lean forward into the light and let the shadows dapple him. I like that kind of effect. The shots of Alex on his boat aren't bad—the sail (*Please turn to page 79*)





Greer (Mrs. CHIPS) Garson is back in costume, above, for rôle of ELIZABETH BENNET in "Pride and Prejudice." Director George Cukor has the floor, above right, explaining a scene for "Susan and God" to Joan Crawford and Ruth Hussey while Bruce Cabot looks on. Below, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland consult with Director George Seitz on their next scene for "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"—watch for our fictionization in the next issue.

**Make this your
news guide to Holly-
wood happenings!**

**By
Weston East**

Here's



[T WAS during the closing days of this year's racing season at the beautiful Santa Anita race track. Every movie player who could wangle it had excused himself from work that day. A beautiful star whom you all know waited impatiently tapping her beautifully shod foot while her escort, a newly discovered he-man of the screen, spent an unusually long time at the parking lot. When he joined his companion he had turned very serious for such a gala occasion. She chided him persuasively and softly to cheer him up. The excitement at the smart Turf Club mounted to a climax. The \$100,000 handicap was to be run. The young man, with his fist full of crisp, crackling bills, left the girl to place their bets. Suddenly, instead, he headed straight for the parking lot and pressed the money into the hands of a surprised and grateful youth. Then he joined his companion and told her what he had done. He explained, "It really made me feel that I've helped in a little way. He's still working for money enough to go to school. I worked beside him, right here, less than three years ago, but I got a lucky break." The girl never said a word, but patted his arm in deep and perfect understanding. The young man, believe it or not, was Robert Preston, the girl was Dorothy Lamour—the stars on our cover.

[ANA TURNER has nearly everyone convinced that she and Artie Shaw mean to live a highbrow cultural life and ignore the shallow tinsel of Hollywood. Lana is telling all interviewers these days that sitting home with Artie and listening to good music has Hollywood night life beat all hollow. Lana and Artie never miss a Hollywood appearance of Stokowski and his orchestra. At a recent Marian Anderson concert, Artie spent the entire intermission in deep discussion of the Negro singer's *lieder* singing for the sole benefit of Lana. Her only comment was, "Artie, you're wonderful!" They clung to each other in the foyer of the theater and caused no end of comment. "That guy Shaw is bad news for Lana Turner," I heard someone say. "She'll never go on with her career now that she's married him." Lana has given the town something to think about. She married the King of Swing, and now she's learning about Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.

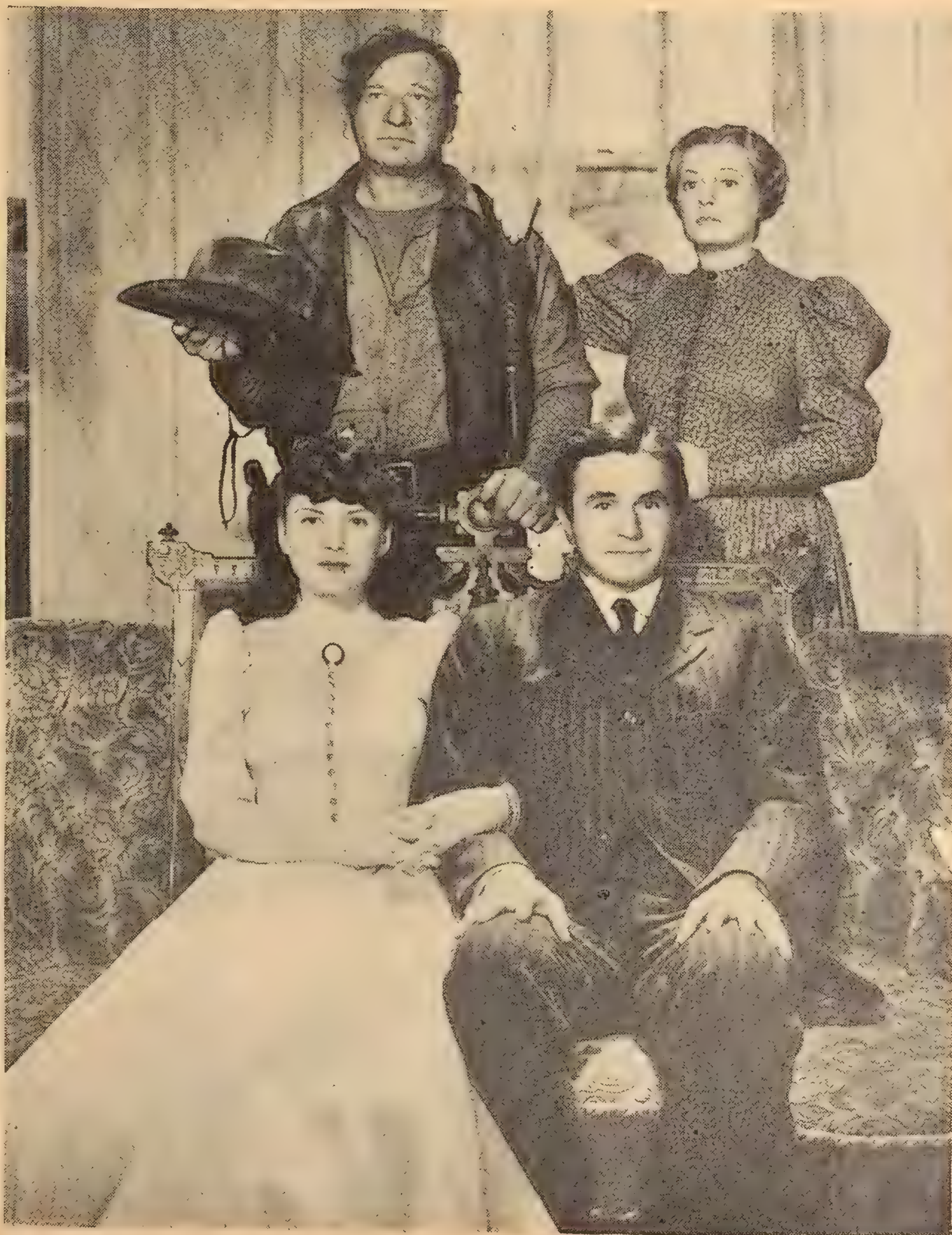


Hollywood

Bob Burns, above, has picked up his bazooka again for his rôle of the sideshow barker in "Alias the Deacon." Above left, Frank Morgan, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart and Irene Rich in a scene from "The Mortal Storm," film version of Phyllis Bottome's best-seller. Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Ann Baxter and Noah Beery, Jr. (Wally's nephew) make up the old tintype family scene, below, from "Twenty Mule Team."

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield packed up their bags and baggage and, on their departure from Hollywood, announced that they were moving to New York for good, insiders here knew that at last Mrs. Garfield had won. Most of Hollywood knows that ever since the Garfields came West, their forced residence in California has always been a point of contention between them. John is resigned to the fact that from now on any living in Hollywood will be considered camping out. Their established home will be in New York. John will even scorn the health angle of having his child grow up in the constant sunshine of California. A plain, substantial home in Westchester is John's new choice of a fitting background for his baby daughter. Hollywood has always been too gaudy for the Garfields.

NOW I know why Charles Boyer has all the women under his thumb. That guy is as sleek as an eel. He has a line that would melt the heart of a brass monkey—if the monkey were of the weaker sex. On the set of "All This, And Heaven Too" Boyer ladled out his charm with an amazingly telling effect. He had co-star Bette Davis purring; hand-kissing was startlingly promiscuous that day; and every woman on the set was starry-eyed. What finished flattery he can dish out—and with what an accomplished hand! Within earshot of Bette he said to me, "It's such a privilege for me to play with Miss Davis. An actor gets big results only with big people. It's a great opportunity for me because Bette is the idol of France, she has tremendous popularity there." This from a native Frenchman, always a great success in his own country. What finesse! Boyer's voice affects women like a caress. They warm to it and wait for more. He doesn't talk *too* much. His eyes say many things he leaves unuttered. His subtleties are all lost to men but women read many meanings into them. Boyer went right on, "Women are more than human creatures, they are everything that a man could never hope to understand—fully. They, in short, are wonderful!" Boyer had struck a sympathetic chord in every feminine breast from script girl to star. That fellow understands women!



THE arguments for and against Robert Taylor's moustache in "Waterloo Bridge" are still waxing hot and furious. There are those who say that it was because of that very controversial element that his studio bosses made the new adornment compulsory. Taylor's sleek British uniforms and the dashing, streamlined tickler were supposed to whip up a new frenzy of interest in his lagging appeal. The telling effect on his career remains to be seen. To create a moustache for a glamor boy isn't as simple as it sounds. A great deal of thought and design go into its creation. Taylor's new moustache wasn't his own. It was a transformation, so to speak, glued on like fake eyelashes. Its size, shape, and heaviness were argued over for weeks. An unbelievable and exhausting series of tests were made trying every sort of design that would pique women's fancy. Barbara Stanwyck helped discuss every model. The day the perfect design was created, tested, and finally chosen by studio bigwigs, Taylor, himself, in his carelessness, courted near tragedy for the new-born moustache. It was mounted on invisible gauze. Taylor zipped it off his lip, and in a rush to get home tossed it away. The next day the frantic search for this one and only design of the perfect moustache was found in his dressing room waste basket. It was retrieved and you'll see it on the screen.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, quite unintentionally, has gathered a most amazing collection of peculiar epitaphs. Dabbling with touching last sentiments was no pastime of her own choosing. It all came about on her recent countrywide tour. In each city on Jeanette's itinerary, the vicinity of her hotel and the theater she played were always so crowded with fans that she found it impossible to get in her daily walks. And if you know Jeanette, you know she has to have her brisk jaunt of a few miles each day or she isn't happy. One day, in despair, she hopped a taxi and told the driver to take her to any quiet place with room enough to walk. He took her to a beautiful, secluded cemetery. Jeanette was entranced. In every other city after that her standard order to her taxi was, "to the largest, quietest cemetery in the city, please." Swinging along on those quiet walks she couldn't help but unconsciously read thousands of epitaphs. The strange and unusual ones stuck in her mind. Now she has a written collection of a whole volume of quaint last sentiments.

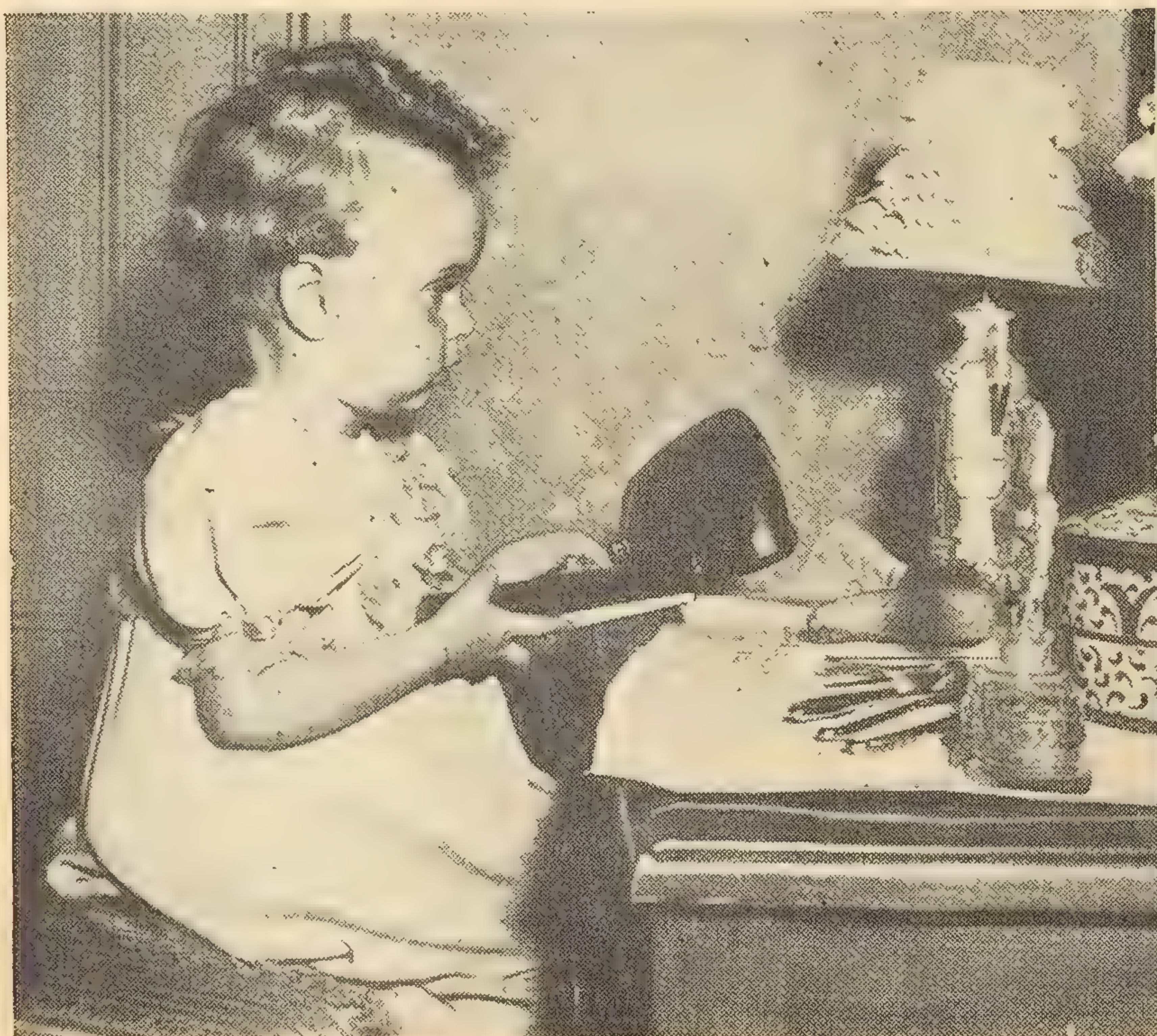


Above, make-up expert Charles Dudley is giving Rosemary Lane a dirty look, but it's all part of the day's work. Dudley is getting Rosemary's face ready for a gag scene in "An Angel from Texas."

A WOMAN tourist gave Basil Rathbone the town's most unusual fan experience this month. When he finished his lunch in a Hollywood restaurant this fan pounced on his plate and kept it as a souvenir. Basil obligingly paid the added cost of the plate to his luncheon. . . . Irene Dunne knows racing forms as well as any stable owner. She can tell you the ancestry of every important horse in the running today. . . . A very amusing mistake in public records places one of our most important male stars in a very peculiar position. Of all people, Clark Gable, in his birth registration, is listed as a girl. . . . That old, vicious-looking tusk that Dennis Morgan wears as a watch charm is a bear's tooth. Dennis shot the fellow himself.

Sandy, who made her movie debut as a boy, permits a candid cameraman into the privacy of her boudoir to prove that the title of her new starring film, "Sandy Is a Lady," is right. Below, at the dressing-table ready to begin her beauty ritual; and, smiling, showing her preference for the good old-fashioned nail buffer.

IT WAS Alan Curtis' most embarrassing moment. He was left speechless with chagrin on the stage of a crowded theater in Boise, Idaho. He had pulled the most awkward boner of his life. Alan was making a personal appearance with some of the members of the "Northwest Passage" company, and he stood before the curtain in the theater doing his stint. It was his job to introduce both Nat Pendleton and a very pretty young girl, a local resident, who had won a personality contest and been dubbed "Miss Northwest Passage." The girl's friends and townsmen crowded the theater, eager to shower their applause on a local girl in her first stage appearance. Alan clowned through his speech and kidningly went into his introductions with, "and now I want you all to meet the personality I was telling you about, two hundred pounds of genuine bloke." The curtain parted, for a moment there was an awkward silence, then pandemonium. There stood the slip of a girl who had been chosen "Miss Northwest Passage." Allan had mistakenly put Nat Pendleton into her spot in the introductions.





Even the screen's handsomest he-men must stand for being fussed over by make-up men and hairdressers. Above, Errol Flynn had to muster up all his patience to be prettied up for "The Sea Hawk" rôle.

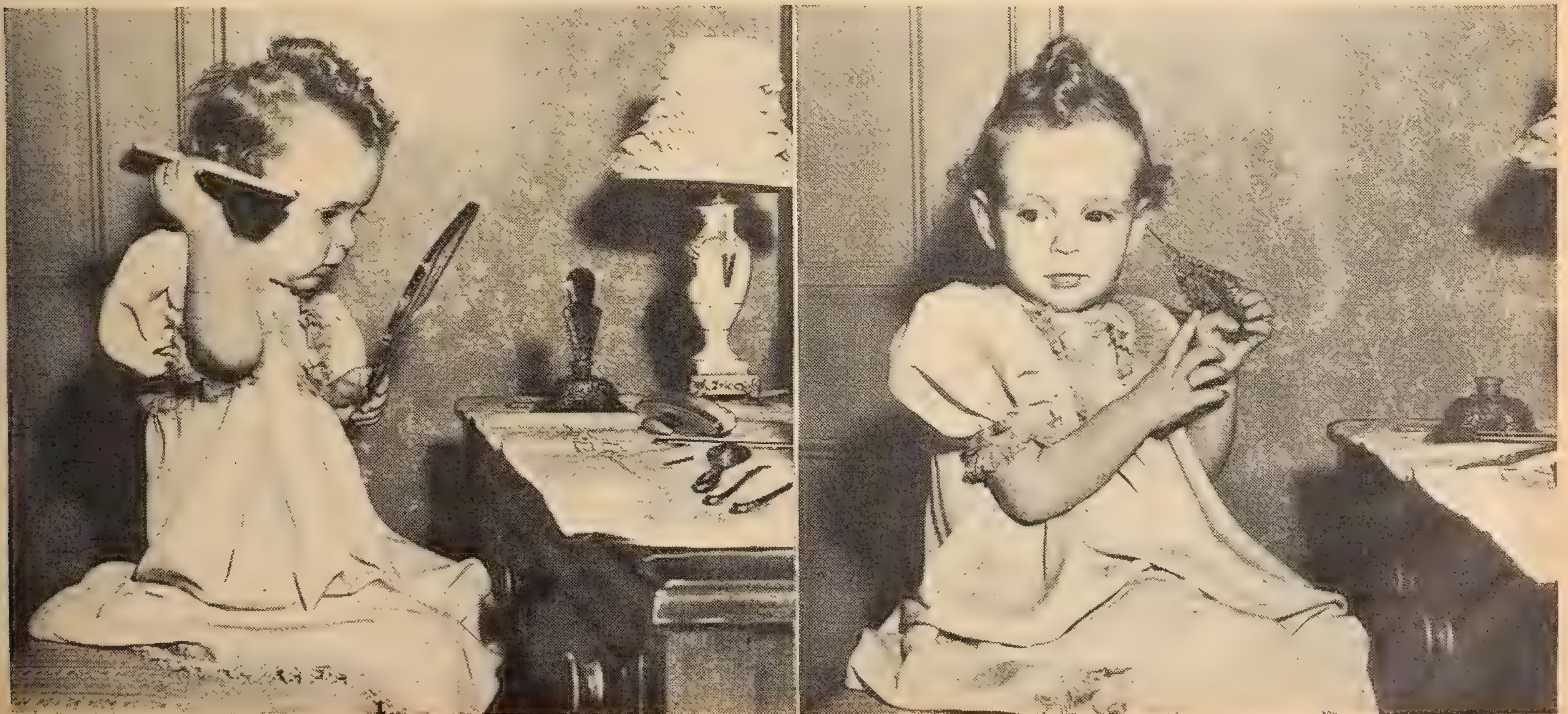
WHEN Bill Holden arrived at work later and later each succeeding day for a week, his studio eventually diagnosed the upset and deep distraction as girl trouble. That's exactly what it was, but of a most unusual kind. It proved that even Bill Holden has become a slave to that ol' devil, public admiration. But with his youth, charm, and popularity, that is just as it should be. Bill was late the first day because he drove his kid brother to school at U.C.L.A. and found to his surprise a welcoming committee of girls expecting him. His brother was guilty of the prearranged treachery, but Bill enjoyed the tremendous fuss made over him so much that the next day he was back again. That day the girls doubled their enthusiasm and their numbers and Bill had a personal appearance on his hands. He signed autographs furiously and the next day was back for more. The glut of worshipping females soon grew out of all bounds, and impressionable Bill finally felt it his duty not to disappoint such ardor. The dean of women at U.C.L.A., and Bill's bosses, broke the spell at last. They both forbade their individual charges to further these orgies of admiration.

ILONA MASSEY has a devastating old-world appeal that can charm the birds right out of the trees. Quite shamelessly Ilona uses her great gift to help her out of tight situations. Recently, returning to Hollywood, she was caught in a mob of excited admirers. They threatened to crush her in their demand for autographs and their desire to touch her. Ilona soon had the situation in hand. Smiling, she said, "I will sing you a song, if you would like that, but I cannot sign all these autographs." She calmly seated the mob in the waiting room seats of the station and sang the most impromptu concert she ever sang. Completely awed and very grateful, the crowd saw Ilona calmly walk out of the station, board her waiting train, and disappear.

Hollywood's youngest Glamor Girl knows all about hair being a woman's crowning glory and, having given hers one hundred strokes of the brush, sets her waves and curls; next, the perfume technique—a drop behind each ear, you know—for that subtle feminine allure. And now have you any doubt that "Sandy Is a Lady"?

ALL at once Hollywood is buzzing about what is going to happen to Shirley Temple. What, everyone is asking, will be decided about Shirley's future when her option comes up in July? There are predictions that little Miss Temple's popularity will steadily continue to fade now that she is growing up and has slipped from her position as foremost money-makers. Insiders read a grave significance into the fact that there are no pictures planned for Shirley to follow immediately after "Young People," her next. They point out further that should 20th Century take up its option their contract would hold Shirley only for twelve more months, then her seven-year contract is washed up. Everyone seems concerned about Shirley's future but Shirley herself. She's grown up making pictures as a kind of fascinating game, and, I'm sure, she isn't bothering about contracts or pictures, but she doesn't intend to stop playing her fascinating game, ever.

IT WOULDN'T surprise me much if the gossip hounds would soon be intimating that either a new romantic twosome of celebrities is about to burst upon Hollywood, or that these same two exponents of real acting are in the coils of a bitter feud. Stranger things have happened. The reactions of two famous people in the acting profession on their initial meeting are chronicled with strange interpretations. It happened that Madame Ouspenskaya and Spencer Tracy very suddenly came face to face with each other for the first time in their lives on a set at M-G-M. They both were speechless and until introduced they just gawked at each other. Finally Madame Ouspenskaya stammered out that she thought Spencer was simply superb in "Captains Courageous." Spencer blushed to his ears and haltingly assured her that she was a hundred-fold better in her rôle in "Love Affair." Ouspenskaya countered with a paean of praise for his work in "Northwest Passage" and Spencer again begged to bow before the artistry of Ouspenskaya in "The Rains Came." This *Alphonse* and *Gaston* routine went on until everyone listening was conscious that these two were so genuinely awed with each other's presence that they couldn't say anything else. When that happens between two celebrities, it's news. In due time you're apt to hear all sorts of stories attributing their hedging to everything from love to jealousy. The truth in this case, is that each sincerely thinks the other is a genius.





The Playtex Living Pantie Girdle is something new in figure control. It's made of liquid latex, weighs less than five ounces and feels exactly like your skin. An all-occasion garment, as perfect under a bathing suit as for business, sports or under an evening gown. An all-way stretch makes it live and breathe with you, and fit wherever it touches, as if you were poured into it. In pink, white or blue, delicately perfumed, at \$2.



For work or play in the sun, a striped Sanforized piqué frock by Jantzen. It comes in red and white, blue and white or gold and white. Knee-length ballerina skirt, peg top pockets, fitted bra top. A practical frock that is color fast and promises that shrinkage is limited to 1%—so little it cannot affect size or fit. You'll love it for vacation or home. At \$4.95.

For your spot in the sun or for beauty by night! You can buy these fashions in the stores listed on the page opposite



Rita Hayworth, loveliest of mermaids, wears a Catalina Swim Suit of soft satin lastex in a delicate blue. Here is the ballerina silhouette, so flattering to every figure—the moulded bosom, slimmed waist and dancer-skirt flare over hips and thighs. As comfortable as nature in the water; beautiful on the beach. In a variety of smart colors and priced at about \$6.



A trousseau piece by Barbizon—gown and breakfast jacket of silk satin Dosché. Quaint embroidery edging gives an empire effect to the gown and a yoke effect to the jacket. The beautiful fabric and workmanship are a true Barbizon note. The gown, known as Ariel, is about \$6; the jacket, called Dryad, is about \$5. Other such ensembles by Barbizon come also in a lower price range.

Screenland's
Glamour
Guides

By
Marina

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Yours for Loveliness

Fashions featured on page opposite will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country

Playtex Living Girdle by International Latex Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wm. Filene's Sons, Boston, Mass.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo, N. Y.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
Nieman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.
B. Altman & Co., New York City
Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sibley Lindsey & Curr, Rochester, N. Y.
LaSalle Koch, Toledo, Ohio
Lansberg's, Washington, D. C.

Catalina Swim Suit by The Pacific Knitting Mills, Inc., 443 So. San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The May Co., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons, Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
The Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Sak's 34th Street, New York City
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Lansberg's, Washington, D. C.

Night Ensemble by The Barbizon Corporation, 148 Madison Avenue, New York City.

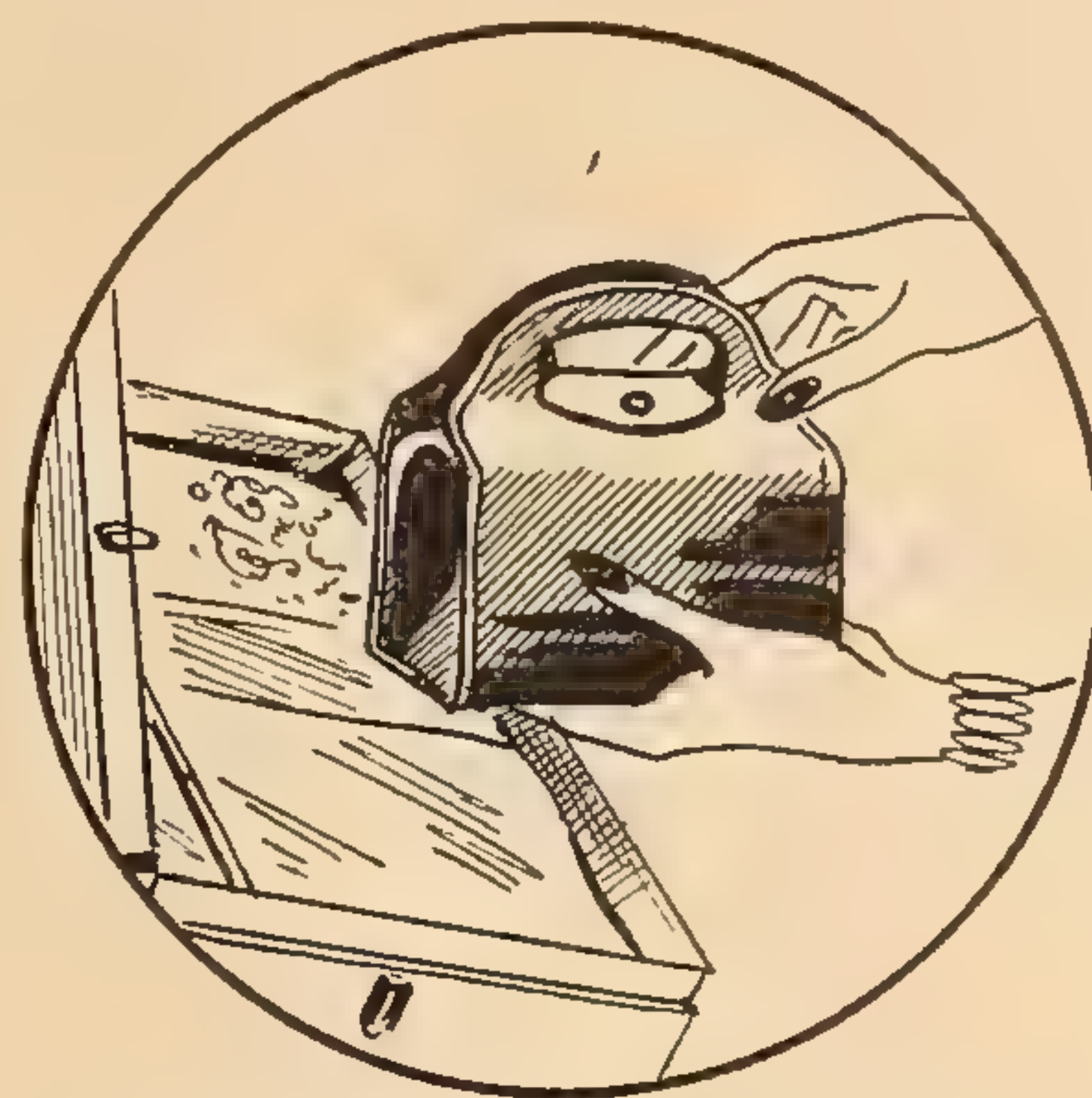
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio
Wm. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox, Hartford, Conn.
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.
John Taylor & Sons, Kansas City, Mo.
B. Lowenstein, Memphis, Tenn.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Shepard Company, Providence, R. I.
Miller-Rhoads, Richmond, Va.
Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.
Kennard-Pyle, Wilmington, Del.

Play Frock by Jantzen Knitting Mills, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Belke Bros., Charlotte, N. C.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Himelhoch's, Detroit, Mich.
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James McCreery & Co., New York City
Lion Clothing Co., San Diego, Cal.
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These five vital beauty preparations are a formula for your beautiful skin!

"EVERY woman can have a beautiful skin if she will cultivate the habit of scientific, thorough, coordinated beauty care *every day of her life*," says Helena Rubinstein, known the world over for her research and creations in the interest of your beauty. And so Madame Rubinstein has collected five of her preparations, the ones she considers essential to skin care, in a convenient and inexpensive kit, so that your basic skin care routine may be correct and that your skin may benefit day and night — constantly — instead of just now and then. And because skin types vary and need different care, Madame Rubinstein has designed one kit for dry skin and one for normal or oily skin. I have always believed that it is more beneficial to use preparations that are created to work in unison, because each will aid the good work of the other and you will get the maximum of benefit. And this coordination you get in a smart kit of lizard grain fabric in black,



Helena Rubinstein's "Beauty in the Making" kit contains essentials for scientific, thorough, coordinated skin care.

brown or red, which snaps together and is finished with a handle. It makes a good-looking pocketbook if you like to carry your beauty with you; a compact travel companion, an ever-welcome gift or a handsome addition to your dressing-table. Inside the kit, you will find that *piece de resistance* of Madame Rubinstein's creations. Pasteurized Face Cream — Special for dry skin, or the usual formula for normal or oily skin. The Special formula is a boon to dry skin. It is rich and mellow and besides truly cleansing, it sweeps away

those small particles of dried cuticle that often obscure the fine tone and texture of fragile skin, making it appear rough and dull. This Special formula has unusual lubricating qualities, and so softens, smooths and helps prevent those lines of dryness, especially about the eye area. You will see gratifying results from using this cream merely as a cleanser; you can double those results by using it also as a night cream while you sleep.



Left, famous Pasteurized Face Cream. In two versions, Special for dry skin and regular for normal or oily skin. Right, Beauty Grains, an unique granular wash to aid excessively oily, blemished, or dull skin. Both are by Helena Rubinstein, and precious to a skin to be admired.



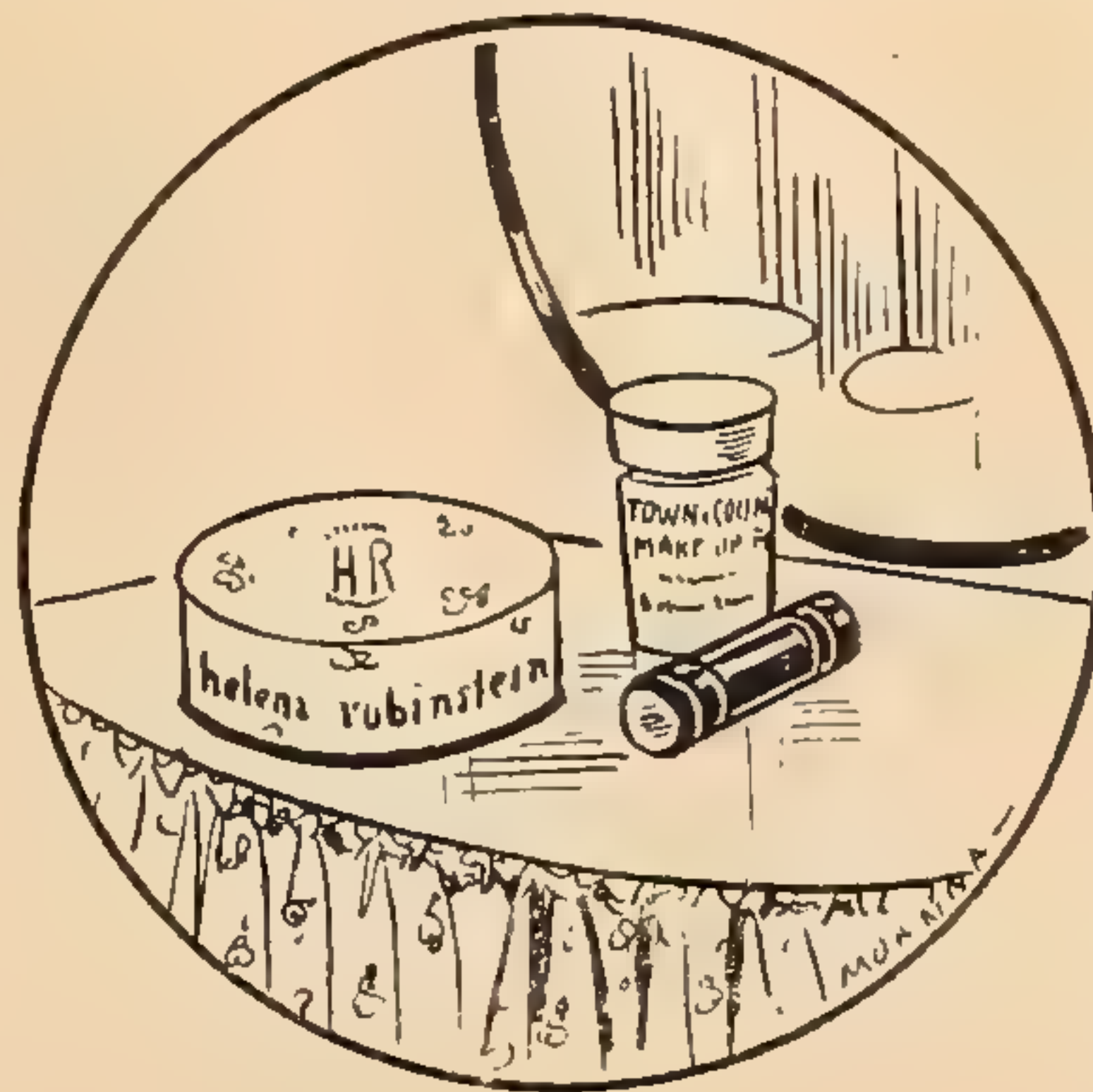
IN MY correspondence, a great many writers ask, "Should I use cream on my oily skin?" Normal or oily, Pasteurized Face Cream in regular formula is a cream you should use, because it will benefit oily skin. It has a normalizing, purifying effect on this skin; it helps prevent blackheads and enlarged pores; it is soothing to blemished skin and excellent for the younger fry, whose sensitive skin often breaks out. Oily or normal, the regular formula is the version of Pasteurized Face Cream you need. A tube of this worthy cream, long one of my "loves," comes in a generous size for your special skin type.

Now, the dries are going to get a bottle of Skin Toning Lotion, Special, a non-drying astringent, especially created for this type. It is soothing and refining and helps your day-long beauty. If you are normal or oily, you get Beauty Grains, an unique, granular washing preparation. Wonderful for too much oiliness, roughness and those annoying under-skin bumps. These grains and your type cream make an ef-

fective treatment for disturbed, blemished skin. A good wash with Beauty Grains, and you seem to have a better skin immediately!

Third in your kit, whatever your type, you get a jar of Town and Country Make-up Film, and this spells the instant beauty you can see the moment you spread a little over face and neck. It seems to become a part of your skin, giving it a young, soft and dewy look. A film of this type is a secret of those marvelous Hollywood skins we may well envy. It gives glamor, grooming, and benefits as it glorifies.

Madame Rubinstein spent years in perfecting her Moisture Proof Face Powder, and results show it. It cannot swell with skin moisture, and so protects pore fineness. It also protects inner skin moisture, even as it gives skin an exquisite, luminous glow, young, natural, lovely. This is truly a discovery in face powder, and comes in your kit. Then there's an enchanting Helena Rubinstein lipstick, full size, radiant, lovely, lustrous, with biological ingredients to keep lips forever young. C. M.



Town and Country Make-Up Film, Moisture Proof Face Powder and lipstick for compelling glamor.



Step by step, Perc Westmore, one of the brothers of the famous House of Westmore, demonstrates his method of applying make-up on Fay Bainter's face. Reading across pages, Mr. Westmore pats foundation cream on Miss Bainter's face; next, he applies eye shadow to the lids; moist rouge is blended on the cheeks; powder is patted on the face; all traces of powder brushed from brows. Now see caption opposite page.

Meet an Actress!

Continued from page 51

Throughout her stay in California—her first—she'd been homesick for New York. "Gee," she decided, "they'll never let me do it, and I'm too tired to care." So she packed her belongings and hopped a plane for the East. New York looked less alluring in fact than in nostalgic visions. She arrived at the crest of a heat wave, got herself an air-cooled room at the St. Regis, and set out to see the Fair. Five days later, the phone in her air-cooled room rang. Hollywood calling. Hollywood calling. Hop another plane, Betty. You're not too young, Betty. Your face is O. K. and your acting's superlative. Betty. Milestone wants you for *Mac*.

You don't take to the girl as warmly as you do to the actress. There's more than a suggestion of Lady Disdain, which sits gracelessly on her young shoulders. She tends to carry her nose upward—either because she was born that way or because of her success or as compensation for certain childhood memories. Humility is rare in the young. So when she quotes the critic who called her "the most promising young actress in the theater today," you condone it as excusable. After all, while the movie marquees were flashing two hits in which she's a standout, Betty herself was gracing Broadway in "Two on an Island." But the minute her show closed, Betty caught a train for Hollywood and Paramount studios, where "Victory," her new film, will be made. (Her contract with them leaves her free for six months of stage work). Wanger tried to borrow her for "Personal History," but previous commitments forbade. If her head's been turned, in view of all this, time will doubtless restore it to its normal position.

She hasn't endeared herself to the press,



but the press is notoriously a fretful fellow, unreasonable enough to consider his job as important to him as Betty's to her. So it irks him when she breaks a date or, having promised him an hour, vouchsafes him ten minutes on the fly. The press doesn't stop to consider all that a popular actress has on her mind. Miss Field, for her part, evidently disagrees with Mussolini, who thinks that interviews are the best of all possible forms of propaganda.

In street clothes, with no visible trace of make-up, she looks nearer seventeen than the twenty-two she's attained. Item: brown hair; item: gray eyes; item: trim figure; item: assorted features that add up to a pretty face; item: bountiful measure of self-assurance. Walk half a mile through any well-populated district, and you'll meet a dozen to match her in looks. Only two of the dozen, perhaps, would have her intelligence, and none the strain of grit, so at odds with her childish appearance, which has been the determining factor in landing her where she is today.

By her own account she was a gawky, unattractive youngster—"the last person in the world you'd associate with theatrical ambitions—braces on my teeth, glasses on my nose, and things in my shoes that they give kids with flat feet." She was an only child, and her mother didn't stay put long enough for her to find companionship of her own age. They moved from Boston to

Forest Hills to Porto Rico to New Jersey, and Betty changed schools with each move. The other little darlings tittered, because she was funny-looking and wanted to be an actress—a dream she couldn't keep to herself, despite derision. She grew self-conscious, awkward, and unhappy, and the line her mother took—"Well, Betty's not a pretty child, but she's sweet"—didn't mend matters. "Sweet!" Betty would mutter between clenched teeth, and suppress an inclination to howl like a wolf.

Neither her own self-consciousness, however, nor the gibes of her contemporaries nor maternal candor moved her for the fraction of an instant from her appointed task. She was attending high school in Morristown, New Jersey, when she saw and grabbed her chance. After weeks of hanging around the stage door of the Newark Theater after matinées, she was advised by some kind soul to write to the manager's secretary. Her third letter brought a phone call. She was to report for rehearsal the following Saturday—as an extra at a dollar a performance. She doesn't know how she got to Newark, but she thinks she floated.

Thereafter she hung around without apology. Since she was always there and cost only a dollar, they used her frequently to save themselves the trouble of hunting up a better and more expensive actress. The girls at school were speechless. "I



Perc Westmore continues with the perfect make-up, and with an eyebrow pencil accents the natural line of Miss Bainter's brows. Next step, the upper lip is made up with a lip brush and rouge; lip rouge is then applied to the lower lip; and the final step shows Mr. Westmore applying dry rouge lightly over the cheeks to pick up cheek tone. The picture at left shows Fay Bainter after make-up has been completed. Nice work!

could hardly bear to talk to them, I felt so superior. At least I had my revenge." Revenge still seems sweet. "They were a dull bunch," she comments from the vantage point of her present pinnacle.

Having tasted blood, she had no intention of retreating to the boredom of academic life. The stock season ended, she crossed the Hudson to New York, and at fifteen set out in quest of a career. She tripped up the steps to producers' offices, and gained occasional admittance to inner sanctums. "I'm Betty Field," she'd announce in a clear treble, "of the Associated Players in Newark." They never took the cigars out of their mouths. Often they didn't bother to look up. "Sorry, baby, no kids' parts in this show."

Her mother intervened—not to stop Betty, you don't tangle up with an irresistible force, however small—but to help her to a more orthodox start. She moved her daughter from "the funny little old hotel" where she'd been living to a girls' club, put her on a "kind of budget," and sent her to dramatic school. Of that period, Betty recalls that she worked very hard and ate very little. Through one of the school directors, she also met her first playwright, Elmer Rice. He hadn't yet written "Two on an Island," and if he had, Betty wouldn't have been in it. "How d'ya do?" he said, which was that.

But an agent saw her in one of the school

productions, got her an understudy job, and tried to gyp her out of her salary. "So I learned a lot," says Miss Field cryptically. No one has gyped her since. The play was a flop. She grabbed an offer to go to London with "She Loves Me Not," because once on the boat, they couldn't change their minds and chuck her back into the ocean. The play, a hit in New York, wasn't fancied by London.

Back she came, and started the rounds again. "You're too young. You're too young. You're not striking enough. You're too young." It used to drive her crazy. She couldn't refute the charges, and had nothing to counter with except, "I can act." They weren't interested.

Finally she got a bit in "Page Miss Glory," produced by George Abbott. She even doubled, playing an old man with a beard in a crowd scene. Abbott wasn't impressed. When she appeared to tryout for the Boston company of "Three Men on a Horse," he growled: "What are you bringing her in for?—She's too young.—Oh, well, she's here, let her read it. Might need another understudy."

Betty read it, and Abbott sat up, surprise written all over his face. "It was always like that," says she. "Too young, too young, but when I read it, I'd get the part." P. S. She got it. P. P. S. She was later transferred to the New York company. After that the sailing was pretty smooth.

Paramount tested her while she was appearing in the Broadway production of "What a Life." "The only reason I took it was because I felt dull in spirit and mind and health. I'd been working five years without a vacation. Everybody said: 'California has such a nice climate. You'll get a lovely rest there.'"

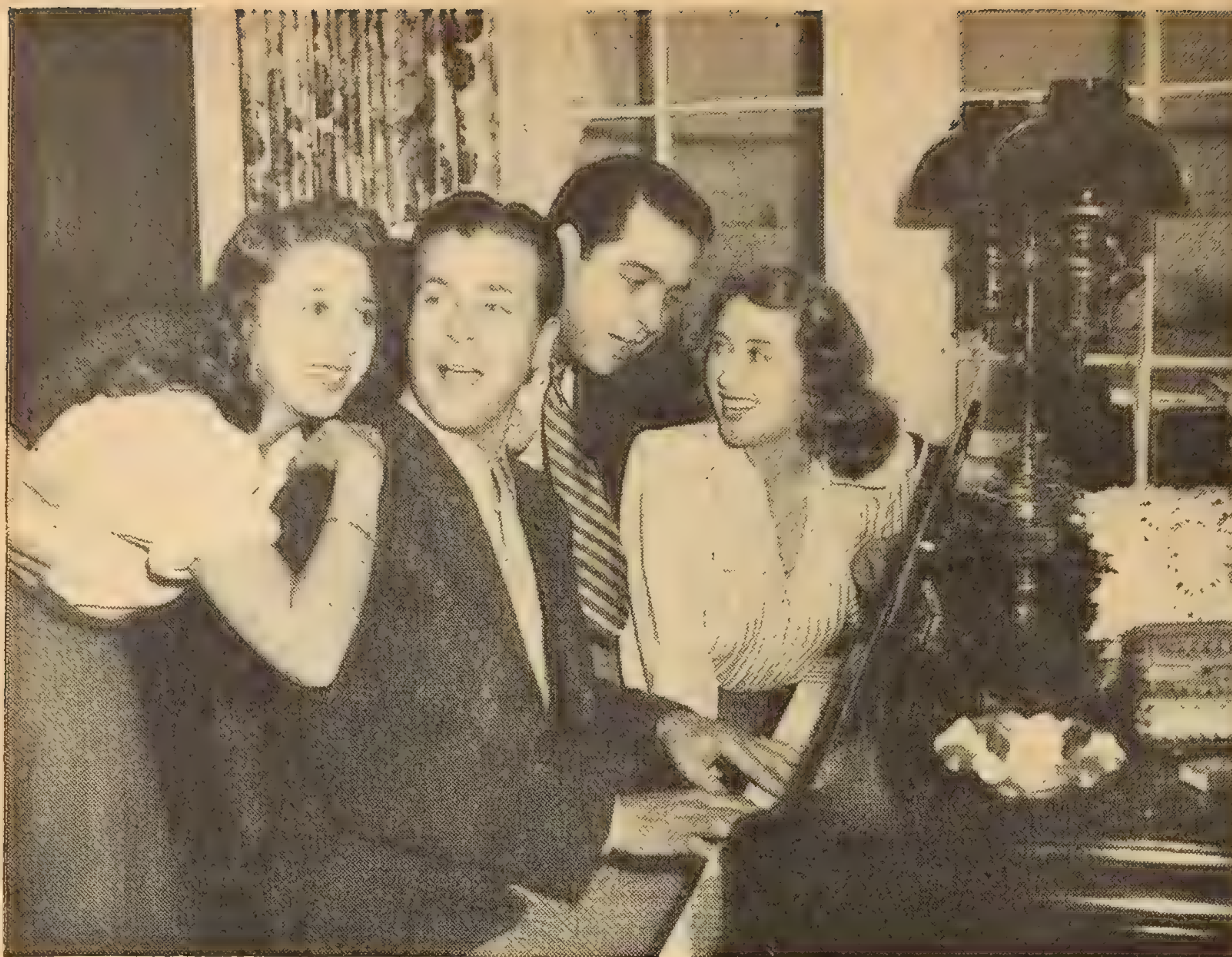
Instead of resting, she made three pictures in six months, then flew back to New York for Abbott's "Ring Two." Meantime Elmer Rice had written "Two on an Island," and by now Miss Field needed no introduction to him. He wanted her for the girl. The notices of "Ring Two" were painful. Betty read them all, pushed them behind her, and picked up the script of the Rice play. When "Ring Two" folded a couple of weeks later, she was in rehearsal.

The New York critics may not know it, but she's pleased with them for the first time in her theatrical career.

"They always used to say, 'Betty Field was her usual excellent self,' or something equally innocuous. Good old standby. Drooling and sweet as usual," she jeered. To be called sweet still seems to set her nerves on edge. "It infuriated me. But now I've apparently crept up on them. In this show they sat back and discovered me, as though they'd never seen me before. For the first time they really took me apart and raved about me. I could kiss them for it."

She's due to report back to Paramount in June. So far, she hasn't had a chance to find out what Hollywood's like. She lived in a hotel, worked incessantly, went to bed early and had no time to taste California's delights. Now she plans to take a house and get a horse. Riding is her hobby.

As for the movies, they interest her—not only because of the salaries they pay but as an acting medium. For the present, she sticks to her six-months clause, but refuses to forecast the future. On her record, the industry will roll out the red carpet for her. It's not Betty alone now who knows she's good. *Everybody* knows it.



Singing for their spaghetti supper, above, and from left, are: Gloria Blondell, Joan's sister, Dick Powell, Cubby Broccoli, Gloria's beau, and Joan Blondell Powell; but after enjoying the repast, the scale told them that exercising their lungs was not enough.

The Powells Throw A Party

Continued from page 61

too long. Just until it is chewy. Then drain the water from the spaghetti and mix grated Roman cheese or Parmesan cheese in the dry spaghetti. And then mix the sauce in. Empty this onto a platter and sprinkle a little more cheese on top and spread some more sauce and garnish with a little chopped parsley.

MEAT BALL RECIPE

The meat ball recipe is an entirely different recipe. They are made of ground sirloin with chopped parsley and garlic mixed into the meat and the yolk of an egg to one pound of ground sirloin. This is all mixed together and seasoned with salt and pepper and enough dampened bread is mixed so that the meat balls will be light and fluffy. The meat balls are also browned in a skillet with olive oil.

SALAD FOR SPAGHETTI DINNER

To balance the meal of Italian spaghetti, a salad should be served in the Italian style. For six people the ingredients would be: ten tomatoes, four green peppers, four onions, Italian olive oil, one half teaspoon-full of origano, salt and pepper—which is the same seasoning used in the sauce. Slice tomatoes, peppers, and onions in a wooden salad bowl; add oil, then flavor with origano and salt and pepper to taste. This is served with the spaghetti. Cheese should be served after dinner, along with fruit. For dessert there is nothing so delicious as Italian spumoni.

Place cards for the spaghetti dinner were very large Bermuda onions made into faces. To make the face, pins, rubber bands, whole cranberries, raisins, and bearded scallions were used. With pins to fasten, attach cranberries for eyes, raisins for nose, rubber bands for mouth and scallions for moustache. In making the moustache, cut end of scallions about half an inch from the roots and let roots droop in moustache fashion. Make two holes just above the mouth to insert the end of the scallions.

Arrange parsley over the top for hair. When you have the head complete, keep in refrigerator until ready for dinner, then make a small slice in the top of the onions in which to put cards.

If you have a large table and want to copy Joan's centerpiece get yourself a Horn of Plenty (certainly in keeping with the dinner.) Take a large squash, cut a hole in one end. From its mouth should come onions, scallions, carrots, parsley and radishes with their natural foliage. And by the way, if you serve wine, be sure and serve red wine. (Red ink we used to call it in the speakeasy days, ah me!)

Those onion place cards of Joan's caused a lot of comment from the guests (Dick said, "Huh, onion sandwiches tomorrow"), and you have no idea how attractive and "different" the table looked. I noticed that none of the guests tried to swipe the place cards, for a change.

Of course some of the guests came early, and some came late, which threw Joan into a frenzy as that spaghetti has to be cooked just so. And Joan, smelling strongly of garlic, would dash in and out of the living room playing a dual rôle of hostess and cook, and loving it. Invited to wear slacks, or "any old thing," and "stuff," were Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, Liz Whitney and Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan and Pat de Cicco, the Robert Taylors, the Jack Bennys, and the family. Sonja in a big black hat and a short print dress arrived on Dan Topping's arm and didn't leave there the entire evening—romance, right under my eyes. Dan is very wealthy and very social, and will make quite a good catch for the Norwegian skating girl. Sonja with her mother and brother had reservations to sail for Honolulu the next day, and it seems that Mr. Topping also had reservations. And what fun the two of them were planning on that paradise island. (I got a big laugh the following evening when I read in a newspaper that Sonja Henie had been greeted by the press when she arrived at

the boat and was taken completely by surprise when she learned from them that Mr. Topping was on board. No, no, Sonja, I know better.)

The Oomph Girl was so mad at Harvard that she could hardly eat her meat balls. (Ann, you know, was recently chosen by the Harvard undergraduates as the movie star most unlikely to succeed.) "I wonder what those bozos think is success," Ann fumed. "I've looked up that institution and I don't think its graduates have any cause to be criticizing anybody. Statistics show that the average inmate of that school earns less than \$5000 a year, twenty-five years after getting out of it." Red-headed Annie, five years out of college herself, earns \$100,000 a year. "I had a date with a Harvard man one evening," Ann continued bitterly. "It was a very sad evening." The men present all assured her that they had never been nearer Harvard than Yale, and Ann cheered up and had another helping of sauce.

After dinner most of the guests stretched out on the floor, there's nothing like a good stretch on the floor after a Blondell spaghetti dinner. A few tried ping-pong, and Dick and several of the boys tried a little harmonizing, but stretching out on floor or couch seemed to be the favorite pastime. Sonja Henie asked for a bicarbonate of soda which brought a murderous look from Joan—no hostess likes that.

When the last guest had been shoved out of the front door Joan herself collapsed on the couch. "What divine food," she said, "even if I did cook it myself. I don't see why they say it's so fattening. I think I'll have a spaghetti stuff party every week."

"Just for fun," said Gloria, "let's step on the scales before we go to bed." They did.

When I last heard of Joan she had gone to Santa Barbara to take off five pounds. Dick had gone to Catalina with Errol Flynn to shoot wild pigs—and walk miles.



Sonja Henie put away her skates when she visited Hawaii recently, but with or without them, Hawaiians think Sonja's a good skate and showered her with real Island Aloah leis and treats of pineapple juice.

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Most Hated Girl in Hollywood!

Continued from page 30

sight-seeing. She was invited to dinner by Merle Oberon, whose husband, Alexander Korda, has Vivien under contract in England, and the Ronald Colmans, and Dame May Whitty, and the rest of the British colony. Except for a few people who had seen her in a minor rôle in Robert Taylor's London-made "A Yank at Oxford," she was completely unknown in Hollywood. Everybody who met her thought her an awfully "cute little trick," "a sweet little thing," and "pretty as a picture." *Heathcliff's* girl friend caused no more ripple on the Hollywood pond than Baby Sandy's breath. And then—BOOM—came "Gone With the Wind."

Now every Glamor Girl in Hollywood secretly, and some not so secretly, considered herself the perfect choice for *Scarlett*. What *she* could do with that part! Dozens of actresses were tested. One day it was announced that Norma Shearer would play *Scarlett*, the day after it was Margaret Sullivan, the day after that Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, Paulette Goddard, and so on and on for months until movie star nerves were at the breaking point. And then it was suddenly announced in February, a year ago, that Vivien Leigh, a little known English girl visiting in Hollywood, had been definitely signed for *Scarlett* and production would start at once. Some of the Glamor Girls hoped that the South would strenuously object to an English girl playing a Georgia heroine. But the South didn't. Other Glamor Girls hoped that there was something wrong with Miss Leigh's visa and that she would have to return to England. But there wasn't. And still others, the more obvious sort, just hoped that she'd fall down and break her neck. But she didn't.

Scarlett was a part that every actress in Hollywood would have given her eye-teeth for. As a matter of fact a lot of them offered to play it without salary. So naturally each and every one of them resented that little snip of a Vivien getting the plum of the year. They were good sports about it to all appearances, they smiled sweetly, and made pretty little speeches to the press, but deep down in their hearts they wished they had never heard of Vivien Leigh. Possibly they could have forgiven Vivien if she had given a bad performance as *Scarlett*, if the picture had been a flop and Vivien had been panned to high heaven by the critics. But you well know what happened. From Coast to Coast Vivien was acclaimed the most brilliant star in Hollywood. That was too much for the Glamor Girls.

The fact that Vivien Leigh was an "outsider" didn't help matters, either. The movie business, like all businesses, is clanish. Ten years ago, with the advent of talkies, when the Broadway stage stars started pouring into Hollywood, the home guard resented them bitterly. "Do we have to have Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Miriam Hopkins, Jeanette MacDonald, Katharine Hepburn?" the columnists wrote. "Aren't our own girls good enough?" The stage stars were quickly assimilated and easily became a part of the clan—they even joined up with the home guard when Hollywood was threatened by an influx of foreigners. For the past few years these "outsiders" have been a sore point with Hollywood. Luise Rainer with her wistfulness and her two Academy Awards was greatly resented; so was Simone Simon with her baby face and her million dollars' worth of publicity. After "Algiers" the

glamorous Hedy Lamarr was pretty well disliked by the old-timers who admitted that she did have a beautiful face, when she kept her mouth closed, but mercy, what amateur acting! When Hedy's skyrocket sort of fizzled out with two flops after the sensational "Algiers," Hollywood admitted Hedy into the clan. The English, Merle Oberon, Madeleine Carroll, and Geraldine Fitzgerald, have been particularly envied of late because they have grabbed off so many good parts. And so to have an English girl, a "new girl," and an "outsider" win the coveted rôle of *Scarlett* was really rubbing it in. We, of the Hollywoods, aren't as big about things as we ought to be. But, as I said before, we are only human after all. Stars who had never thought much about it before suddenly became aw-



Cleo, glamor goldfish, who made her début in "Pinocchio," is presented, in all her golden glory, swimming in a dark blue sea, as the print design of Phyllis Brooks' dinner frock. Bubbles surrounding Miss Fish reflect images of other members of cast.

fully home-townish and one hundred percent American. Several of them actually visited their birthplaces.

The week before the annual Academy Award Dinner excitement was rather tense in Hollywood. A lot of the players (and 12,000 votes were cast this year) insisted that Vivien should not win the Award because David O. Selznick's superproduction, "Gone With the Wind," with its four million dollar budget, and its two years of preparation, had a decided advantage over other pictures and other parts. And as one actress expressed it, "Good heavens, she got *Scarlett*! Isn't that enough for her?" But with all the petty campaigning against her—and the Bette Davis and Greta Garbo contingents got all hot under the collar—on the eventful night of February 29th Vivien Leigh was awarded an Oscar for her *Scarlett* in what many will tell you was the first really fair election held by the Academy. Vivien cried as she accepted it.

But even those tears, sincere as the day is long, didn't thaw out most of Hollywood. Hollywood just wasn't going to give an

inch. The following quotation from the column of a leading columnist sort of summed things up. Said the columnist, "Luck undoubtedly played a major factor in Vivien Leigh's winning of the Academy Award as the top actress of the year, luck in landing a rôle that almost guaranteed its holder the top award of 1939." Vivien, I am delighted to say, didn't let any cracks about luck dampen her enthusiasm. She put her Award in the most conspicuous spot in the house, right on the living room mantel. She was simply tickled pink. And especially when the morning following the Academy Dinner she received a huge box of roses from Bette Davis, and a note of congratulations.

Now Vivien had done enough to irk the Glamor Girls of Hollywood. She had done quite enough in getting the rôle of *Scarlett* and an Academy Award to make herself thoroughly disliked. But, alas, she has to do even more. She has to play *Juliet* on the legitimate stage! A few Glamor Girls who were just getting ready to forgive all heard about that and started hating her all over again. If you know Hollywood movie stars at all you know that they all dream about going on the stage. If they came from the stage originally they are constantly talking about the good old days in New York, and how they plan to return just as soon as these dreary picture commitments permit. They rarely go back. Nearly every Glamor Girl in Hollywood will tell you how she pines for the stage. But most of them haven't the nerve to try it. So you can well imagine that when they heard that Vivien and Larry Olivier would open in San Francisco in April in "Romeo and Juliet" (another rôle that every actress wants to play), and from there would go to Chicago and New York, that it didn't endear little Vivien to them one bit. "She gets all the breaks," they grumbled. Well, *Scarlett* might be a break, but *Juliet* certainly isn't. *Juliet*, dear Glamor Girls, is work.

Not many stars would be content to work all day at the studio (Vivien is now appearing in the re-make of "Waterloo Bridge"), and go home every night, worn and weary, just in time for a brief bite of dinner before starting rehearsals on "Romeo and Juliet" that are guaranteed to last well into the night. No dancing at Ciro's for Vivien, no gay parties with gay people, no delightful week-ends in the snow at Arrowhead or the desert at Palm Springs. No skiing, no tennis, no sunbathing. Just work, work, and more work. Gosh, you've got to admire a girl who thinks so much of her career that she is willing to sacrifice all pleasures and work at it day and night. But Hollywood doesn't think about the work part of it; Hollywood that can't see beyond those artificial lashes is only thinking of Vivien Leigh up there in a balcony, looking too beautiful for this world, and giving a performance that has the critics doing nip-ups all over again. And already they're filled with jealousy. Now if Vivien would only make a *bad* Juliet she could come back to Hollywood and make the clan. But she won't.

I'm afraid that Vivien Leigh, the little English girl who dropped in for a visit and stayed to pick up an Award, is going to be the pet hate of Hollywood movie stars for a long, long time. Of course, the minute she started work on "Waterloo Bridge" everyone said, "Well, now we can see just how good she really is. *Scarlett*, of course, was a natural." That will be one preview that will have Hollywood hanging from the rafters. And to be sure, many a Hollywoodite, remembering the evil fate that often pursues re-makes, has wise-cracked, "Leigh will meet her Waterloo." Nice people we are. But human.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

fided, her soft Southern voice, like Ann's own, gliding with terrific speed past every r. "I said: 'Good heavens, child, what are you going to do with that?' 'Gussie up my bedroom,' she replied, and starts cutting into the goods. My, I wouldn't dare be so reckless! But come and see what she did!"

Ann's bedroom had been what decorators call a "cold room," but Ann's inspiration had brightened it; she had made soft peach glass curtains for the windows and a heavy silk valance of deeper peach, the same silk being used for shades for the wall lights and dressing room table lamps.

"Then she did the dressing room in a lovely flowered silk in peach tones," Mrs. Rutherford exhibited the result, proudly.

"But did one of my jokes backfire?" chuckled Ann, bobbing into the room. "See my attempt at humor on the wall by that dressing table? I thought I'd tease my sister, so I cut out some of the flowers and pasted them lightly on the walls, expecting to tear them off after she had seen them. And will you look? The paste took the paint off the wall, so I had to leave my flowers up!"

You'd think it was a minor tragedy to hear Ann tell it, but actually the flowers give the room a decorator's touch.

"Well, it doesn't look as corny as it did, for a fact," commented Ann, beginning to be consoled. "But we're forgetting that you came over to hear about our Sunday brunches. You see, I simply never get any time off, except maybe a Sunday or so—that's why I have the kids in then. If we'd been working late Saturday, we sleep late and everybody comes trooping in around noon. The kids are simply mad about my creamed crab.

CREAMED CRAB

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 can crabmeat
- Paprika, salt and pepper

"You take your butter and flour and brown them in a pan over the fire. When thick, add the milk and keep stirring. When quite thick, add the crab and paprika (lots and lots of that!) and salt and pepper."

Ann's guests like potato pancakes too.

POTATO PANCAKES

- 4 potatoes
- 1 large Bermuda onion
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 tablespoons flour

"I grate the potatoes and onions," said Ann, "whip the eggs and milk and pour them into the potato mixture. That makes them a little too loose for frying, so I add the flour and if 2 tablespoons isn't enough, you must use your own judgment about adding more. Of course you add your salt and pepper to suit your taste. Have your skillet very hot. The pan usually holds about four of the pancakes and you flip 'em and flap 'em until they are really brown. This recipe usually makes about ten pancakes. You can serve bacon and eggs or tiny sausages if you aren't having crab.

"Talking about what to serve, I think just ordinary soup is so unimaginative! If I'm serving it, I take a can of, say Campbell's celery soup and Campbell's pea soup and mix 'em together. Or any two soups that aren't too far apart.

"I think serving fresh peas all by them-

selves looks stupid. So I take a piece of bread and pinch the corners so they will turn up and then toast it. It will make a sort of little cup. I put the peas in that with a chunk of butter."

"Ann knows more about cooking than I will ever know," contributed Ann's proud parent. "I go to the kitchen and turn around four times trying to decide what I'll do to feed my family, and by that time, Ann has everything thought out and ready to eat!"

"Mother's kidding you; she's a swell cook," laughed Ann.

"Oh, let me tell you about my pet salad! The one we're having today is a green salad, sort of a good standby, but I hadn't time to fix the one I want to tell SCREENLAND readers about. We call it

GRAPE SALAD A LA ANN

- 1 head of lettuce
- Blue Moon cream cheese
- Ripe pears
- Seedless grapes

"I take a chunk of lettuce as the base and fill it with cream cheese. Then I cut the pears in halves and paste them well with the cheese and press them down into the lettuce. Now comes the fancy part: the seedless grapes must be pressed down on the pear until they form bunches of grapes."

The Rutherford maid appeared just then with a plate of inviting sandwiches. Ann hovered over them with a critical eye.

"My favorite is here, I hope, I hope, I hope! Yes, it is. You take a hardboiled egg and mash it up; add a teaspoonful of Beechnut peanut butter and a tablespoon of Hellman's mayonnaise. That peps up the peanut butter and it's marvelous. And here's my avocado sandwich.

"You mash your avocado with celery, olives, and nuts, and oh, anything you have around—raisins, or figs or dates or something—and it makes the finest spread!

"The kids always want me to make Brownies for dessert."

BROWNIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 bars or 3 tablespoons Baker's chocolate, melted
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- ¾ cup Swansdown flour
- 1½ teaspoons Royal Baking powder
- 1 cup nuts chopped fine

Mix all the ingredients and bake in a 350 degree oven, and cut into two-inch squares.

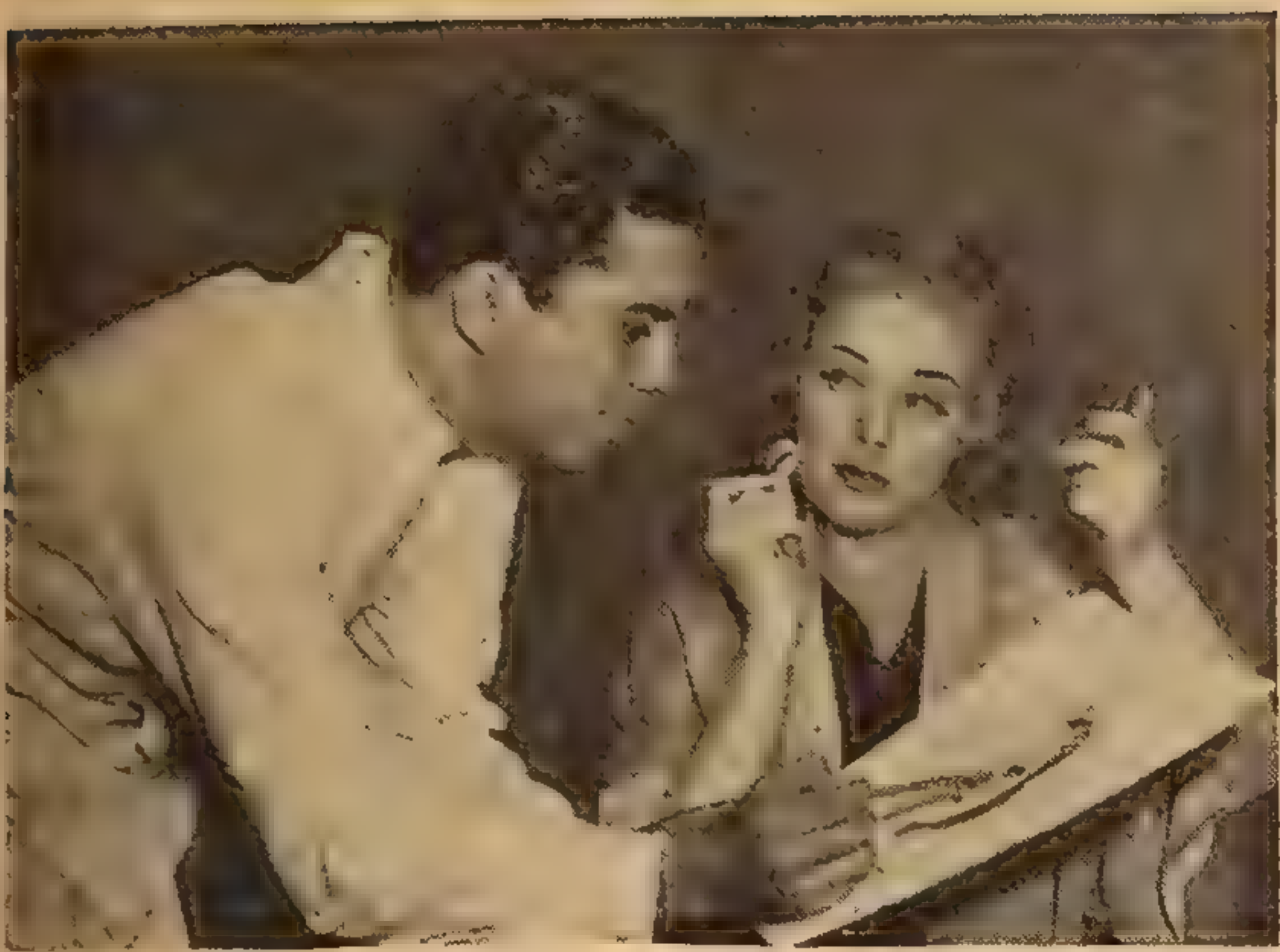
"I put whipped cream on top. Aren't you starving? Wish we had a flock of brownies this minute! Another thing we do the night before the kids are coming: we freeze a strawberry in each ice cube with which to dress up the fruit juice or ice tea we serve."

Ann drifted back to the living room and she suddenly cried out: "Mother! They've put my drums away again! Where are they? I must show Betty what a fine noise I can make."

Mrs. Rutherford confided that she was wicked enough to put away Ann's drums whenever Ann wasn't on the premises. "They clutter up the room so," she sighed, but the sigh was edged with a smile. "When Ann was a little girl, she longed for a drum. But I gave Ann and her sister piano lessons, because I thought that would be of more use to them. A little neighbor girl was taking lessons on the drum and Ann was so envious. 'Wait till I grow up!' she kept saying. And the first thing she bought with her own money was a drum."

By that time the big drum and the little drum had been dragged from their closet concealment and set up by Ann.

"Boom-boom-boom!" said the drums. Ann's mother shook her head above the racket, but Ann shouted and sang in time with the beats. She was supremely happy.



BUD WESTMORE creates Alice Faye's make-up with Westmore cosmetics.

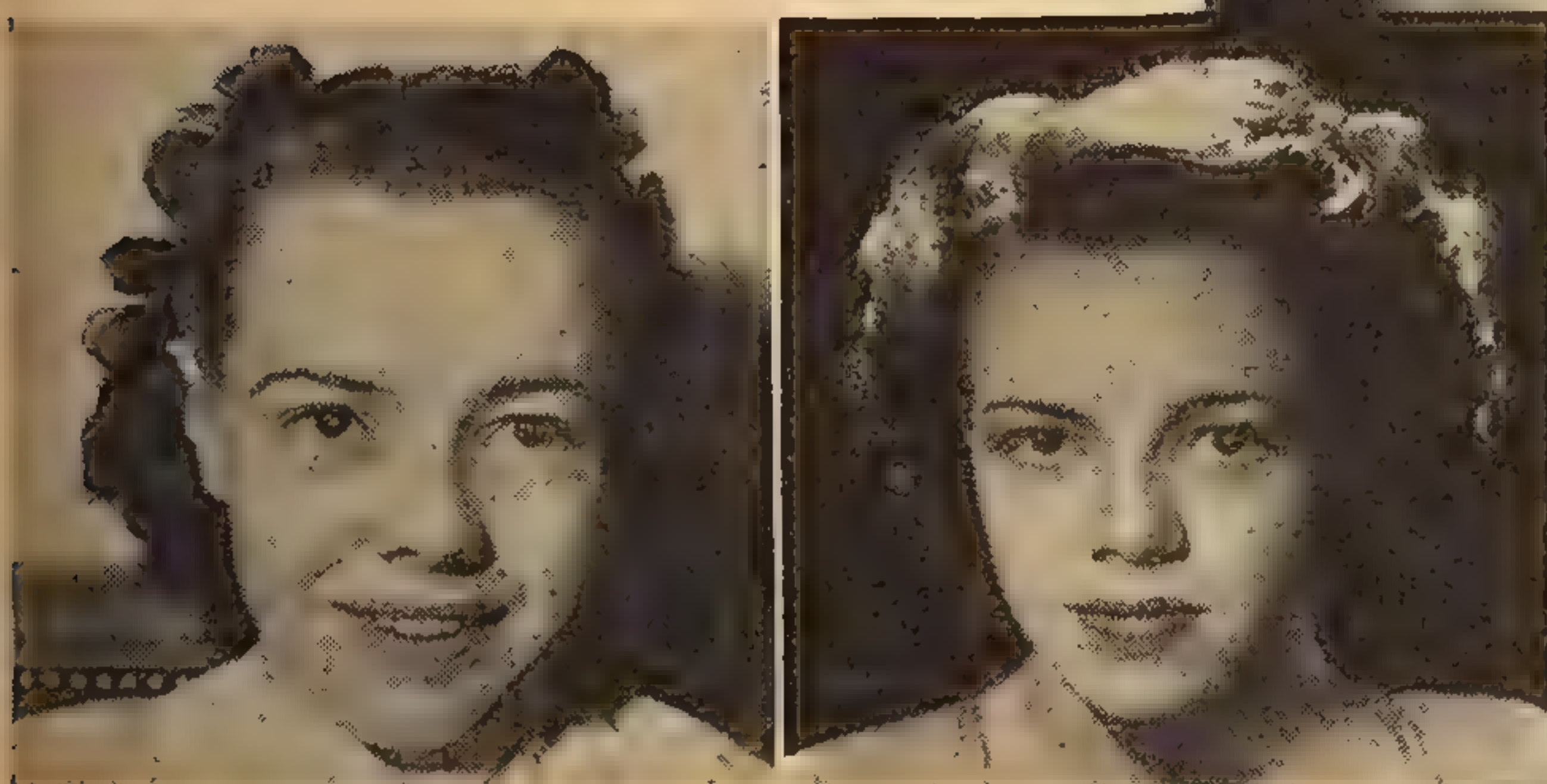
Alice Faye has the starring role of **LILLIAN RUSSELL** . . . first and greatest of the glamour girls . . . in the 20th Century-Fox picture of that name.

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COTY

Satisfy Your Suppressed Desires at the Movies!

Continued from page 24

like to do and can't—as did *Scarlett O'Hara* in 'Gone With the Wind.'

"A decent, upright, law-abiding citizen who would not for the world commit a questionable act, may go to the pictures where he sees characters do all sorts of things which he, in the rôle of the man known to himself and his friends, can never indulge in. It is impossible for him to do them, he has been too well brought up and conditioned. And yet, by a process of *empathy*, he unconsciously lives through these same experiences as his own, he identifies himself with the characters doing the very acts he would not do in the character of himself as known to his world. Thereby the repressed and hidden emotions, primitive desires, forgotten disappointments, which he may not be conscious of, are there, are given expression, and subside again or diminish, or even pass off altogether into thin air. Aristotle, again speaking for the Greek drama, called it a mental purge, or 'catharsis.' He especially felt that the tragedies were invaluable in purging the soul of sordid and base ideas and desires.

"And coming down to the movies," said Dr. Brill, "I think Aristotle's idea about the purifying effects of tragedy have been a potent part of the phenomenal success of Miss Bette Davis in her recent contributions of pictures with unhappy endings. Many of the Greek tragedies were tragedies of fate in which the individual was made to bow to the will of the gods. Miss Davis' skill in acting lifts the pictures in which she appears to heroic proportions attaining the effect of one of these ancient pieces. Miss Davis has been the first of our screen actresses to do the tragic thing supremely well. As *Judith Traherne* in 'Dark Victory' in which the heroine goes blind; as the *Empress Carlotta* in 'Juarez' in which she goes insane; as *Charlotte* in 'The Old Maid' in which she is forced to relinquish all claims to her unknowing daughter; and as *Elizabeth* in 'The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex,' in which she is forced to send her lover to the scaffold, she has brought to light a rare and forceful power of the screen to practice the healing art. There are many people who find release for their bound emotions in a tragic theme and many find escape from reality in the sorrowful theme as well as in the happy, or Pollyanna one, which we are accustomed to associate with escape. I would not say that Miss Davis' success means that there is a definite transfer of taste and trend from happy to unhappy endings as a general thing. Her work shows one of the infinite possibilities of the screen to satisfy every kind of emotional need."

In speaking of the beneficial influence of the motion pictures on the individual Dr. Brill discovered that people had an instinctive feeling for the type of picture that appeals to them, and that, as a matter of fact, almost any program of pictures strikes some familiar and pleasant chord in the audience.

Dr. Brill was the first to recognize in the movies the same great human device for the relief and the release of the inhibitions being forced by civilization on human beings, that the Greeks, and especially Aristotle, saw in the drama.

"When we were restrained by the necessity of living harmoniously together to give up most of our primitive impulses, we did not give them up altogether," Dr. Brill points out. "We created by-paths or substitutive ways of living through these primitive urges. One of the ways of living



Above, Dr. A. A. Brill, noted authority on human behavior, and chairman of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.

through these impulses is to make believe we live through them. This we have done in plays, and now are doing with movies. Baseball is another outlet, which exercises those primitive mechanisms which are dormant in all of us and which may spill over some time if we dam them up altogether."

Dr. Brill has been for many years interested in the work of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures in fostering a demand for better contributions to the screen. This demand paid for at the box office will do more for the permanent improvement of the screen than all of the screen censorship could possibly do is the policy of this large organization, which functions through "Better Film" committees everywhere. The National Board is one of the oldest and most persistent forces for the encouragement of a broad, tolerant and patient attitude towards the screen. Through weekly reviewing groups, every picture released is seen and is classified and rated according to excellence and audience suitability. Dr. Brill has recently been made chairman of this body to succeed Dr. George Kirchwey, the sociologist, and Dean of the Law School of Columbia University.

"I feel that much of the criticism on the part of the intelligentsia concerning the artistic standard of the movies is unfair," Dr. Brill believes. "The producers of pictures have accomplished miracles against great odds.

"I do not believe," states Dr. Brill, "in the necessity of censorship—because I feel that we all have within us a censorship of our own that is equal to our own problems. Children come under a little different heading than adults. It would be well if they could always go with their parents—but since they cannot, great protection is being offered them by the lists of suitable films provided by the National Board and other groups, which are being used widely by exhibitors. I have heard it said frequently that certain cases of juvenile crime have been traceable to the movies, but have never found it proved true."

It was now time for me to go, and I asked the pleasant grey-eyed psychiatrist with his small, pointed beard, and his interesting accent, if he would tell me in a word his idea of the movies for which he has such a profound admiration.

"They give us the world," he replied. And his eyes twinkled through his glasses.

Pictures by Patricia

Continued from page 63

and the shadows help the composition. "Taking pictures on sets is difficult because the reflection of lights creeps in, or the shadows are blacker than you expect. If I did my own printing, I could overcome those faults."

Over the teacups, Patricia confided that she sometimes has doubts of her own judgment about pictures. "When I was seventeen, the family had financial reverses, so I decided to make my fortune doing fashion sketches. I took them around to the big New York stores, and the next thing I knew I was fashion designer for one of them—they didn't care for my sketches but they *did* like my designs!"

Judy, the family dachshund, attempted to crash a nearby cabinet and brought Mexico again to mind, the cabinet being filled with souvenirs.

"We met Diego Rivera, the artist, and he gave me the tiny figures in red and gray clay—mother and child and woman with folded arms—for some reason his favorites. Indians dig them up from ancient ruins. Diego took us to see his murals; also to see his ex-wife, who lives in a palace filled with marvelous paintings. I found him most interesting. Mexicans say he embroiders his stories, but whether that's true or not, he's a splendid host and no dull moments drag by when you're with him.

"Later he took us to a little Indian village off the beaten track; it is nestled at the foot of some curious old cliffs that look as if they were made of horn and the little Indian huts are like straw stacks. Perhaps it doesn't sound romantic, but it's full of color and beauty, and that's where I'd like to have a vacation cabin. Tyrone bought an island, you know, because he had the same feeling.

"Oh, romance! We visited the palace of Chapultepec, and had dinner in the gardens of the palace where Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlotta once lived. It's a restaurant now and they serve meals in the gardens."

Patricia pointed out that her cathedral shots were all made with the idea of getting "angles." I went angle-mad sometimes and the results were quite wild, but there are a few interesting things. I like especially the shot of the old hymnal and the saint inside the cathedral. The fast lens was a great help on my street scenes and in this shot of Alex diving into a pool.

"Now that my pictures are developed, I can see exactly what's wrong with them—and I'm going back as soon as I can to try it again! What an excuse!"



Hedy Lamarr, screen's number one Glamor Girl, gets a haircut for her rôle as "the other woman" in her new film, "Boom Town."

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And So You Graduate!

To the sweet girl graduates and the brides—your charm is now more precious than ever, and beauty is, indeed, where you find it. Here are cues on where to look

By
Courtenay Marvin

BOTH you in your white graduation frock, awaiting that diploma that certifies to the world you've learned something, and you in your white wedding gown, awaiting that circlet of gold or platinum that certifies to the world you've learned where love lies, have something much in common. Before each lies a nice, big slice of life that you can take and make into something fine and successful or that you can accept merely as a matter of course and let Fate decide which way it's going to go.

You, and everybody else, for that matter, need all you can muster in the way of normal good looks, practical knowledge and experience and personality. And though this may look like a pretty big assignment at the moment, it truly isn't when you take yourself apart, bit by bit, do a lot of work on one angle of you, and leave well enough alone on another.

We begin down the scale, on the girls in their 'teens and work up to the brides, many perhaps still girls in their 'teens.

Judy Garland will keep her balance, and so will most of the graduates who are now finishing one chapter of their lives and about to turn to another, wonderingly, perhaps. Judy wears a suit in chalk-white linen, with red, white and blue trim, a red hat with yarn brim, navy gloves and shoes with scarlet hearts. Below, Judy at play at home.



School girl problems largely fall into three groups—hair, skin and figure. These are the things you fret and stew about, that make you long to exchange your little plain Jane face for that of a star, and that can give you a bad inferiority complex if you just sit and concentrate on yourself long enough. Yet—don't think you are the only girl who ever knew these pangs. You aren't. Not long ago, Lucille Ball, now a regular glamor girl, told me that youthful self-consciousness had all but ruined her life. "I was too high (she is a tall-girl), and my forehead was too low." Those were her words. However, she discovered that height is an asset and that a soft, loose curl over her forehead made you guess as to whether it was high or low. So that settled that. And that is the way to settle many of your worries, for some things won't change. But illusion will, and when you can't physically remedy a fault, then we use magic, which is illusion, and we actually do it with mirrors!

Suppose you have hair worries. Suppose your hair is mousey. Then we'll put some life and color in that hair and it won't be mousey any longer. We won't dye or henna, but we will brush it! That sounds dull, I know, but your hair won't look that way after a few weeks. And I'll bet that mother will even buy you a really good brush out of her own budget, if you ask for it. You'll brush long and hard, and count the strokes, just to be sure, and you'll put on a polish like the family best silver or mahogany. And you'll shampoo weekly or at least every ten days, and rinse and rinse out the shampoo. And if good grooming becomes important enough to you, between rinses you'll use a hair and scalp freshener, made especially for young heads, plus a creamy dressing that you apply ever so lightly to push in your waves and make lovelier, softer curls as well as to give your hair a real "make-up," an ultra-plus sparkle. If your hair is absolutely straight and without body, then a permanent in those ends is your solution. If it has a wave or curl, train in these beauty marks simply by first brushing at night and pushing in the waves or twirling into place those curls before you go to bed.

Some day, take off an hour before your mirror, and experiment with hair-dos. If you haven't any notions in your own head, skim through the pages of this magazine, and see what you see. Try hair off your forehead, in a bang effect, up from the sides, down from the sides, everything you can think of, and something good will come out of this hour. Hard, artificial waves, curls or arrangements are out for everybody, and especially for you.

And now your skin. Soap-and-water should be your theme song, but all skin needs cream also, and so do you. Maybe you are already a good girl who really cleanses her face thoroughly twice daily. Then be better and do it three times, and I don't mind if that third cleansing, say about noon or afternoon, isn't as thorough as night and morning. Now and then, every skin and especially that which is not so good, needs a good, rousing cleansing and for this purpose comes one preparation in the form of granules that you use for washing your face. It's splendid, especially when you have a tendency to break out, look rough or muddy, and for that bane of all skin, blackheads. This, plus your favorite soap and a nice cream, especially suited to your skin, as opposite, and you ought to get off to a good start on skin cleanliness.

If you're ever going to know an acne condition, you'll probably know it in your 'teens. It's heartbreaking, I know, but you can control it with persistent care. And please try, or it may scar and disfigure that young skin forever. Any serious case should have the attention of a doctor immediately,

(Continued on page 88)

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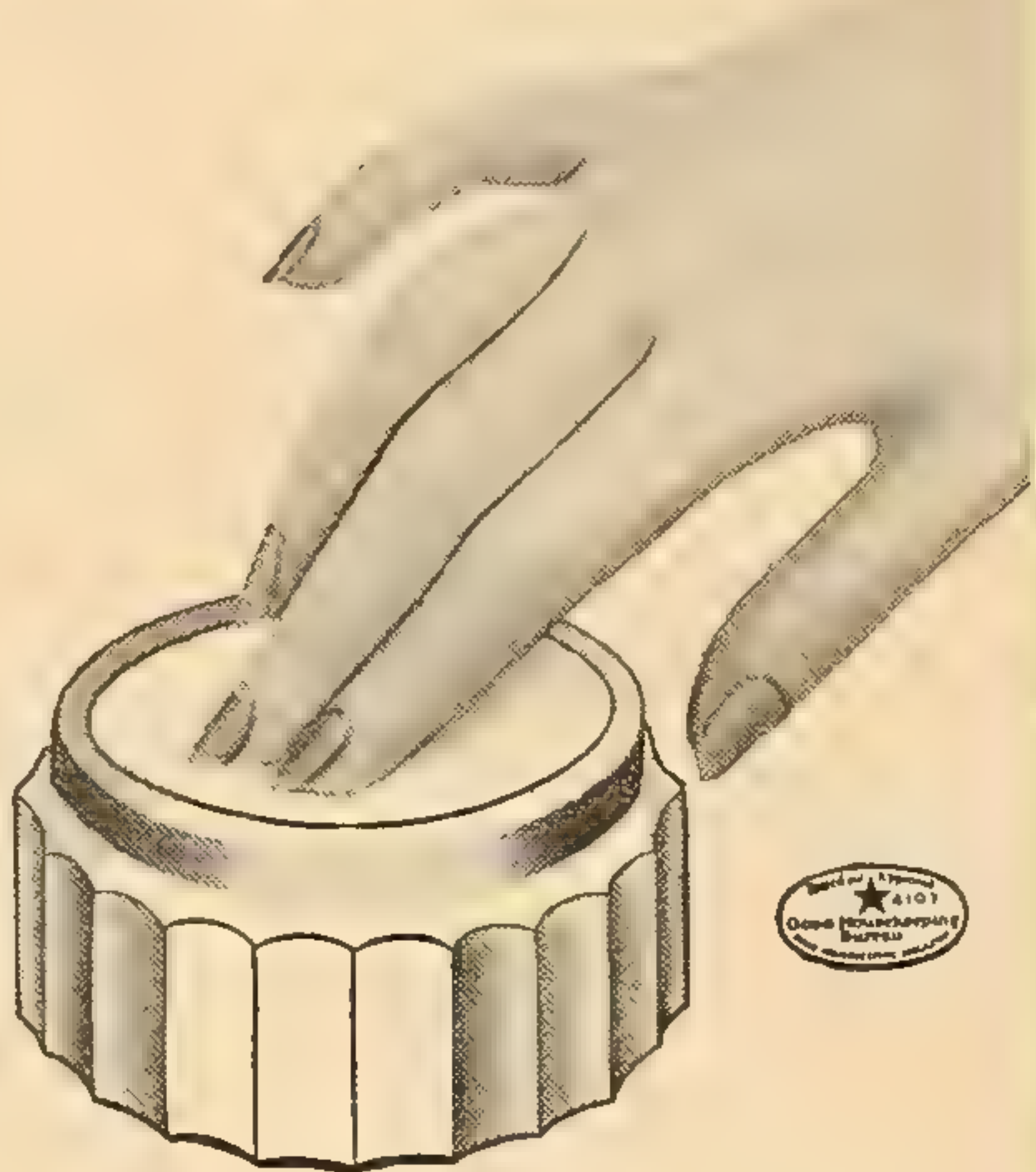
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What Will Norvell Predict for You?

Continued from page 59

he became a glittering star in that constellation which is Hollywood.

If you will recall, in the February issue of SCREENLAND I predicted that Vivien Leigh would be divorced, and that she and Laurence Olivier would in all likelihood marry. Only recently both stars filed for divorce and they have announced they will be married as soon as possible. This was clearly shown in both their horoscopes months before it occurred. I predict marriage happiness and continued success on the screen for Olivier.

As a rule it takes Gemini persons a year or two to really get started in their chosen work—then when they once begin to win recognition, they seldom ever drop back into past obscurity. Such is the case of John Payne, born May 28. He was lucky enough to ride the stellar waves to fame during the current success cycle of Gemini, and I predict that he is one of Hollywood's best bets for stardom in 1940. John is at the same place in his career as Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor were only a few short years back. With his singing ability and appeal to the ladies, John Payne is definitely assured of a top spot in the Hollywood roster of stars in the future. As you know, he married Anne Shirley a few months back and he seems to have found the romantic happiness every Gemini person so avidly seeks. I predict a little John Jr. in 1940.

Those of you born in this sign might wonder about your own romantic destiny in the future. It is true that many times those born in this sign find unhappiness in marriage, but when they once know the problems that confront them and probe their dual natures, they can overcome mistakes in love and marriage. If you are a Gemini ask yourself these questions and answer them honestly: "Am I too dominating? Stubborn? Flighty? Talkative? Fickle?" You may not answer "Yes" to all these questions, but it's a certainty that you occasionally give in to perverse moods that might bring defeat in love and marriage. You can co-operate with your stars by choosing someone born in one of the following compatible signs: Libra, (Allan Jones and Carole Lombard are typical of this sign). Aquarius, (Clark Gable and Judith Barrett are Aquarius-born). Scorpio, (Dick Powell and Hedy LaMarr are Scorpio types).

The proof that Gemini-born can find happiness when they marry the right signs is in the following marriages that have lasted. Basil Rathbone and his charming wife, Ouida, lead the social set of Hollywood and are perfect examples of conjugal bliss. Don Ameche has been married to his childhood sweetheart for a long time, has a happy home and three young sons. That marriage shows every sign of lasting forever. Then there's Bob Hope, another versatile Gemini who's been married for some time. He is more than apt to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary with the present Mrs. Bob Hope.

There are so many Gemini stars that we cannot analyze them all individually, but following is a list of many of your Gemini favorites on the screen and predictions for their futures:

Jeanette MacDonald: Greater success on the screen and in her concert tours.

Ralph Bellamy: Marriage success and better parts in the future.

Lola Lane: Another marriage before the end of 1941 and happiness.

Priscilla Lane: Marriage in latter part of 1940; will continue on screen.

Robert Preston: Marriage in 1941, continued success.

Just as there is a certain destiny for the Sign of Gemini, so is there an entirely different fortune for those born in other signs of the Zodiac. In order to find out what the planetary indications are for you this month, check below and find your birth sign—then consult the advice and information under that section.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Better vibrations exist this month for business and finances. Grasp opportunities that may come your way, seek changes through friends, and do not hesitate in assuming any new responsibilities that come your way. Favors from executives may be expected, and this month may even bring a raise in pay. There are apt to be dangers through the emotions which means you must be careful who claims your heart this month. Certainly enough temptations exist, but no definite decision should be made in this department of your life as yet. Social activities, entertaining and visiting relatives are favored. The good days this month are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 25th. The other days are somewhat adverse for new ventures, finances, or business changes. Curb the temper, avoid overindulgence and watch out for accidents on the adverse days.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

A marvelous month for new developments in your life. The planet Uranus favors new and expansive ideas in your work—you may be more than casually interested in seeking a new job. This planet may also take you into another locality to live. The favorable aspects of Jupiter and Venus might cause some unexpected good fortune from some public official, doctor, lawyer, or executive. Progression mentally is also noted. News may come through a letter of some important event about to transpire. Favors contracts, signing of papers, leases, and deals in real estate. Also good for hospitals, schools, dealing with public officials, and buying or selling. Those interested in going into an independent business have the aggressive vibrations of Mars to help them this month. Some little danger to the health from nervousness or overwork. Watch the health and diet in the last two weeks. Romance thrives and brings completion in the love life. Children are favored and all activities of the home come under favorable aspects. The good days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 28th. The other days are somewhat negative and favor only routine matters.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

A better month in many ways than last—that is for the romantic side of your life. Some confusion may still exist about business and money matters. Extravagant tastes must be curbed this month, for money will be too easily spent. Vibrations from Neptune may produce some mysterious event in the social or romantic side of life. Avoid involvements with those married or in other ways hampered in love. A good time to build future plans, use the creative talents you have been gifted with. Music, art, dancing, radio work, or acting are favored for Gemini. A short trip may take you on a visit to friends or relatives. A good month to become engaged or to marry. Be careful of deceit or treachery in business.

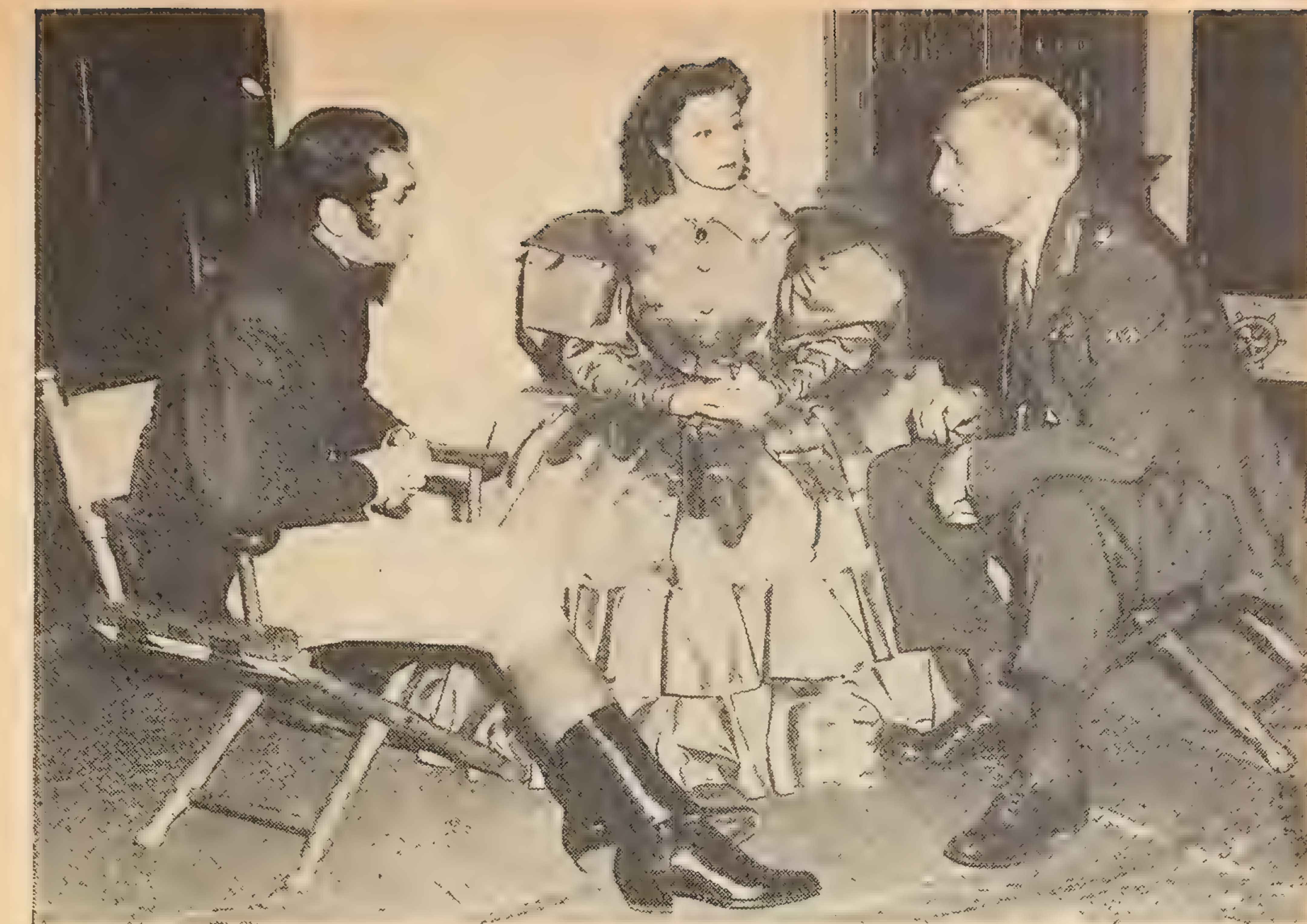
and friendship. Avoid assuming the obligations of others. The health should be fairly good, although Mars may cause stomach disturbance in the second week of this month. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 28th, 30th. The other days are slightly adverse. Use caution in business and avoid complications in love.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

This month produces mixed vibrations for your sign. Jupiter brings you a tendency to progress through your work, but the cautiousness of your sign causes you to sidestep the issue, and to bury yourself in the background. Develop your progressive and executive tendencies. Those in secretarial, teaching, clerical, and nursing lines come under favorable vibrations. Those engaged in artistic work, such as beauticians, designers, interior decorators, writers, etc., face a productive period, new ideas, and original methods of execution. Attend to personal habits, beautifying yourself, changing the home, and progressing in romance, for Uranus, the planet of changes, sends some disturbing vibrations to your sign. Love affairs may cause concern—you may lose someone you dearly love, or some other problem might arise that is difficult to solve. The days most favored for business and romance are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 27th, 29th. The other days are negative. Use caution in vehicles—avoid overeating, watch the health, and avoid quarrels in the home.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

This month should just suit your personality and character. It is one that requires drive and determination to carry you through the month, but with the sun as your ruler, and symbolized by the lion, you



Norvell predicts happiness in marriage and continued screen success for Laurence Olivier, pictured above with Greer Garson, and C. Aubrey Smith. Greer and Olivier are costumed for co-starring rôles in "Pride and Prejudice," and Smith for a featured part in "Waterloo Bridge."

like a good scrap and generally come out the winner. This struggle applies especially to the romantic side of life. Some trying problem may hound you at this time—you may be worried as to the outcome of a love affair, or wonder if you can win the one of your choice. In this case there are apt to be some overwhelming odds, but if you use your charm and magnetism you can win

anyone you set your heart on. As to finances, there may be a shortage of money, as usual. You still may be learning how to take care of your money. This month brings opportunity for advancement or change. The chances are excellent that you will get another position paying better money. The month favors work dealing with the public, such as sales work, or



Eyes turn to You



A breath of eternal spring, a lyric fragrance tender as young dreams. Eyes turn, and are captured. Once again you have woven a spell with Evening in Paris... the fragrance of romance. Evening in Paris Perfume, \$1.10 to \$10.00. Face Powder, \$1.00.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK



The time has come for Beech-Nut Gum

Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with Beech-Nut Gum. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oral-gum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.) . . . famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

Beech-Nut Gum



work in dress shops, beauty shops, hotels, night clubs, radio stations, doctor's or dentists' offices. Your stars bring you into good favor in the latter part of the month. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th. The other days are only slightly negative.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

The planet Mercury brings you new ideas for promoting your welfare, and under these vibrations there should be decided benefits come through employment. This sign favors staying in one place of employment for some time, and being promoted through your natural abilities. Take action in any new business venture you may have planned at this time for, if you wish to make a change, this month is favorable. Venus, the planet of romance, brings you a continued love affair with some one already in your life. It does not favor the return of an old sweetheart. Long-delayed plans in love and marriage may materialize at this time. The home life, and especially relatives, may cause some concern. Try to unload some of the heavy responsibility resting on your shoulders. A good month for investments in stocks, or real estate, but not so good for oil, or gold mining speculation. Social activities may be more pronounced, and happiness comes from close friends. Travel by land is favored. Watch the health and diet during the month, as nervous rays from the planet Mercury cause high mental tension. This may affect the stomach. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 8th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

This month brings changeable conditions in your life. Some little disturbance is due, owing to afflictions of Mars. This affects the departments of love and marriage. If you watch your tongue and temper you may overcome this trying period. Until the 15th, watch your step in love. Someone may come into your life who intrigues you greatly, but it may not be the right person—so be cautious. Business prospects should be better, employment is assured, but no great benefits can be expected at this time. Favors the following lines: investment and insurance business, real estate, banking, wholesale distributors, accounting, bookkeeping, teaching, and the automotive trades. Favorable days this month are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th. Other days neutral.

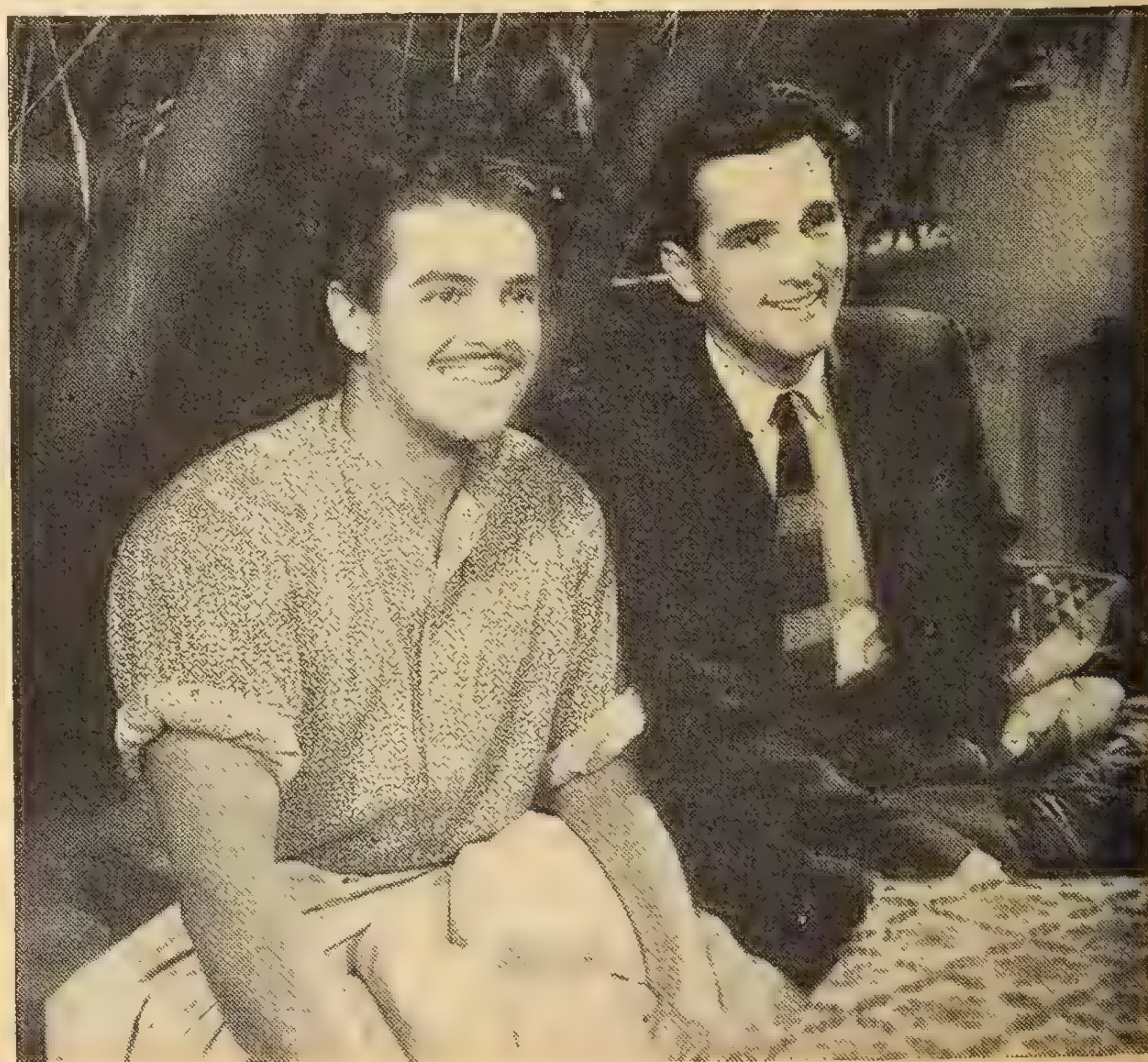
Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

The month is ushered in with a shower of good aspects for your sign. You may not know just which way to turn, but with these planetary aspects you can definitely progress in your work and come into a better situation financially. You should be able to get more money and stay out of debt from now on. Mars gives you courage to go ahead in new fields—it favors selling merchandise, radio work, newspapers, advertising, beauty products, and those working in hospitals, dentists' offices and public institutions. Caution must be used in the steps you take in love and marriage. Emotions are apt to rule. Avoid haste in your choice, for some new and interesting love affair may come into your life before the month ends. Attend to investments, and matters connected with insurance, financing, banking, etc. Watch the health on the 5th, 9th, and 21st. Be cautious in dark places, and avoid intoxicating liquors. Good days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. There are few negative or adverse days.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The planet Jupiter favors most of this month for you. This is true in the business world especially. Your capable nature and efficiency should win promotion at this time. Strive for the highest in your line of work, for you have earned it. Money does not flow in abundance yet, but with Jupiter well-aspected there should be a gradual increase in salary. Travel to another city if you wish for work, or you may stay where you are. Someone in business may help you gain a cherished goal this month. Meet the public, and do any work where it is necessary to use the personality. The month is good for all creative work also. If interested in music, art, writing, radio work, you may have one or more chances to express your latent talents. Venus brings love, but your independent nature might restrain the emotions. You can find happiness in love, but do not let a career cloud your vision. Those single may meet someone romantically inclined. Those married may have trifling problems that can be easily overcome. The health should be good; relatives may cause some concern. Mars brings some danger of a secret enemy in the business world—avoid overeating, temper, and overwork. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 30th. All other days of the month are neutral and favor routine action.

Robert Cummings told Norvell that he had only toyed with the idea of astrology until he actually saw the prediction made by his mother, that he would some day be a star, come true.



Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Business opportunities that you should be prepared to grasp may present themselves this month. The somewhat severe afflictions of Saturn should have subsided in your life, giving you a breathing spell for the first time in months. Money may come unexpectedly from some source. Employment is favored. Although some restlessness may exist it is of a progressive type—causing you to seek changes, move to new locations, and in general to better your life. Some confusion may exist in the love life. It is more than likely that you have made no definite decision about anyone in your life. The month may bring one or more romances, but a decision regarding marriage is still somewhat premature. Mix socially, avoid too many family obligations, and seek entertainment and amusements this month. Favorable days: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 25th, 28th.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

The vibrations of the Sun and Jupiter favor the mental activities in your life this month. New and progressive ideas should come regarding your work, and for advancing your personal interests. A good month to plan going into another business, or even going into business for yourself. Progress may come through business executives or persons romantically interested in you. A person of means may take a sudden interest in you and your affairs. Money matters improve somewhat, and the future appears generally brighter under these aspects. Watch out lest confusion and discord enter the home, as the house ruling families shows some disturbances of Mars. This can be avoided by being tactful. Love fulfillment is shown at this time. If you still have not made up your mind regarding the present romance this month may bring someone else who sways the emotions. Favorable days: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th. The other days are somewhat negative for new ventures and romance.

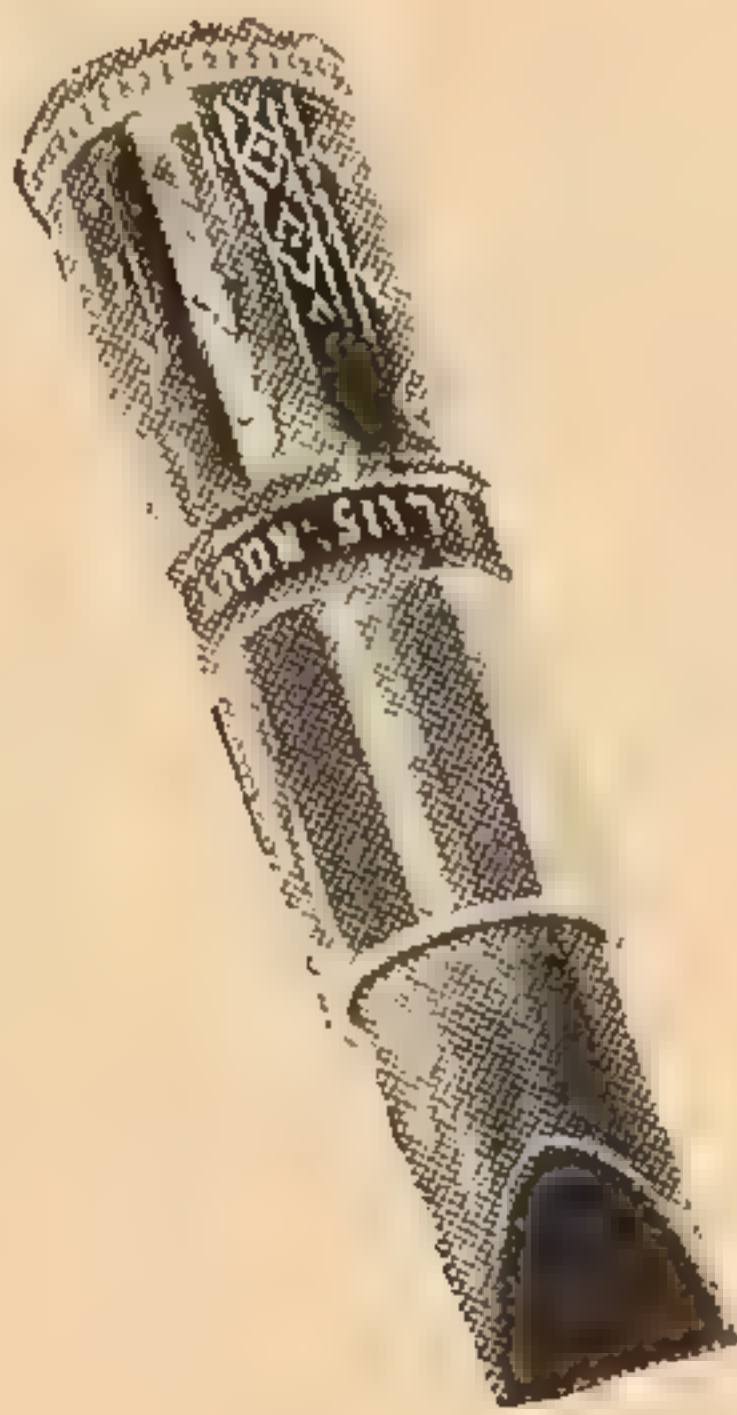
Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Your independent nature may bring about a crisis in love during this month. Use caution in what you say or do, for Mars and Saturn bring disturbing rays that might cause you to act hastily and regret leisurely. The prospects in business are only fair—in secretarial work, beauty parlors, clerical and nursing activities, Mercury, Mars and Neptune bring favorable opportunities to win recognition, but in general nothing of a startling nature occurs in working conditions at this time. Handle your money cautiously; avoid being too extravagant; avoid losses of personal jewelry and money in the first two weeks of this month. The month favors writing letters, moving place of residence, social activities, short trips for vacationing purposes or visits to friends and relatives. Also a good month for meeting members of the opposite sex, seeking a new romance, or becoming engaged. Those who are under twenty-two should use caution in romance, for hasty decisions are not favored. Those married may experience discord and confusion. Divorce is not favored at this time. The health is favored, avoid indigestion, overeating, and drinking. Keep regular hours, and much difficulty can be avoided. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th.

A SPECIAL READING FOR YOUR BIRTH MONTH

Everyone has a different character—a different destiny. To find out what YOUR destiny is consult your own individual horoscope for your birthdate.

NIGHT★TIME Kisses Can Happen in the DAY



**Special Type
LIPSTICK
Gives You
NIGHT-TIME
GLAMOUR
in Harsh Daylight!**



THE night was made for love . . . because that's when you look your loveliest! But use this amazing, *special type* lipstick and — night or day — your lips can have the warm, tempting, teasing color that seems to beg for kisses.

Louis Philippe created this flattering lipstick — color-blending it in a special way so that its shades won't turn cold and hard in daylight.

It's the sun's violet rays that make daylight so cruel to your beauty. And that's why all colors used in Louis Philippe Lipstick must pass the violet light test . . . and *prove* that, day or night, they'll give your lips glorious, warm tones that are utterly young, natural and glamorous.

Louis Philippe Lipstick will amaze you in other ways, too. It stays on for hours. You can smoke, eat or drink

hot coffee — you can even surrender your lips to an ardent kiss — and still you need not fear that this wonderful lipstick will smear or smudge.

In fact, there's a startling test which proves how perfect, how lasting Louis Philippe Lipstick is . . .

MAKE THE ELBOW TEST

Put some Louis Philippe Lipstick on the skin inside your elbow. Let it set a minute — then wipe off the excess. Bend your arm back and forth vigorously several times.

Now examine the patch of lipstick and you'll see that it hasn't smeared, smudged, nor lined — even in the natural creases of your skin at the elbow. Notice, too, that water does not affect it . . . you must remove this lipstick with cold cream!

Of course, you'll want the lipstick that can pass such an amazing test.

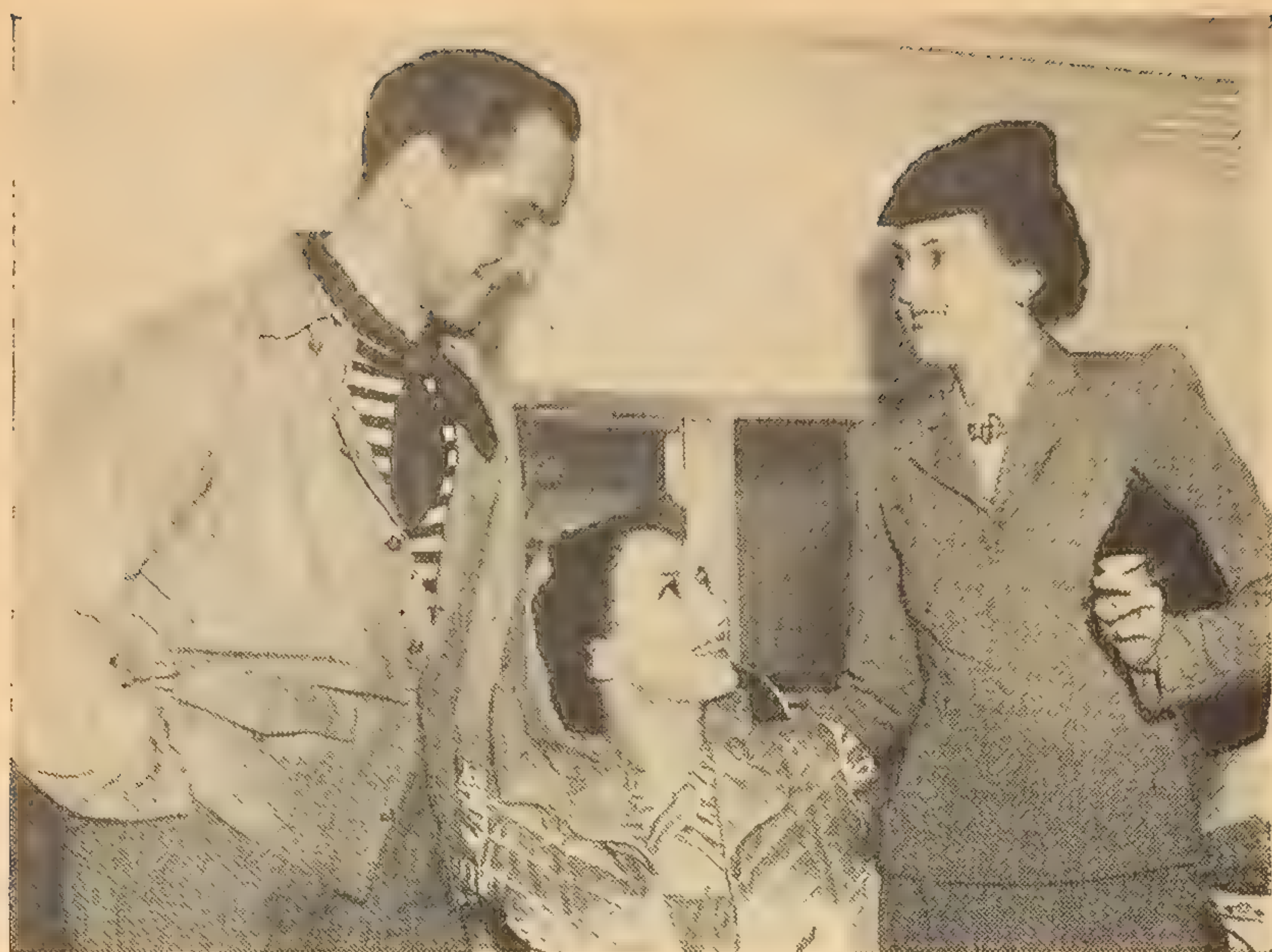
But to have a completely enchanting make-up, get Louis Philippe Rouge and Face Powder, too . . . ask for harmonizing shades by the same color number. They, also, are color-blended by the same special process so that their lovely shades won't turn cold and hard.

And that's why Louis Philippe Make-Up works a miracle of glamour for you. Night or day, it gives you the seductive color — the soft radiance — usually seen only in romantic evening light.

**LOUIS
PHILIPPE**



LOUIS PHILIPPE LIPSTICK, COMPACT ROUGE & REFILL,
FACE POWDER AND ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT.



Joan Crawford had a birthday while making "Susan and God," in which she's co-starred with Fredric March, and Mrs. March (Florence Eldridge) joined her husband and other well-wishers to make it a happy day for Joan.

A Big Date with Jeffrey Lynn

Continued from page 23

figures a week, besides her trip to Europe last year—wanting to be me, just a writing girl?) "All you'd have to do to meet him is to ask for an interview!"

Actually, the thought had never occurred to me before. All these years in Hollywood—and I'd never known my own power! Here was something I could do, and quite naturally under the guise of business, that even a movie actress couldn't do. The more I thought of the idea the more fascinating it became. So quite casual-like I let drop a little hint out at Warner Brothers Studios that I would like very much to meet Jeffrey Lynn—for an interview. And I did—but he was so busy on the set making love to Bette Davis that he didn't have time to talk and asked if he might call me sometime later.

And presto, three nights later Jeffrey telephoned and said he wasn't doing anything that evening, and if I'd like he'd call around and we'd have dinner and perhaps some fun. It didn't matter that it was the night of the Academy Award Dinner and I'd promised Vivien Leigh to be on hand to see her win the award (that is, if she got the award—and she did). I said without the slightest hesitation, "Why, of course, I'd love to."

Jeffrey had no sooner hung up than I was calling Miss Movie Star who has such a yen for Jeffrey. "You're going to the Academy Award Dinner tonight, of course," I purred over the telephone. "And you'll be wearing something gorgeous designed by Adrian or Irene."

"Yes," she admitted.

"Well," I said, "if Jeffrey Lynn called up instead and asked you to have dinner with him, and wear something comfortable in which you could have some fun—what would you say?"

"Why, I'd forget the Academy Award Dinner in a minute," she replied. "They're stuffy things anyway with long speeches—why?"

"Because that's what I just did!" I said, and hung up quickly before she could catch her breath.

The phone rang all the time I was singing in my bath—I knew how curious she must be—but I went blithely on and let it ring. At seven o'clock the chimes rang in the hall—and I ran down the stairs to admit Mr. Jeffrey Lynn, who looked even more handsome than he did the first time I saw him on the screen way back in "Four Daughters"—and was so impressed.

I'd heard he was born in Massachusetts of Puritan ancestry—and was not without that New England reserve. That he didn't care for frivolity or fun, and would at times draw right into his shell and be very serious and conservative. But I was to find Jeffrey as natural a young man as any girl could wish for, with a delightful sense of humor, and an affability that would place him right on top of any preferred date list.

"Hope you don't mind 'these,'" he laughed, pointing to his sideburns. "I'm wearing them in this new picture," he apologized. I told him I thought they were very nice—and before I could say another thing, he suddenly grabbed my arm and whirled me around in the general direction of the kitchen—from which came the odor of burning pork chops!

"Oh, my goodness!" I exclaimed—and rushed to the rescue. Simultaneously the kitchen alarm clock began ringing and the door chimes made it a duet. I found the cook all in a dither over the chops—and came back to find Jeffrey talking to next-door-neighbor Stuart Erwin's butler—who'd come over to complain that our dog was barking through the hedge and scaring their cats out of seven of their nine lives.

What a setting—my lilac perfume was permeated with the aroma of scorched pork chops—and I had to go out and frantically call the family hound to come in and leave the cats alone.

"Before anything else happens, let's go!" said Jeffrey, picking up my coat and throwing it around my shoulders and bundling me right out the door into his car—a big sports convertible in two tones of green. And off we went.

Jeffrey drove to a charming little place tucked away in the hills—called "Tail O' the Cock." "The name came from cocktail turned around," he explained after we'd chosen a corner table by a window looking out onto the twinkling lights blanketing the city below.

Glancing over the menu, he suggested a New York steak—saying they were excellent and that the baked potatoes were just like his mother bakes up in their farmhouse in New England. I ordered the steak—but the waiter prevailed on Jeffrey to order something very foreign-sounding cooked in wines. When it came he didn't like it—so I cut my steak in half and we shared it.

From no place at all, it seemed, a camera

bulb flashed, nearly blinding us. And we discovered that the studio had sent a photographer sleuthing after us. "Don't mind me," he said. "I just thought I'd take a picture or two—if you don't mind."

I murmured something about "two being company and three a crowd" but he didn't take the hint. So I tried to forget that he was along—as much as possible. But at the most unexpected moments *flash* would go a bulb. After a while he became a habit.

As we left the Tail O' the Cock a friend of Jeffrey's stopped us at the door. "Do you know what night this is?" he asked.

"Yes, Thursday night, February 29, 1940—Academy Award Dinner—and—" began Jeffrey.

"It's Leap Year night," came the announcement, "and not a safe night out for any bachelor. Mark my word!"

Here I'd been saving up names for Leap Year ever since Christmas—never hoping I'd be so lucky as to have one of the movies' most eligible bachelors right in the palm of my hand, so to speak. But Jeffrey squelched such a thought. "I don't believe in Leap Year tactics," he said. "If a man's interested in a girl he'll seek her out. The minute a girl goes to pursuing a man, he loses interest."

So that was that—but somehow I just couldn't get Leap Year out of my mind, seeing it comes only every fourth year—and this being it.

"Tell you what let's do—let's go down to the beach and go on the giant racer," said Jeffrey, buttoning up his coat against the early spring breeze. "I haven't been there for years. Would you like to do that?"

"I'd love it," I said, thinking of the possibilities a ride on a giant racer with Jeffrey Lynn offered—surely he wouldn't let a girl fall out of the racing contraption.

At Venice, we parked our car unobtrusively and sallied forth down the amusement pier. I noted that Jeffrey's very tall and very handsome with brown wavy hair and hazel eyes and dimples when he smiles. He has a way of tucking your arm under his—like he's glad you're along—and takes the initiative in suggesting things to do. First we tried the Dodge-em autos—and hit everything on the floor, once completely taking the breath out of the both of us. "Are you hurt—or are you all right?" he asked, after we'd hit the railing with such a terrific bang. But I assured him I was still in one piece—whether I looked it or not.

Across the walk I saw a fortune teller, and said boldly, "Jeffrey, let's have our fortunes told." Jeffrey was skeptical—but secretly I wanted to see if his future held out any hope for writing girls, seeing's how this was Leap Year and all. So I coaxed him to go in. The clairvoyant asked our birthdates—Jeffrey's being February 16th and mine September 1st—and then told us that astrologically speaking we were compatible; that Jeffrey would have to make an important decision of the heart within three months, and that for ten dollars apiece she'd tell us more! What about my Leap Year prospects, I ventured—and she said that would cost an extra \$5—so I decided to leave it up to Fate as to whether there are any writing girls in Jeffrey Lynn's present, past, or future.

Like *Gabby* in "Gulliver's Travels," a newsy had been running up and down the pier shouting, "Jeffrey Lynn is on the pier—Jeffrey Lynn is on the pier!"—and when we came out of the mystic's there were mobs of people to see Jeffrey. First thing he was surrounded by people with pencils and paper for autographs and I was left straggling on the outer edge of the crowd—my usual accustomed place at bargain basement sales and parades.

Jeffrey was furiously signing away when he remembered something he'd forgotten.

Stepping on a box, he peered over the crowd and located me. "Hey, that's my girl friend out there!" he protested—whereupon several gallant youths grabbed me by the arms and elbowed me right through the middle of the crowd up to Jeffrey. Jeffrey then took out his pipe and puffed in perfect comfort as he signed autographs for a half hour.

Now if you think Jeffrey's strictly a romantic heart throb on the screen, don't be fooled. For there were as many boys and men as girls who crowded up for his signature. Jeffrey has that same swell something in his smile that Gable has.

At the salt water taffy stand he purchased a five pound box and from then on he gave a kiss to every girl he saw—and I had a dozen—candy ones, I mean. In the penny arcade we consulted the Hindu mystic, who for a penny gave Jeffrey a card that said he was a "G-Type"—and further, "You have more force than most people and continued failure is unknown in your hand."

So in such a forceful mood we took a ride in the roller coaster—and I did a Martha Raye, which Jeffrey said must have been heard from Venice to Santa Monica. But one thing—be assured that if you ever go coaster-riding with Jeffrey Lynn and scream loud enough, he'll hang on to you—which will make you feel very Priscilla Lane-ish, if you get what I mean. From there on we tried the whirly-gig bucket—and went up in the air and round and round to emerge the dizziest couple on the beach. On the merry-go-round, Jeffrey became quite expert as a trick rider and rode backwards catching the brass rings for another ride.

At the shooting gallery, he amazed even me by hitting everything in sight—and I came away with a Charlie McCarthy and a

Mae West and a golden dog and a green cat. At the Casino Gardens we joined in the Leap Year dance, and without a doubt Jeffrey is the smoothest dancer in all Hollywood. He doesn't go into a strangle hold or clinch you when you step on the floor, but with perfect ease and grace you just naturally lose yourself with him in the rhythm of the music—be it swing, rhumba, or waltz time. He smiles and talks a bit—and looks into your eyes—and holds your hand warmly and reassuringly—ah, me!

We danced every dance—and of course there was plenty of excitement about a movie actor being present in person. The manager asked if he'd say a few words to the crowd.

"Well, we're just here like the rest of you, to dance," he said after the cheers and applause had subsided. And we did—everyone being very swell about not asking for autographs or anything. Though I knew there were dozens of girls who would have liked to use their Leap Year prerogative and ask for a dance.

On the way home I congratulated Jeffrey on his being selected as the actor likely to win the greatest fame in 1940 by the Newspaper Film Critics of America—which had been announced in the morning's papers.

"I'll have to cut it out and send it to Dad," he commented. "For years Dad thought I was making a mistake in trying to become an actor. I'm the second of eight children and we lived on a farm, working hard to make a livelihood. Dad was afraid I'd never make a living in this profession. But both of my parents and all of my brothers and sisters are happy about the luck I'm having now."

"I had a pretty hard time of it at first, and for years for that matter. I studied law in school—earning my way through, doing all sorts of jobs from sweeping dormitory

floors to cutting lawns and shoveling snow. I studied dramatics, because every good lawyer has to be a good actor to convince juries. That's how I became interested in the theater."

"I joined little theater groups and taught school for a couple of years—then went to New York to take a real fling on Broadway. There had never been an actor in our family, and my Dad was dubious. But I didn't crash Broadway with a bang at all. I had to begin ushering in a newsreel theater. Then I spent a summer in stock. Then I played understudy to the juvenile lead in a Broadway play—and bits. Then another season in stock at Bar Harbor, Maine. On my return to New York that fall I couldn't find a job on the stage, but finally I located one in Macy's bargain basement."

"But hard luck can't go on forever. I was signed for the No. 1 road company of 'Brother Rat'—and when we played in Los Angeles Metro had me make a screen test. Warner Brothers saw the test, and I was signed to a contract. This is my third year in Hollywood."

"I hope you'll remain a bachelor star for a long time—they're so in demand and so few," I remarked, not mentioning the fact that when Gable, Tyrone Power, and Robert Taylor all up and married they left half of feminine America without an eligible star to whom they could give their complete adoration. Jeffrey Lynn's photographs have replaced those of the married stars by hundreds—young girls not thinking it good taste to have Carole Lombard's or Annabella's husband in silver frames on their dressing tables. But after giving Jeffrey all this valuable professional advice, he replied that he wasn't so sure—for if the right girl came along, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to resist her."

"PEPSI AND PETE" THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

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"I MAKE SURE EACH BOTTLE HOLDS 12 FULL OUNCES!"

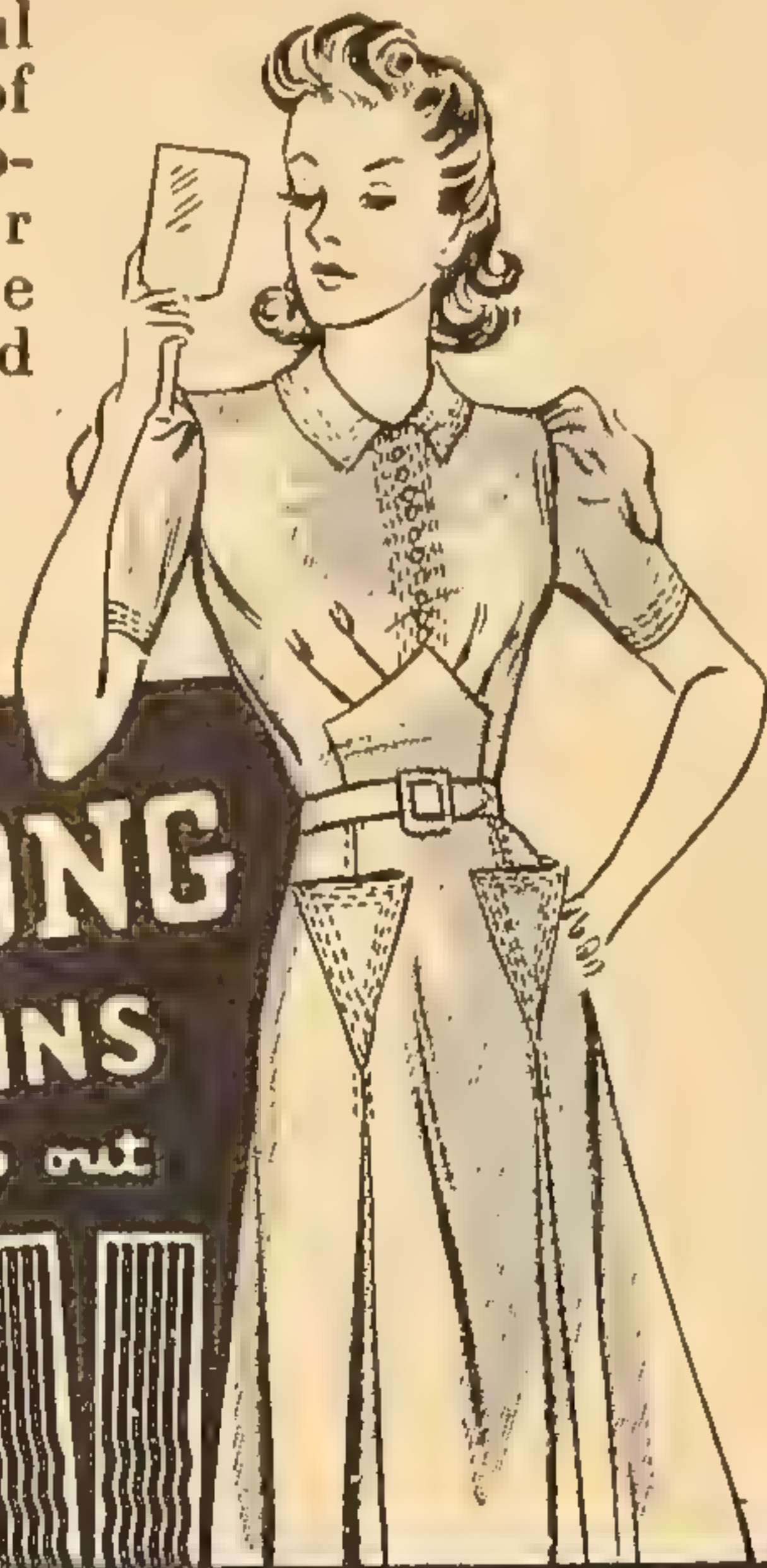


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"Everyone tells me that I must not fall in love, now that I'm really getting some place in pictures," he said. "Or that if I do I must put my career ahead of any girl. I think that would be a very cold-blooded thing to do. In fact, I don't think I could do it. It certainly wouldn't be fair to the girl."

"I haven't thought seriously of marriage—until now—because I didn't want to ask any girl to take a chance with me on my prospects, which from a financial viewpoint have been a struggle until recently. I think a man wants to give his wife everything he possibly can to make her happy."

"Someday I hope to find a girl who is lovely, refined, and sweet. A girl who wants only to make a home for the two of us—and who will be interested in everything I do. Especially in being with me! I want her to be interested in athletics, and in all outdoor sports. I'd want her to ski, swim, play tennis."

She doesn't have to be a glamor girl. However, I'd like her to be pretty and know how to wear clothes well. When she's out with me, I'd like other fellows to look at her and say, 'Jeffrey's a lucky man!'

"My college chum and his wife live out here. I think their marriage is ideal. I'd like to have a wife just like her and live just as they do. They have a nice little home of their own, have their friends in to dinner, and they're completely interested in each other."

"This being a bachelor and going out every night to Ciro's, La Conga, and the Grove, sounds exciting—but a fellow gets tired of it. I like to take a girl out to dinner—for I especially don't like eating dinner alone. Then I enjoy dancing. But I like to go with the same girl pretty much of the time. I think you enjoy each other's company better when you know one another, and can plan going places and doing things together."

"Last year I took a house out in San Fernando Valley. I began furnishing it—but a house is not a home when you live alone in it. It was lonesome, so I moved back into Hollywood. I stored the furniture, for I may need it some day!"

"I like girls who are intelligent and can talk about interesting things—girls who have ideas and who keep up on books and plays and current happenings. I've always admired brunettes with blue or brown eyes. I like a girl of medium height to dance with. I rather think I like college girls—although a fellow is sure to make a statement like that and then fall in love with just the opposite type entirely!"

"At present, I'm just going along. I have three or four dates a week when I'm not working. And I jump into my car and go up to Palm Springs—or out to a ranch or anywhere to spend a few days. I generally go alone—and as I drive along I can't help thinking how swell it would be to have a girl, who was my wife, sitting there by me. It would be so much nicer to have someone to share things with."

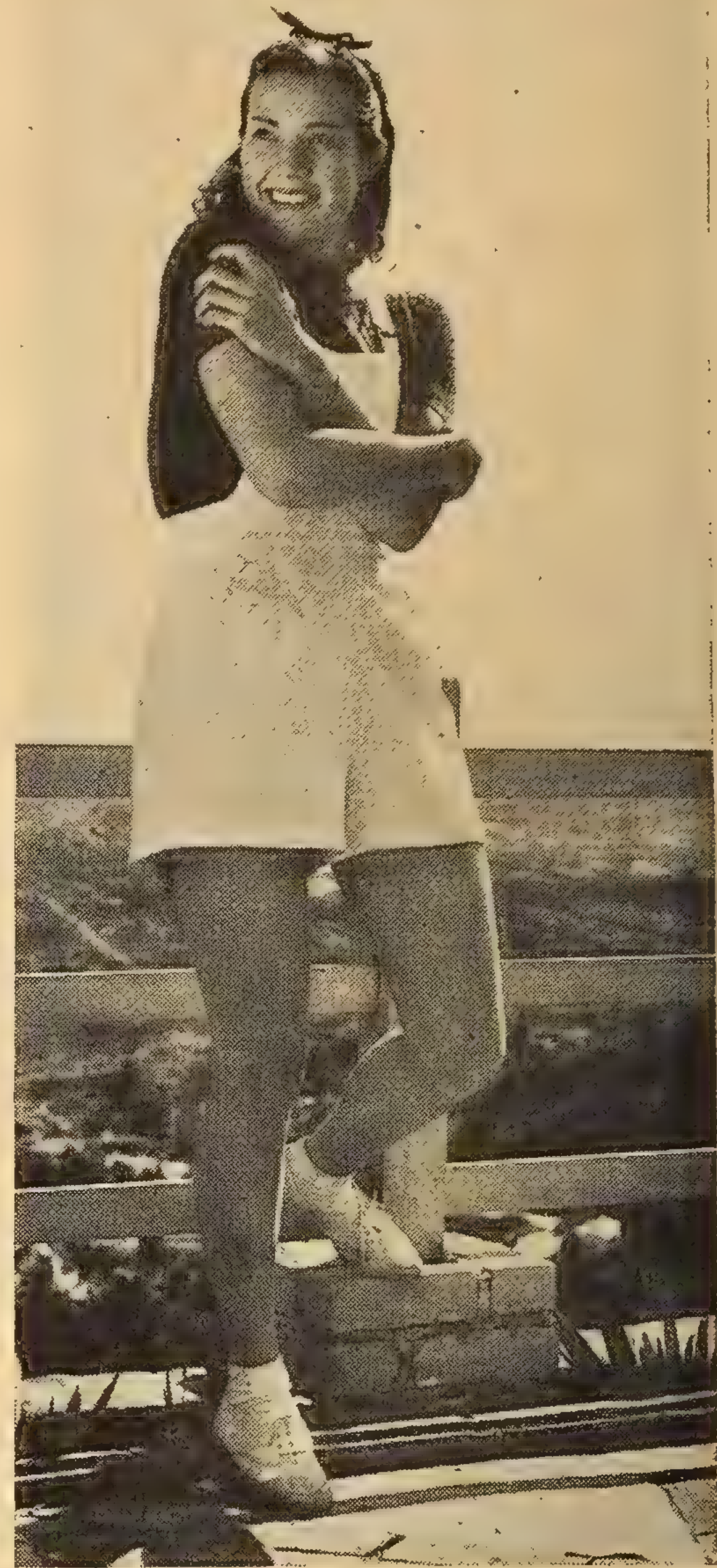
"One of my sisters came out a short while back to visit me. She's about eighteen. I never had a better time, than taking her about with me. I bought her clothes and took her to every place I could think of. We went sailing over to Catalina, drove to a dude ranch on the desert, up to Arrowhead in the mountains, and went dancing and previewing and dining. When she went back home I was lost for a while without her."

It wasn't until after Jeffrey had said goodnight and was walking down the footpath to his car, that I suddenly remembered that it was Leap Year night and I'd been out with Jeffrey Lynn, one of the screen's most eligible bachelor stars, and hadn't done anything about it—except to advise him NOT to get married!

And So You Graduate!

Continued from page 81

while minor breakings-out usually respond to a good antiseptic lotion or cream designed for this special purpose. Scrupulous cleanliness is necessary. Avoid touching your face, or you may infect eruptions or spread them. Good physical condition—and this means diet, sleep, exercise and elimination—will aid in clearing the skin. The



Janice Logan makes a charming picture in her new white linen overall playsuit with which she wears a bright red slipover sweater.

same cure goes for boys, too, as well as girls.

The figure problems of many girls are wide and varied. Either you have too much or too little. Lucky is the girl who grows and develops evenly, and for one of the loveliest thirteen-year-old figures I have yet seen from Hollywood, let me hand Jane Withers an orchid, though her taste runs to race horses. Jane even had one named after her. If you suddenly pop out here and there, instead of rounding out and curving in as you'd like, don't be discouraged. If you have too much of you, it won't hurt to eliminate those chocolate sodas and between-meal snacks and substitute fresh fruit and the salad you don't like and green vegetables. On the other hand, if you're straight as a pin and long to send the scales up, then drink more Grade A, and

sleep and don't worry. And exercise! Exercise whatever shape or size you are. Exercise, says Mrs. Withers, is responsible for the all-around good development of Jane.

You can create some helpful figure illusions through choosing your clothes with care. Tall girls look shorter in sweaters and skirts, blouses and skirts and frocks with belts. In fact, any line that cuts you in two makes you look shorter, while the pee-wees and the frankly fat girls look taller and slimmer in one-piece frocks. In many schools today, there are counselors who have an eye to dressing to type, and they will gladly help you. Or concentrate on the stores and magazines that have your age in mind.

Recently, I interviewed a number of boys of prep school and college age as to what they liked in girls. A clarion chorus rings out, something like this: "Not too much lipstick. No painted mouths. No deep, dark lipstick. Just a little lipstick." Smart girls, take your tip from this. The boys like lipstick, all right. They'd feel pretty low if you didn't use it. But I gather that they want it to look like you, natural, that is. Then, they didn't like fat girls, and all wanted the girls to be sleek dancers; and they didn't like them fresh and sophisticated beyond their years and they didn't like boasting girls. There were lots of other things they did and didn't like, but above you have the pertinent facts on faces and figures.

As to personality, well, I think the Judy Garlands and the Deanna Durbins and girls like that should be a big inspiration to everyone of you. Girls just like yourself, who are their age and no more, though they may sometimes look it; natural, unaffected, friendly and good sorts. The boys like them; the girls like them, and magazine women like myself pay to go and look at them. I believe that a pleasant openmindedness, a friendliness and consideration are about your best bets. These make everybody like you, and for your own young set, of course, there is a certain "line" or attitude that's right there.

And now, the tempo changes from swing king rhythm to the stately and beautiful chant of a church chorus or the sonorous march from an organ, for here comes the bride. She is the lucky girl who now has, but her problem is to hold. And I have faith that she will. An important thing to remember is that your loveliness and just the *you* that once attracted this groom must continue and not be allowed to slide now that you're married. Especially must I stress personal immaculacy. With the reasonable means of good grooming at hand today, there is just no excuse for any errors here.

Deodorants, depilatories and sanitary protection have been so highly perfected that there seems little more to wish for in this field. Keep alert on these subjects, for they simplify many personal phases. If you do your own housework, do it in the hours that your husband is away working. It is more distressing to men than we realize to find us mixed up with soiled dishes or struggling with a mop. Organize your work so you have time for play. Keep those lovely hands. Use the mild soap chips instead of harsh soap wherever possible. Wear gloves when you dust or do chores. There are some splendid new ones made of pliofilm that are great hand-savers. Utilize these work hours for putting up your hair in curlers, if you use them, and for that extra cream on your face. You'll get beauty by day as well as night, you know.

Never forget that your lovely skin, hair and figure are more important now than ever. You have a man to be proud of you. That is an achievement. And to keep him proud, is still more of an achievement.

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Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your *face cream*.

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin... that it helps Nature refine your pores... and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

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Beautify Your Hair at Home



Fun Fest with Kay Kyser

Continued from page 29

achievements and celebrity, pretty much the same unspoiled Kay Kyser he has always been; the same gallant Southern gentleman; and still a shade on the sentimental side. As a youth, he worked in the tobacco fields for which his native Tar Heel State is widely famous. His pursuits and pleasures were those of a normal boy. Sports held his fancy. He was a clean-toned lad and believer in fair play. And being well-liked and popular with his associates, any undertaking with which he identified himself usually produced good results. That's why his bright example was responsible for the reformation of a group of young toughs in his home town who called themselves "Peck's Bad Boys."

On one occasion Kay was challenged to enter a song contest. He readily agreed to do so, seeing that he was one who seldom passed up a dare, particularly if it held forth promise of fun and adventure. It was an amateur affair. To insure that he wouldn't forget the words of the three tunes he had chosen to sing, Kay scribbled them on cards which he held back of him. Nervously he glanced at these a last time; then opened fire. In the excitement that followed his cards became mixed, and our hero sang the lyrics of one number to the music of another. This brought whoops of laughter from the audience. Warm applause greeted the performance, and Kay marched off with the prize.

Kyser's screen and radio work have paid him handsome dividends. It remained for his rollicking fun-fest, the College of Musical Knowledge, which he introduced about two years ago, to send him rolling down the road to popularity. This feature caught on with the public almost overnight. Audiences were delighted to participate in the frolics of a merry Kyser program. And they are even more tickled to do so today. He is currently rated as one of the country's top-notch band maestros. His earnings are among the highest in his profession. His following is exceedingly large and enthusiastic. Several polls have revealed his orchestra as the nation's current number one favorite.

From the outset Kyser has shown the good judgment to keep his successful College of Musical Knowledge simple and fast-moving. Most of his questions are easy to answer—and thereon hangs the secret of the tremendous popularity this feature enjoys. Kay helps with hints, sometimes all but telling the person he is interviewing what to say. Most important of all, he dispels the participant's nervousness or microphone fright with his playfulness, informality, and reassuring manner.

Being a philosopher, wit, comic, and hair-trigger thinker all thrown into one, Kyser seizes upon every opening or chance remark to jest and provoke the mirth of audiences. One night he asked a pretty young woman to identify a tune, excerpts from which his orchestra had just played. She replied: "Now's The Time To Fall In Love." Which was correct. Kyser then let out one of his rebel yells, then exclaimed: "You said it, sport!"

In another instance, he was getting ready to test the knowledge of an attractive girl. Kyser flashed her an approving look; then, smiling shyly, he put an arm around her shoulder and pulled her close against him, under the pretext that he wanted her to come "nearer the microphone."

Fun runs rampant during the College of Musical Knowledge presentations. Ludicrous answers to "Professor" Kyser's questions have been heard on some of these pro-

grams. Kay chuckles when he recalls the gold nuggets of the lot. They go like this: "One fellow, asked to name the national anthem, promptly asserted that it was 'Flat Foot Floogie.' Another contestant said it was his belief that a Broadway columnist wrote 'Now It Can Be Told.' Another declared that the weather bureau must have introduced 'April Showers.' And another voiced the conviction that the composer of 'Home, Sweet Home' must have been none other than his brother—when he needed money!"

Subject this Kyser fellow to the microscope, to find out what makes him tick, and he turns out to be a many-sided person; and, in some respects, a study in contradiction. He observes that swing has been prevalent in musical trends for many years and that it's here to stay, in one form or another. But for his part, he prefers music of charm and quality; the kind that appeals to your heart. This does not, however, prevent his playing that "makes you want to dance" music. Truth is, his programs emphasize the latter, although they are spiced with a neat variety of selections.

You will note that, by and large, Virginia Simms, charming, dusky-voiced contralto of the Kyser troupe, sticks to torch numbers in her choice of songs—especially those which pulse with plaintive and wistful themes. Her rich voice lends itself to a happy rendition of these selections. This is the kind of music Kay fully appreciates.

On his personal appearances and during his radio broadcasts, Kyser projects himself as a jokesmith, a gay buffoon. There is punch in his spontaneity. He dashes about the stage, dances, wisecracks, and makes faces. His bag of tricks seems inexhaustible. He overlooks no bet to promote the spirit of jollification. His approach is among the friendliest and most natural on record. He steps forth and, in his gentle Southern drawl, begins: "Evenin', folks. How you-all?" A momentary pause, then: "That's good!" After that, festivities whirl away to a flying start. Harry Babbitt comes to the microphone and sings the title of every number in a pleasing voice. Ginny Simms sometimes shares vocal honors with him. Otherwise, she is featured in a solo. "Sassy" Sully Mason, the only other North Carolina boy of the organization save Kay himself, does specialties and novelties on the show. Ish Kabibble (real name, Merwyn Bogue) claims the spotlight from time to time in his rôle as slow-witted comedian.

Kay is a bespectacled ash-blond, stands about six feet, and weighs in the neighborhood of 160 pounds. His build is solid. Unlike the glamor girl who wishes to reduce, Kyser's problem is to keep his weight up to par. His strenuous exercises and vigorous actions during his one hour program, as well as the requirements personal appearances exact of him, wear him down a good deal. As soon as it's all over, he goes out in search of appetizing, energy-building foods. He is a hearty eater and has a weakness for Southern cooking and dishes. Whenever he hits a new town, he loses little time in ferreting out quaint and unusual dining places.

Members of his band admire and respect Kay and respond to his leadership with cooperative spirits. He's a firm yet very democratic taskmaster. Harmony prevails in his organization. He's glad that most of his boys are happily married; thinks that factor helps them to concentrate on their work to better advantage. There are no petty squabbles or jealousies to stir dis-

sension in his troupe. Kyser insists that his boys shall not sprout moustaches. His explanation for that is that upper-lip adornments make them look sheikish and draw attention, however slight, to them personally. It is his wish, instead, that audiences may center their appreciation around the musical entertainment he and his colleagues dish out.

Rake the entertainment world with a fine-tooth comb, and you won't likely uncover a cleaner-living nor cleaner-thinking representative of it than Kay Kyser. He doesn't drink. He smokes only occasionally. His high ideals and homely virtues remain unimpaired. Fame has changed his living habits little, if any. By no stretch of imagination, however, observes Adolphe Menjou can Kay be classed as a kill-joy or prude. On the contrary, he is one of the jolliest young men in circulation. Simply, he sticks to his principles and shows the courage of his convictions, the while he tactfully leaves others to the business of living their lives as they see fit.

One reason why Kyser lives economically and unostentatiously is because he has not forgotten those lean days of struggle when he was battling for recognition and better bookings. Gay night life and the social whirl see little of him. He much prefers to watch exciting football and hockey games; circle golf links; listen to negro bands and symphony concerts; go to movies; spend a quiet evening at home reading; or, better still, hustle off to the nearest roller-coaster for the most thrilling (to his way of thinking) pastime of all.

His eyes light with a merry twinkle when he tells of his enthusiasm for roller-coasters. They chant a siren song to his ears. Once, during intermission at a dance at which he and his band were playing, he went for a brief stroll, during which he chanced upon his favorite riding device. "I was late for the second-half of the performance," he laughs, "because I couldn't resist the temptation to take a ride." This reminds of the almost boyish relish he derives from motor spins. He delights to sit at the wheel of his car and course open highways, mount hills, and ply in and out of traffic. Report persists, however, that Virginia Simms is the only member of his troupe he can readily persuade to accompany him on these jaunts. Which just goes to prove what a woman will do for the man she loves.

Virginia, affectionately ticketed "Ginny," and as fair a specimen of beauty as San Antonio, Texas, has produced in many a day, set out to be a school teacher. In later years, though, after her family had moved to California, she turned to piano-playing and study of voice. She sang in a college trio and appeared on radio programs. One afternoon she bounced into the Hollywood office of Kay Kyser's business manager in

the hope of landing a spot in the band leader's organization. Kay was vividly impressed with her singing, but, much to his regret, he wasn't then in a position to hire her for his outfit. So he had his manager use his influence to line her up for an assignment with Guy Lombardo's orchestra. After that, Virginia saw service with other bands.

Kay and Virginia felt a strong attraction for each other at first meeting. In the months and years until she signed to be his vocalist, friendship sprang up between them, then flowered into romance. Kyser placed her under his banner the earliest moment he could afford it. Now, as on the first day he heard her, he has the highest admiration of the sincerity of her voice and characterizes her as a foremost woman singer of appealing songs.

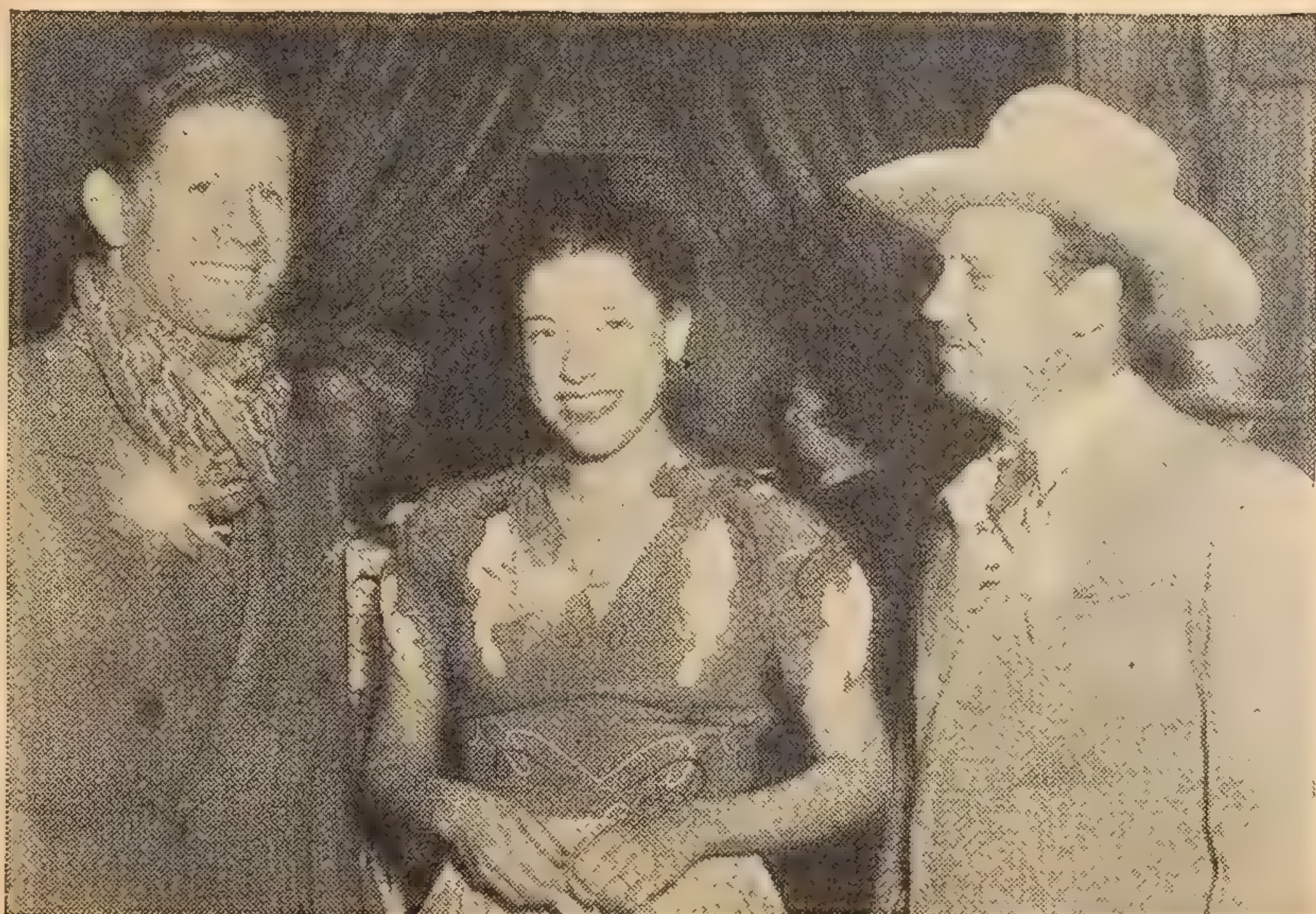
Obviously, these are partly the sentiments of a man deeply in love. Rumor and certain published reports have contended, in past instances, that Kay and Virginia are married. But try as you may, you cannot pin either of them down to a clear-cut statement or committal on the subject. Whatever Virginia's present status in Kyser's life, she once assured this writer that a married woman's first consideration should be to her husband; and that a career should bulk second in importance.

Kyser entered the University of North Carolina back in 1924, bent on pursuing a course in law. Soon the call of music was not to be denied; and an ambitious six-piece ensemble sprouted fledgling wings under his leadership. As the popularity of his presentations increased, he added four more members to his original band. At college balls, proms, and at private parties, he and his boys gave out for all they were worth. Kay's heart was wrapped up in providing musical entertainment for the public. A legal career paled into insignificance beside it. Thus was born his resolve to weld his group into a permanent organization and launch it as a dance orchestra in the national field. It was a step Hal Kemp encouraged him to take; and one which he translated into action after graduation, in 1928, from the University (North Carolina) which has nurtured such well-known band leaders as Jan Garber, Skinnay Ennis, John Scott Trotter, Hal Kemp, and Saxie Dowell.

"Thinking Of You," written by Walter Donaldson in 1926, was adopted by Kyser as his theme song. It has been retained to this day. All the musical scores on Kay's programs were—and are—arranged by George Duning.

Engagements took Kyser's band to scores of leading cities, including Milwaukee, St. Louis, Memphis, Denver, and other points. At Chicago's Blackhawk it began to pick up speed. It was there that the maestro

Crooner Rudy Vallee and Cowboy Gene Autry were on hand to help Judy Canova make merry at a studio party given in her honor when she was signed to star in Republic's "Scatterbrain."



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first conceived "Kay Kyser's Kampus Class." Patrons signified their approval. Cheered by this reception, Kyser was later to revamp and polish his idea, and present it as the College of Musical Knowledge. His first commercial radio effort bore the tag of Elgin Football Revue. Then began his ascent of the ladder. By 1935 polls disclosed that he had climbed to sixth place in the popularity sweepstakes. His rise continued. Lucky Strike sponsored him, and the NBC network of stations carried his program. He was to reach the top rung in 1938 and consolidate his position in public favor in 1939.

In private life, Kyser is an earnest and quiet and thoughtful person; almost retiring of disposition. He likes his moments of solitude for serious thinking. He reads magazines and newspapers extensively, and keeps sharply abreast of current topics. His mind is alert and keen. He absorbs his subject. During games of solitaire he often thinks of questions to include on his College of Musical Knowledge.

Thrifty though his own habits are, he is, nevertheless, generous to a fault toward his friends and those others who have done him the slightest turn or favor. And his loyalty to those who have shown him a kindness of some sort is proverbial. A striking illustration of that may be had from the ensuing incident: In 1933 Kyser was doing an engagement for Frank Martinelli at San Francisco's Bal Tabarin. At that time he was struggling to push ahead in his profession. His offerings did not hit the bull's-eye for the first several days. Criticism was leveled at him from this and that source. Others were for tossing Kay and his boys out, bag and baggage. But Martinelli stuck by him. Later, Kay began to click. His "Man on the Flying Trapeze" act won widespread notice and applause. Hence Martinelli's confidence in Kay Kyser was justified.

Last summer Kay had a chance to repay the man who befriended him in 1933. He had swept up from Catalina Island, a favorite stamping ground of his, to the San Francisco Fair, where his appearance for one week garnered him \$16,000. From there he jumped over to the Bal Tabarin, then limping about on financial crutches, and performed for seven days and nights for \$800—just to help out an old friend. He would have filled the engagement for much less than that had not union officials interfered. His stay at the Bal Tabarin served to transform that place into an emporium of cheer and put it back on its traditionally lusty feet.

Kay is a neat and nice-looking fellow, but not by any stretch a handsome one. Nor has he any illusions on that score. He didn't mind in the slightest, the inferences in "That's Right—You're Wrong" that he was homely. For that matter, he is first to rib himself. A little incident will serve to prove that: Adolphe Menjou strove to convert Kay into a snappy and natty dresser, and took him to his own tailor. That worthy did the best he could. It produced no noticeable results of improvement. Menjou shrugged his shoulders in resignation. Kay was philosophical about the whole affair. He laughed: "You can't put a hundred-dollar saddle on a ten-dollar mule!"

Should tides of public fancy shift and send him toppling from the heights, Kyser admits that he would probably try his hand at producing radio skits and musical comedies. But, as movie-goers have placed a warm stamp of approval on his first movie venture, and with the making of a second photoplay in store for him, not to mention his radio program and personal appearances, it isn't likely that he will have a chance to pull out his pipe, don slippers, rest his feet beside a fireplace, and start reminiscing, for some time to come.

Myrna Visits the Old Home Town

Continued from page 27

awfully romantic about Mexico, she was married there), New York, and Europe.

So it was a case of "Wolf, Wolf." And then one day, a few weeks ago, Myrna, quiet as a mouse with an inferiority complex, arrived in Helena with her mother, and started calling up friends and relatives. No one believed that she was really there, until they saw that familiar red hair, freckles, and cute little tilted nose. And then they knew that Myrna Williams had come home at last—and she hadn't changed a bit.

When Myrna was a long-legged, freckled-faced tomboy of eleven her father, David Williams, died in a flu epidemic, and shortly afterwards her mother, who had



Like Mrs. Artie Shaw in her new cocktail hat of white silk blossoms with gold and crystal hat pin? Now don't let the new name puzzle you 'cause Mrs. Artie is none other than your own favorite Lana Turner.

been in bad health since the birth of little David, decided to sell the Williams home in Helena and move her small family to Southern California where the climate was mild the year round. Myrna, heart-broken over leaving the neighborhood kids, (though they were rather relieved to have her go), divided her toys among them, made a last face at the little boy who had turned her down, skipped out on a couple of fines at the local library, kissed her aunts and uncles and first and second cousins goodbye, and left for the California that in a few years would make her one of the most famous women in the world. Oh yes, she'd be back soon, she told them at the station. She wouldn't like California. No snow. No horses. No fences to sit on and dream. She'd be back soon. But she never did go back. Until a few weeks ago. Lives can get so busy. So tangled. We seem never to do the things we really want to do.

Nevertheless, Helena, and the little western town of Radersburg, sixty miles out of Helena, where her Uncle Elmer's ranch is, and where she spent all her summers as a child, have always been "home" to Myrna. Even after she entered into the exciting life of making pictures, even after she became the most popular "wife" on the screen, Myrna never got over her nostalgia for her home town. For weeks, maybe months, she

wouldn't think about "home" at all, and then one day driving out to the Valley to a location she would see an old rambling ranch house, a farmyard gate slightly sagging, a horse looking over it, and a wave of homesickness would sweep over her. I'll go home as soon as I finish this picture, she'd say to herself. I want to breathe that brisk Montana air. I want to feel a cold wind against my cheeks. I want to smell those pleasant smells of a country store on a snowy night. I want to see my trees, my horses. Yes, when this picture is finished I'll go back. But when that picture was finished there was always another one waiting. And another. And another.

Then suddenly, and without any warning—that's the way Myrna does things—she packed a couple of bags, and with her mother, and colored maid, Theresa, she caught a train for Helena, Montana. And once more Myrna Loy, sophisticate of the screen, became Myrna Williams, home town girl, and almost cried from the pure joy of it.

The first night she was in Helena, Myrna made her one and only personal appearance. The manager of the Marlow Theater had arranged for a special showing of "Test Pilot" and after the picture Myrna was presented to the audience by Mayor Roberts. In a strapless evening gown of *mousseline-de-soie*, made in Paris for her, Myrna fairly took their breath away. Helena had never seen anything like that before! For a few moments there she was a Queen, and then they remembered that, after all, she was only Elmer Williams' niece who had done right well in Hollywood. "I can't remember much about my personal appearance," Myrna told me later. "I wanted to be awfully gay about it all, so I got up on the stage and tried to wow them with a couple of stories. Then I got all sentimental, and choked up, and I think I cried a little." Whatever she did, the audience went for it. They applauded so loud that the roof nearly fell in.

The stage of the Marlow Theater has always been lucky for Myrna. It was there that she made her first public appearance behind honest-to-goodness footlights. It was for a benefit put on by the Elks, and Myrna, all done up in blue tarlatan, did a "Bluebird" dance that was the hit of the show. The applause that followed was sweet to her ears, and right then and there she decided to be an actress when she grew up. But not even in her wildest dreams, and Myrna being an imaginative child had some pretty wild ones, did she ever think that she would come back to the Marlow Theater some day as a famous Hollywood movie star.

At the reception held for her that night at the hotel Myrna shook hands with practically everybody in town. If she missed a name now and then no one noticed, for Mrs. Williams was right there at her daughter's elbow, and Mrs. Williams, fortunately, has a remarkable memory for names. Myrna saw again the kids she used to go to school with, grown-up now with families, and was slightly horrified when several of them told her that their lives had been far more pleasant after she left town. "You were always making us dress up in funny old things and do silly shows down in your basement," they said. "You were so determined about it, and we wanted to please you, but really we were glad when you went to California so we could have some peace!" Myrna gave them her best giggle. "But I was surprised," she confessed to me. "I thought they were enjoying it as much as I was."

The high spot of the evening was when the woman who had been librarian in the Helena library when Myrna lived there presented her with her old library card. "How sweet," said Myrna. "You kept it

all these years!" "Yes, Myrna," said the librarian with a chuckle, "I had good reason to keep it. Just you read those blue slips! You owe the Helena library fifty-five cents." Sure enough, one blue slip showed that some years ago a certain Myrna Williams had borrowed "The Camp Fire Girls' Log" and had kept it overtime without paying the fine. The second blue slip proved beyond a doubt, that the same Williams girl had borrowed "The Peter Pan Picture Book" and had kept it considerably overtime without paying the money due. (Why, Myrna Loy, to think you would skip out on your obligations! I'll have to warn Mr. Mayer to watch you in the future.) Well, anyway, we know what a movie star reads. And the library will get a check—after all these years.

Next day Myrna and her mother drove out to the old family ranch, sixty miles out of Helena, which had started as a log cabin a long time ago when Myrna's grandparents had been covered wagon pioneers. The ranch is still owned by Myrna's Uncle Elmer. It was here that Myrna spent all her summers when she was a kid, and you can be quite sure that she had herself a sentimental spree as she visited with the horses, the trees, the barns, and the fence where she used to sit and dream of the future. Hollywood with its artificial lives and laughter seemed millions of miles away. Myrna was drenched in the beauty and simplicity of the soil, her soil, and loved it. Then she wondered, as we all wonder when we visit our home towns, if it would not have been better never to have left at all.

She visited the little town of Radersburg nearby, where she had bought Hershey bars and ice-cream cones as a child, and where she had seen her first moving picture. Radersburg was very glad to see her because she was Elmer's niece and Della's daughter, but by golly, they weren't going to fawn over her because she was a movie star. She entered the small store to make a few purchases and visit the old pickle barrel—(she doubtless filched the pickles when she was a kid, we know about Myrna now)—and ran right into a pinocle game over by the stove. "They didn't even bother to look up at me," said Myrna. "That took me down a peg or two!"

But on the sidewalk outside she heard someone call, "Why, there's my girl!" It was a man who had once worked on the ranch when Myrna was a small kid. "Do you still run away?" he asked. "When you were a little girl you used to jump over fences, irrigation ditches, and everything that got in your way. Your mother told me one day that I was to spank you if I ever caught you running away across my fields. I caught you one day, and I had to spank you, but I didn't spank you very hard."

The rest of the week Myrna spent with her relatives, reminiscing about old times, visiting old scenes—and every night, of course, there were family dinners. "They are such wonderful people," Myrna told me. "So frank, and honest. They hate everything that is fake." Myrna who has had so many thrills these past ten years, got the biggest thrill of her life because these grand Montana people accepted her simply as a person, and never as a star. "You'd think I had only been away a few months," Myrna continued, "and that we were taking up right where we left off. They never said, 'Do you remember?' They always took it for granted that I did remember. I can certainly agree with my maid, Theresa, who told me the morning we left, 'Mrs. Hornblow, these are the nicest people I ever met in all my life!'"

Well, I'm telling you, after an afternoon with Myrna, I'm going to pack my trunk right away and leave for my old home town. But I hate to think what kind of blue slips might be waiting for me.

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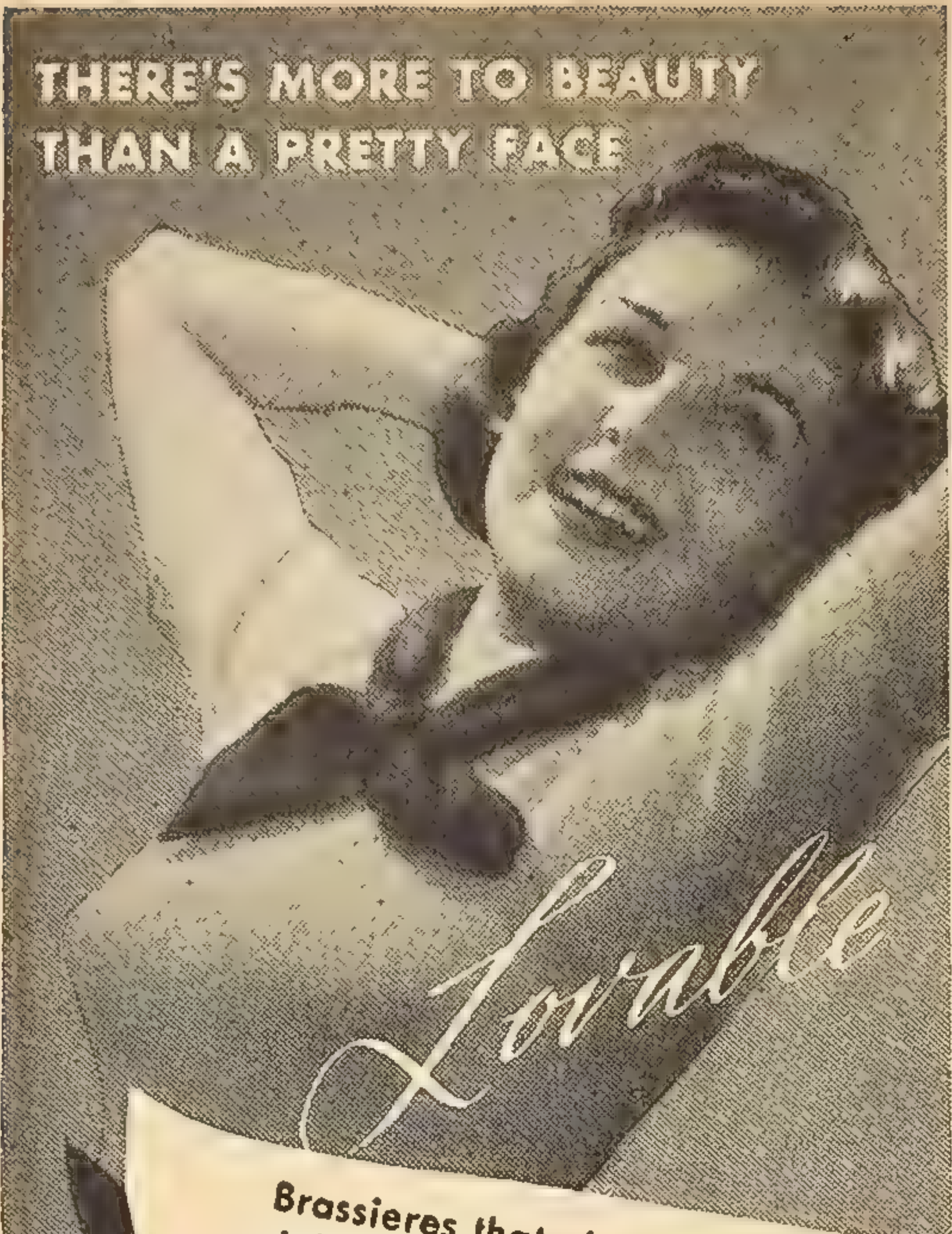
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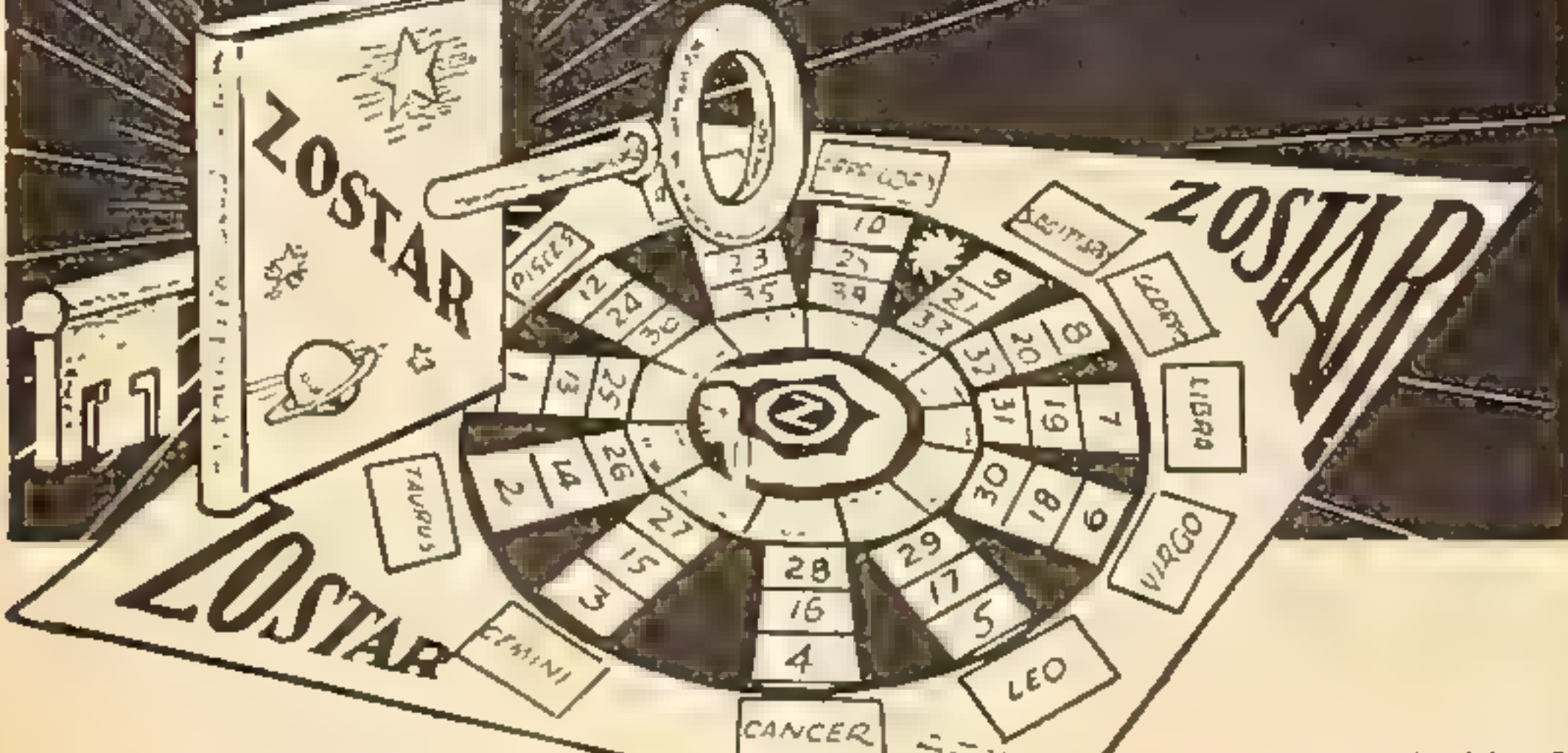
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P. O. Box 1302 Fort Worth, Texas

Your Guide at a Glance to the Best Current Pictures

Continued from page 53

We're tired of the old-fashioned, long-winded film review! We believe you are, too. So, this month, we are beginning a new policy: telling you, tersely and straight-from-the-shoulder, without fear or favor, exactly what you may expect from the current film offerings. This way, when the head of the family says, "I'd like to see a movie if there's anything good in town," grab your copy of SCREENLAND and be guided, at a glance, to the best pictures. Let us know if you like our new reviews, won't you?

D. E.

Believe It or Not:

"IT ALL CAME TRUE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Hodgepodge!

APPEAL: To Bromfield fiction fans and Oomph lovers.

PLOT: Combines melodramatic wallop with sweetness and light. Tough gangster softened by old lady's goodness and Ann Sheridan's Oomph.

PRODUCTION: Adequate, and of interest for ladies and gentlemen with nostalgia for the Gay Nineties: ornate sets in old-time boarding house, old-fashioned renditions of song and dance numbers.

ACTING: Humphrey Bogart steals the show with caustically humorous characterization of gangster reformed by good influence, to his own disgust. Ann Sheridan works hard and looks beautiful but her acting and singing are still amateurish. Jeffrey Lynn is a too-too noble leading man.

OBJECTIONS: Won't wow you, but won't put you to sleep, either.

"It All Came True" is a Warner Bros. picture



Bitter-Sweet:

" 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Poignant!

APPEAL: To the tender-hearted who revel in romance.

PLOT: Boy meets, loves, loses girl—with tragic overtones: a new and better version of the unforgettable "One-Way Passage."

PRODUCTION: Expensive and in excellent taste, with most scenes aboard luxurious cruise liner; smartly costumed; sympathetically directed by Edmund Goulding; expertly photographed.

ACTING: Superlative! Merle Oberon is delicate, poetically lovely heroine. George Brent, despite stolid moments, impressive as her lover. Pat O'Brien provides human note as brusque detective with heart of gold. Binnie Barnes fine as high-class crook, Frank McHugh for comedy relief.

OBJECTIONS: Won't interest children or cynics.

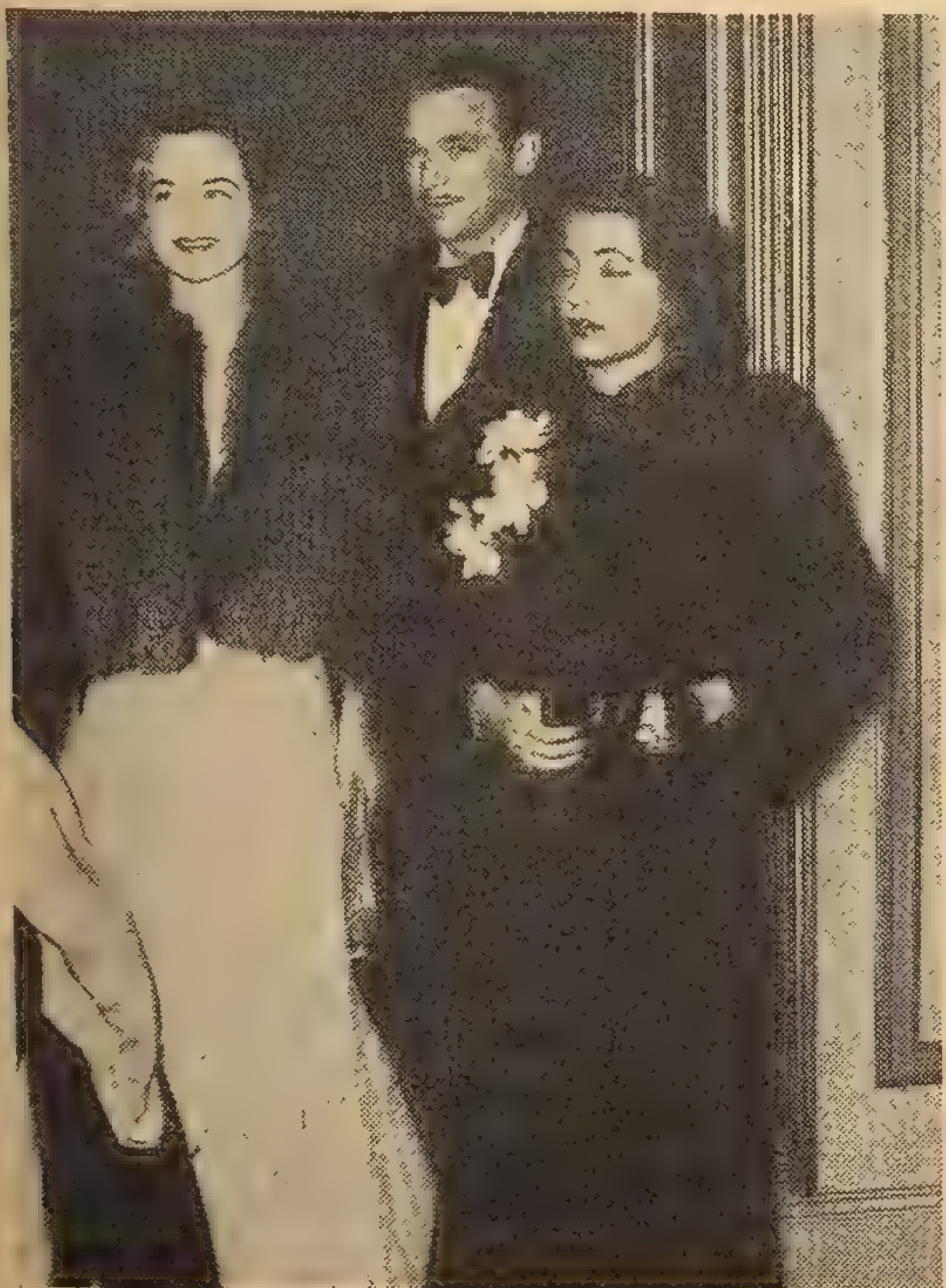
"'Til We Meet Again" is a Warner Bros. picture



Continued from page 14

RIGHT now, Hollywood's hour of grace has been visited upon Laraine Day. At the moment she is the most exciting new find in Hollywood. Actually, motion pictures and acting aren't new to Laraine at all. For years she has been preparing herself and waiting. She isn't a miraculous discovery, she is a deserving, experienced actress. Anything outstanding that comes to her now isn't by any means luck, it's a well-earned reward. Her one exceptional performance in "My Son, My Son!" has established her as a promising feminine personality. Yet Laraine has appeared in picture after picture, thirteen to be exact, and was never mentioned as being unusual. She lived very modestly with her family in a small town near Hollywood. When she couldn't get a job in the movies she went back to little theater groups for more experience, but she never gave up. At last her rôle came and she was ready. You'll see her next as Robert Taylor's leading lady, no less, in "The Dawn's Early Light."

EVERYONE tried to discourage Roger Pryor when he began becoming too interested in airplanes. They explained it was an expensive and foolhardy folly to own your own plane. No one gave him any sympathy but Ray Milland. Now Roger has returned Ray's friendly interest with a most gracious deed and Ann Sothorn has, in some measure, become resigned to Roger's flying. When Ray was ordered to the desert with threatened pneumonia, Roger found that the Millands would miss seeing an English visitor, a very close and dear friend of their family, who was on his way back to England. Roger had just received his license to fly passengers uncommercially. The visitor had only a few hours to spend in Southern California. Roger put the two facts together and asked the Englishman if he wanted to take the chance. He jumped at the suggestion, so Roger flew him to see Ray. The two exchanged warm greetings and reminiscences, and now the Briton is on his way to England with personal news of Ray for the Milland family.



Len Weissman

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., recently announced the birth of a baby daughter whom they'll name Daphne Young. With the Doug Jrs., above left, is cousin Lucille Fairbanks.

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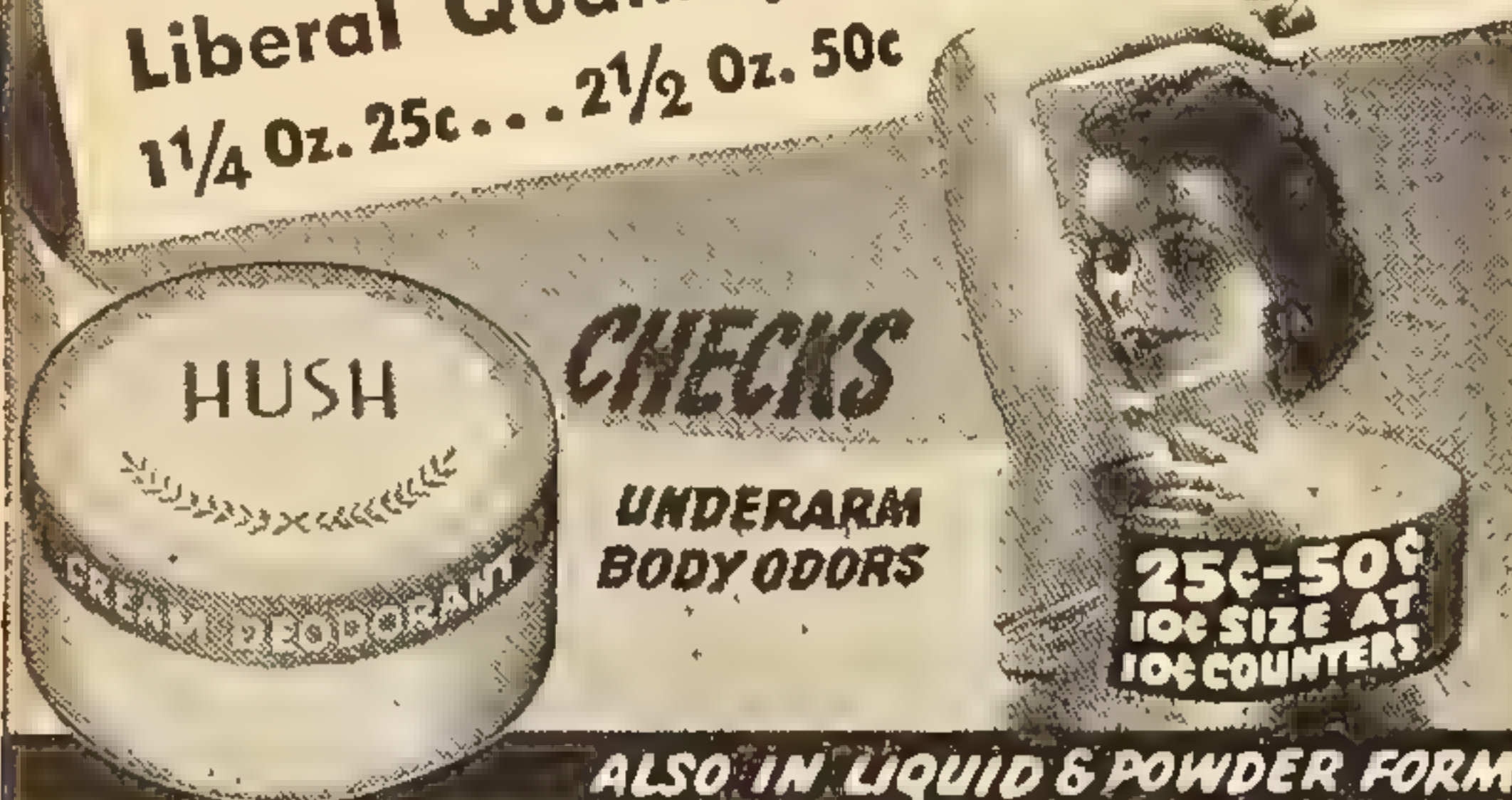
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ED
SULLIVAN

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Silver Screen

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"Turnabout"

Continued from page 34

meant what she said. Well, what was the use of figuring out advertising campaigns if you couldn't figure out a way to sell your ideas to your own wife, too? Tim put his mind on the problem and presto, there was his solution. Why hadn't he thought of it before? He'd get Sally a dog of her own, one of those squashy, soft little dogs that women liked and then Sally would know how it really felt to love a dog and Dopey would be safe.

He needed help, though. How could he know the sort of little dog that would appeal to a woman when he couldn't see any of them for dust? Suddenly he fixed his eyes on Gale.

"Do you like dogs?" he demanded.

"Why, Mr. Willows," Gale widened her cornflower blue eyes to acreage proportions. "Ah'm just curraazy for dogs, especially those itsy-bitsy furry ones."

"That's great!" Tim became the big executive and snapped his fingers. "Get your hat. We're going to go out and buy one."

The pet shop had everything in the animal line from a Siamese kitten to the bear an irate customer had just brought back.

"We're looking for something in a dog," Tim explained. "One of those itsy-bitsy ones."

"With the fuzzy-wuzzy hair," Gale thrilled clapping her hands, "And the funny noses."

"Sounds like a Pekinese to me," said the Clerk.

"It sounds terrible to me," Tim muttered following him to the back of the store.

His back was turned so he didn't see Irene Clare come into the store or Marion Manning waiting for her outside, her nose pushed against the window where a couple of puppies were frisking around as bait for the sucker trade. But Irene saw Tim, not only Tim but Gale and the Peke, too, and Irene was always a girl for action. She was out of the place in something under one second flat and had told Marion all about it and the two of them had dashed to the shop where they'd left Sally trying on an evening gown in the time it would ordinarily take any one of them to tilt a hat to its most becoming angle.

Sally, Marion and Irene were as much a partnership as Willows, Manning and Clare. They spent their days together lunching and matineeing and teeing and the three musketeers had nothing on them when it came to one for all and all for one. But that didn't mean Sally was going to take it lying down when the other two told her of the luscious blonde with the southern accent Tim was buying a Peke for.

"Nonsense," Sally said firmly. "Probably just one of the girls from the office helping him buy me a pet. I love dogs."

Sally was right, of course, even though she didn't believe it herself. There is such a thing as pride and Sally had more than her share of it and she wasn't going to play the rôle of neglected wife in front of the complacent Marion and Irene.

But the face that greeted Tim that evening was first cousin to a thundercloud. Then she saw the case he was carrying and in an instant she was all contrite for ever having doubted him for a moment.

"Then you really *were* getting it for me!" she cried delightedly tugging at the straps. But her cries of joy changed to horror when she saw what Tim had brought her. It was a bear!

"TURNABOUT"

(Hal Roach—United Artists)

Directed by Hal Roach

CAST

Phil Manning.....Adolphe Menjou
Sally Willows.....Carole Landis
Tim Willows.....John Hubbard
Joel Clare.....William Gargan
Laura Bannister.....Verree Teasdale
Marion Manning.....Mary Astor
Henry.....Donald Meek
Irene Clare.....Joyce Compton
Miss Edwards.....Inez Courtney
Pingboom.....Franklin Pangborn
Nora.....Marjorie Main
Mr. Marlowe.....Berton Churchill
Dixie Gale.....Margaret Roach
Miss Twill.....Polly Ann Young

Tim of course couldn't know that he had picked up the case the other customer had just returned and he was as much at sea as Sally. But there wasn't any use arguing with her in this mood. He'd tried it before.

All through dinner the battle raged. Sally was sure he had intended the peke for the little blonde.

"For the twenty-fifth time, I tell you I don't understand how it happened," Tim bellowed as they were getting ready for bed that night.

"And for the twenty-sixth time I say 'find the blonde and you'll find the Pekinese,'" Sally raged. "You bought a Peke for a blonde and what do I get? I'm only your wife. I get a bear. A madhouse, that's what this is! Dogs! Bears! And," she glanced disgustedly at Tim who wasn't going to neglect his evening breathing exercises even for a major battle and was inhaling rapidly at the window, "a husband that makes a noise like a vacuum cleaner! What did I do to deserve all this? I never beat my mother."

"That's just because she could run faster than you," Tim said, hopping into bed.

Suddenly Sally thought she saw a light flash on the Ram's head hanging on the wall. Uncle Remus' wedding present was an old grievance but she seized on it now.

"And of all the unpleasant objects to stare at the last thing at night and the first in the morning," she said, and again she thought she saw the light hovering over it. "As if it isn't bad enough to have you, I have to have that ridiculous relic leering at me, right in my own bedroom."

"Now wait a minute!" Tim stared at her indignantly. "He isn't a ridiculous relic and you know it. Remember when Uncle Remus sent him to us he said it had a strange power that could grant us any wish that we both agreed upon?"

"Well, that's safe enough, I must say," Sally sputtered. "As long as I'm under the same roof with you, Tim Willows; I don't think we'll ever agree on anything!"

"A-w-w—go soak your head," Tim said drowsily, burrowing his head into his pillow.

"What was that?" Sally asked belligerently, and to prove she'd heard perfectly well went on indignantly, "if I were a man you wouldn't get away with that!"

"If you were a man I'd fix it so you'd be eating off the chiffonier for a week!" Tim grumbled.

"If I were a man, eh?" Sally sat up in

bed with fire in her eyes. "Well, I'll change places with you any time you wish, wise guy. What a cinch you have! Dash out of the house every morning, play around all day, and try to kid yourself you're working. You ought to try running a house sometime."

"I'd love to!" Tim laughed sarcastically and he was so mad he didn't see the statue of the sacred Ram suddenly illuminated across the room. "I'd love to loll in bed all morning up to my hips in beauty creams, pastes and powders, and then pull my tired body out of the hay in time to go to a bridge party and stab my friends in the back. You and your hard lot! Don't make me hysterical!"

The Ram's head blinked. "Do you agree you'd like to change places?" it asked softly.

Both Sally and Tim jumped. They were sure they'd heard a strange voice.

"Did you say something, Tim?" Sally asked.

"No, my friends, it was I who spoke," the Ram's head said pleasantly. "Here I've been sitting for five long years minding my own business and what do I get? Nothing but a crashing discord of bickering and wrangling. But tonight at long last, you've found a common bond. And you recall, I trust, that it is within my power to grant such a request. So I'll teach you a lesson that'll last you the rest of your lives. And don't forget you asked for it."

Afterward they dimly remembered hearing the voice but then they both put it down to nightmares and let it go at that.

Sally was the first one to wake up the next morning. At least it looked like Sally sitting up in bed yawning and stretching luxuriously and finally getting up and humming as she crossed to the dresser and picked up a razor. Only it wasn't Sally's voice singing those deep notes off-key. It was Tim's voice. The Ram had kept his promise. Tim had become Sally!

"Sally!" It seemed absolutely crazy to see Sally shouting her own name in that deep bass voice and shaking Tim who was still asleep. "Something awful has happened. I'm you!"

"For goodness sake what's all the fuss about?" Sally's voice asked coming out of Tim's startled mouth. Then she looked at what she thought was herself and screamed. "Why, this is awful. It must be a dream!"

"Dream, my eye!" Tim's voice came bel-
lowing out of Sally's sweet little rosebud

mouth. "This is a nightmare. Things like this don't happen!"

"Of course they can't," Sally agreed. "But—but what are we going to do? Oh, I remember now. It was the Ram last night! He said we'd been yapping about wanting to be in each other's shoes so often he was going to give us our wish."

Suddenly Tim decided it wasn't so bad to be Sally. He wouldn't have to go to the office. "I'm going to sleep for another three or four hours," he announced triumphantly getting back to bed. "Isn't that what you always do?"

"You mean I've got to go to your office?" Sally's voice shrilled. And it certainly was preposterous to hear that high voice coming from Tim's lips and to see his body prancing around the room like that. "Nice going. I have to get up and go to work while you loll around in bed. And you call yourself a man!"

"Oh, no, I don't! Not any more!" Tim roared. "And if you're ever going to get there you'd better get buttoned up and start shaving. Because you're wearing the whiskers in this family now."

Sally was so scared she didn't know what to do. Here she was walking into Tim's office and looking like him and talking like a male milliner! Miss Edwards almost jumped over the reception desk when she heard what she thought was Tim's voice raised to a high falsetto. Then she shrugged and put it all down to a gag. But his secretary looked up annoyed when he pranced into the office.

"I suppose that's your idea of a very funny entrance," she said scathingly. "But you'll only succeed in making everybody think you're a little crazy."

"Why, Miss Bannister, I don't know what you mean!" Sally's voice shrilled. Then she remembered. She was Tim. "Oh, you mean my voice? Well, you see I caught cold and it settled in my throat. Laryngitis."

"What about your wife's handbag?" Miss Bannister persisted, stony-eyed.

"This?" Sally looked confused as she saw her handbag swinging from Tim's wrist. "Oh, she asked me to get it fixed." She faltered. "It keeps coming open all the time."

It was an awful morning. The only bright spot was the interview she had with Allen Pingboom. Sally couldn't understand why the others didn't seem to like him. He'd been so nice and understanding when she forgot she was Tim and took out her puff and started to powder her nose and he was really a darling sitting there talking about his stocking account and telling her his troubles. When Manning and Clare came in she glared at them.

"Mr. Pingboom tells me he's been trying to see me for a week," she said, and Manning grinned as she tossed her head. He'd never thought Tim such an actor. Why, to look at him you'd think he was as swishy as Pingboom. Manning barely managed to suppress a wink as Tim went on in that high-keyed girlish voice. "He informs me that you kept him away. It may interest you to know I've just closed the deal with his firm."

She turned away as if dismissing both of them with her words and her head, or rather Tim's head, was tilted coyly as she smiled at Pingboom. "Thank you again and *au revoir*, Allen."

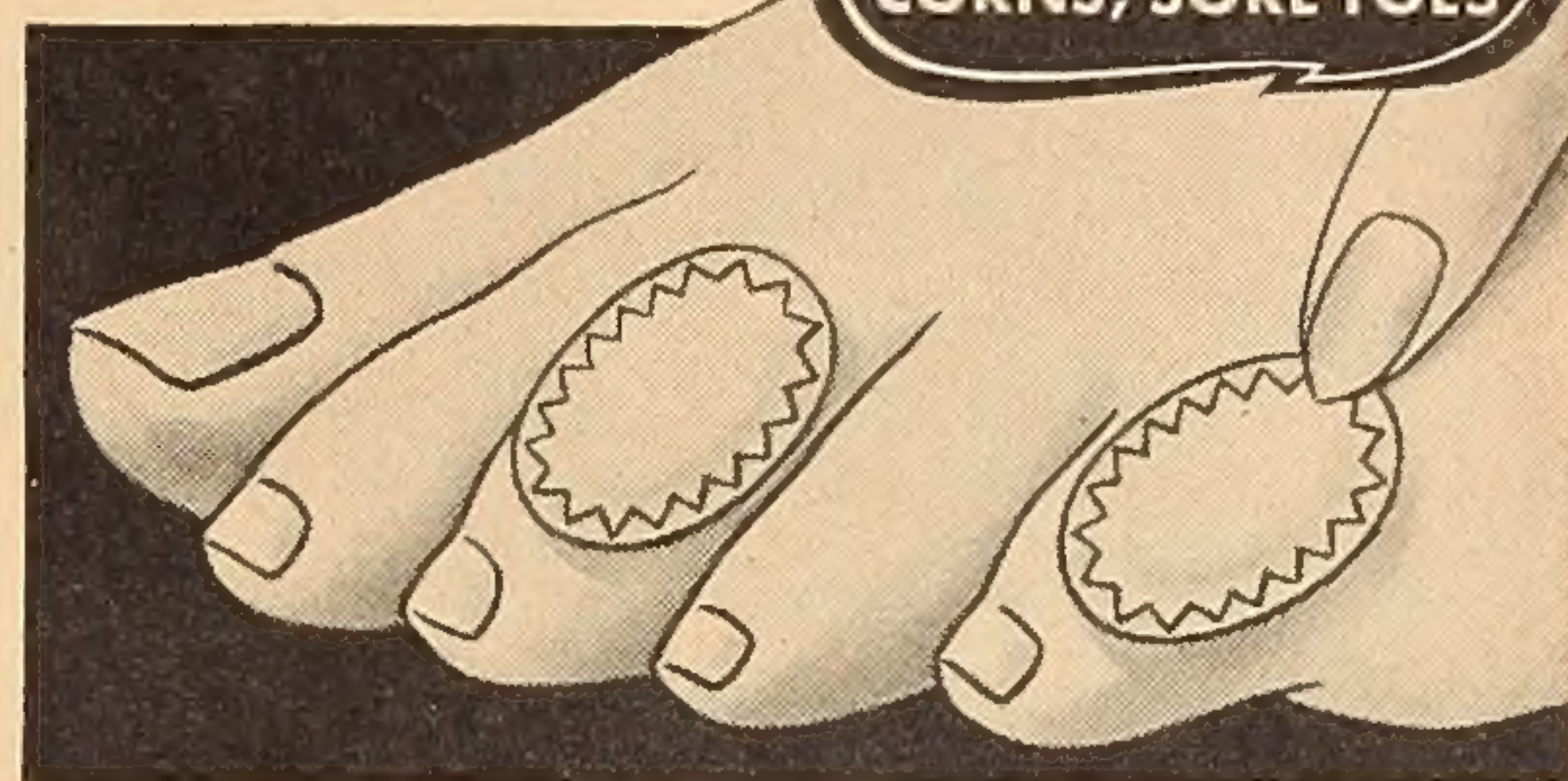
Pingboom fluttered to the door. "Tood-leo, Timmsy," he said coyly, then he flashed a withering glance at Manning and Clare and was gone.

Sally felt good. It was her first day in Tim's shoes and she'd landed a new account for the firm. Of course there were annoyances such as the time she was thrown out of the rest room when she forgot for a moment and went to put on some lipstick and of course there was the pert little model who slapped her just because

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Herbert Marshall was besieged by autograph seekers when he attended a preview with his recent bride, the former Lee Russell.



"Sounds like a Pekingese to me," said the pet shop clerk, when Tim and Gale told him they were looking for an itsy-bitsy dog with fuzzy-wuzzy hair and a flat, funny nose.

she was trying to feel the material in her bathing suit. But it hadn't been a bad day at all. And wouldn't Tim be amazed when he found out about the new account. She glanced at Tim's watch and saw it was just about time for Irene and Marion to be coming to the apartment for lunch and she smiled maliciously as she wondered how Tim would make out.

Tim wasn't making out badly at all. At the moment he was perched on top of the flagpole swaying from their sixteenth floor terrace fixing the aerial he'd been hankering to get at for weeks. Of course Sally's skirt was a nuisance but he gripped it between his knees as the servants stared at him in consternation.

"But, Madame, you will be keel!" Sally's French maid shrieked.

"Nonsense," Tim's voice boomed as he pushed back Sally's hair that was getting in his eyes, or to be accurate, in Sally's eyes. "Not one of the Flying Willows! Twenty years under the big top and never hit the net." He glanced down gaily and waved as he saw Marion and Irene staring breathlessly at him from the doorway.

"Sally Willows!" Marion thought she was shouting but only a scared squeak came from her lips.

"Hy'a, girls," Tim waved a hammer jauntily. "Be right with you!"

He leaped to the ground with the flying ease of an acrobat and slapping them on the shoulders led the way to the dining room. The girls did themselves well, he thought, looking at the lunch table, but Irene gasped as he helped himself to a heaping plate of chicken and avidly applied himself to a huge drum stick.

"Sally Willows, think of your figure!" she cautioned.

Tim helped himself to a generous portion of potatoes. "These aren't going to hurt my figure!" he grinned.

Irene shook her head, then she smiled. "I wish you girls could see the simply divine nightgowns I got at Hattie's," she gloated. "If Joel knew what they cost he'd scream his head off."

"Doesn't he pay for them?" Tim asked.

"He pays for part of them," Irene giggled. "Hattie sends him a phony bill and I pay the rest out of my household account."

"Where I come from, that's petty lar-

ceny," Marion could be exasperatingly superior. "When this little girl goes to town she does it in a big way. See these?" she asked, lifting up her skirt and showing her scanties. "They cost me two dollars at Ginsfogel's basement."

"With that lace?" Irene snickered. "Don't make me laugh."

"That, my sweet, is my system," Marion said, "Phil likes lace, so I sew it on myself and Phil pays for them at twenty dollars per. That makes an eighteen dollar profit per scanty and you'd be surprised how many I can buy."

Tim looked his disgust. "Why don't you pick his pockets?" he asked. "It'd be easier."

"Listen to who's talking!" Marion almost had hysterics and Tim felt himself getting hot under the place where his collar would be if Sally wore collars. What had that little minx he'd married been putting over on him?

"They're all the same," Irene sighed. "Look at Joel. If I were to just up and ask him for a hundred dollars he'd bellow like a bull. But if I say 'Pettykins, your little Mumsy-Wumsy hasn't got a penny-wenny' he forks over and loves it. The big blubber!"

"Listen," Marion said, "Joel may not be very bright, but don't think that rum-dum husband of mine is any dream prince."

"It looks as if Tim is the only bargain in the firm," Tim said, trying to giggle the way Sally always did when she was pleased about something.

"Who, the boy athlete?" Irene howled at that one. "Timothy, the terrible!" And striking an athletic pose she took a deep breath and went into a knee-bend. "One, two, three; one, two, three!" she mocked.

So that was what they thought of him! It was more than any he-man could stand even if he didn't happen to be a he-man at the minute.

"Listen, I've had enough of this!" Tim bellowed. "You're not putting anything over on Joel. And if you think he sounds silly talking baby talk how do you think you look when you stick your cold feet up against his back? And as for you," he turned to Marion, "you wouldn't have to complain about Phil not giving you any attention if you'd stop going to bed with your chin strap and cold cream."

He'd gone too far. He knew that when

they waltzed out of the room without giving him a chance to try to square himself and he was lifting the phone to call Sally when the doctor was announced. The doctor's visit didn't take long. Only long enough to send the world into a tail spin. Sally was going to have a baby. And he was Sally! He'd never be able to live this down!

Tim rushed into the hall when he heard Sally come in and threw his arms about her. And Sally wept in his.

"Oh Tim, I'm so sorry. I've made a terrible mess of things at the office!" she wailed and she told him how she'd put her foot right through the Marlowe account. But how could she know the thing had been planned when that gooey little southern girl and the pert little model had announced they were her sisters? Sally had told the truth and Marlowe had left in a rage taking his account with him.

But even losing the Marlowe account wasn't as bad as the fix he was in.

"I'm afraid things are even worse here," Tim said miserably. "Why didn't you tell me about the baby?"

"Oh, Tim, I meant to," Sally wailed. "And then we had that stupid argument and Mr. Ram did this and—" she stopped in horror as she looked at Tim—"Oh, Tim! Tim! It isn't me. It's you. You're the one that's going to have it."

"I know," Tim said grimly. "And it's desperate. I can't go on like this."

"Oh, Tim, it's all our fault," Sally started to cry. "If we hadn't fought and bickered all the time it wouldn't be like this."

"Now, now, darling, don't cry," Tim said soothingly. "Let's see what we can do about it. If we both promise to behave, maybe—" He grabbed her hand and a moment later they were standing in front of the Ram.

"Look, Mr. Ram," Sally said pleadingly, "can we speak to you just a minute?"

The light started to quiver around the statue and the Ram nodded pleasantly. "I don't see why not," he said. "What's on your minds? I suppose you two want me to change you back again?"

"Oh, would you, please?" Sally said tearfully. "We'll be grateful as long as we live."

"All right, then," Mr. Ram agreed. "But don't forget. This time it's for keeps."

The light quivered again and went out and suddenly they were laughing and talking at once. Sally was Sally, and Tim was Tim, and everything was all right again.

They had to do something to celebrate and so they called up the Mannings and the Clares and asked them over for cocktails. Then Sally had a brain storm and called up Marlowe. He was still furious but when she told him about the baby he relented and promised to come too. It was fun with all of them friends again after the first cocktail and Marlowe announcing he was going to double his account after all and everybody making a fuss over Sally about the baby.

She and Tim were so happy they just had to go back and thank the Ram all over again.

"You've made us the happiest people on earth," Sally whispered.

The light flickered again and a look of embarrassment closed over the Ram's face. "It's nice of you to say that," he said. "But look, I've made a terrible mistake. I forgot something." He looked at Tim and beckoned to him. "Come here, listen."

Tim put his ear close to the Ram's mouth and a look of horror came over his face. "You mean you forgot to—" he faltered. "You mean that I?"

He made a dash for the bar and reached for a glass and drained it in a single gulp. But it didn't help any. He could still hear Sally laughing as she came into the room.

"I just found out," she announced gaily. "Tim is going to become a mother!"



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